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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER,  
*EARL OF STIRLING, &c.*  
NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,  
WITH MEMOIR AND NOTES.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

GLASGOW: MAURICE OGLE & CO.

1872.



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DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

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D O O M E S - D A Y;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IVDGEMENT.

## N O T E.

See vol. i., Memoir, page xiii., for some particulars regarding this very remarkable poem.

The first edition was issued at Edinburgh in 1614. The title page is as follows:—"Doomes-day; or, the Great Day of the Lords Ivdgement, by S<sup>r</sup>. William Alexander, Knight. Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be solde at his shop on the north side of the high Street, a litle beneath the Crosse. Anno Dom. 1614." 4to.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his *Handbook to the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*, London, 1867, mentions an edition in quarto, published at London in the same year, which, in all probability, would be the same as the above, with a London imprint; the only other edition, however, that the present editor has seen, is that included in *The Recreations with the Muses*, 1637.

The Edinburgh edition of 1614 contains only the first four hours; the alterations made in that portion in the copy published in 1637 (which is here reprinted) were not considered worth notice, as, although considerable, they are generally only verbal.

## DEDICATION.\*

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT VISCOUNT ROCHESTER,

*Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, and one of His Majesties  
Most Honourable Privy Councell.*

That the world may have some publicke testimony of that priuat loue, which your vertues long since had begotten with my thoughts (my lord) this is a small sparke flowne from a great flame towardes you, whose glory is, that you only of all the subjects of this Isle have the altar of your honour adorned with offrings from both the nations in this kind, as if your work were the center where both affections should meete, making an union in minds, a course both worthy of the credite of your place, and of your estimation with the world. Who more great with *Augustus* then *Mecænas?* none so great with the Muses. This subject may be thought by some of too melancholike a nature for your youth and state, but yet is unnescessarie for neither, it may serue for that *Macedonians page* who vsed euery morning to call to him, *Philip, thou must die*, though not so importunatly vrging, yet when looked on, it is a dumbe remembrer both of death and judgement, of all that was in the world, and of what

\* Prefixed to the edition of 1614, but omitted in the subsequent issue in the *Recreations with the Muses*, 1637.

is likely to be when it ends. But long may you liue, your fortune still striuing to equal your worth, your worth to exceed your fortune, and the world to admire both, both being ripe before your yeares. This for the present is but (like unripe fruits) an imperfect piece, wrested from a minde many wayes distracted, and involued in doubtfull designes, the successe of some whereof, I hope hereafter hauing purchased me fame from the world (who for that effect will leave me no way of worth within the compasse of my power vnattempted), may make me the more able to communicat it with another, for none can giue that he hath not himselfe, alwayes I purpose when my minde is more calme to end this Worke, but neuer that desire which I haue

To serue your IIonour,

*S. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.*



## DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The first Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*God by his workes demonstratively prov'd;  
His providence (impugning Atheisme) urg'd;  
The Divels from heaven, from Eden man remov'd;  
Of guilty guests the world by water purg'd;  
Who never sinn'd to dye for sinne behov'd;  
Those who him scourg'd in Gods great wrath are scourg'd;  
Some tempor all plagues and fearefull judgements past,  
Are cited here as figures of the last.*

Thou of whose power (not reach'd by reasons height)  
The sea a drop, we th' earth a mote may call:  
And for whose trophees, stately to the sight,  
The azure arke was rear'd (although too small)  
And from the lampe of whose most glorious light  
The sun (a sparke) weake, for weake eyes did fall;  
Breath thou a heavenly fury in my brest:  
I sing the Sabbath of eternall rest.

Though every where discern'd, no where confin'd,  
 O thou whose feet the clouds (as dust) afford,  
 Whose voyce the thunder, and whose breath the winde,  
 Whose foot-stoole th' earth, seate heaven, works of thy  
     word,  
 Guards, hosts of angels moving by thy minde,  
 Whose weapons, famine, tempest, pest, and sword ;  
     My cloudy knowledge by thy wisedome cleare,  
     And by my weakenesse make thy power appeare.

Loe, ravish'd (Lord) with pleasure of thy love,  
 I feele my soule enflam'd with sacred fires,  
 Thy judgements, and thy mercies, whil'st I move,  
 To celebrate, my muse with zeale aspires ;  
 Lord, by thy helpe this enterprise approvè,  
 That successe so may second my desires.  
     Make Sathan's race to tremble at my lines,  
     And thine rejoyce while as thy glory shines.

Ye blinded soules, who even in frailty trust,  
 By moments pleasures earning endlesse paine,  
 Whil'st charg'd with heavy chaines, vile slaves to lust,  
 Of earth, and earthly, till en-earth'd againe ;  
 Heare, hold, and weigh my words, for once ye must  
 The strange effects of what I tell, sustaine :  
     I goe to sing (or thunder) in your eares,  
     A heaven of comfort, or a hell of feares.

All my transported thoughts at randome flye,  
 And where to fixe, no solid ground can finde,  
 Whil'st silent wondring makes a setled eye,

What huge amazement hath o'rowhelm'd my minde?  
How some dare scorne (as if a fabulous lye)  
That they should rise whom death to dust doth binde.  
And like to beasts, a beastly life they leade,  
Who nought attend save death when they are dead.

But yet what I admir'd, not strange doth seeme,  
When as I heare (O heavens should such have breath?)  
That there be men (if men we may esteeme  
Trunkes that are void of soules, soules void of faith,) ·  
Who all this world the worke of fortune deeme,  
Not hoping mercy, nor yet fearing wrath,  
There is no God, fooles in their hearts doe say,  
Yet make their hearts their gods, and them obey.

The stately heavens which glory doth array,  
Are mirrours of Gods admirable might;  
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs  
the day  
He fix'd the fountaines of this temporall light,  
Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some stray,  
All sparks of his great power (though small) yet bright.  
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,  
All of his greatnessse, shadowes may perceive.

What glorious lights through christall lanternes glance,  
(As alwaies burning with their Makers love)  
Spheares keepe one musicke, they one measure dance,  
Like influence below, like course above,  
And all by order led, not drawne by chance,  
With majestie (as still in triumph) move.

And (liberall of their store) seeme shouting thus,  
Looke up all soules, and gaze on God through us.

This pond'rous masse (though oft deform'd) still faire,  
Great in our sight, yet then a starre more small,  
Is ballanc'd (as a mote) amid'st the ayre;,  
None knowes what way, yet to no side doth fall,  
And yearely springs, growes ripe, fades, falles, rich,  
bare,

Mens mother first, still mistresse, yet their thrall.

It centers heavens, heavens compasse it, both be  
Booke where Gods pow'r the ignorant may see.

What ebbes, flowes, swels, and sinks, who firme doth  
keep?

Whil'st flouds from th'earth burst in abundance out,  
As she her brood did wash, or for them weepe:  
Who (having life) what dead things prove, dare doubt;  
Who first did found the dungeons of the deepe?  
But one in all, o're all, above, about:

The flouds for our delight, first calme were set,  
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the raine?  
Who reines the winds, the waters doth empale?  
Who frownes in stormes, then smiles in calnies againe,  
And doth dispense the treasures of the haile?  
Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remaine?  
Whose darts (dread thunder-bolts) make men look pale?  
Even thus these things to shew his power aspire,  
As shadowes doe the sunne, as smoake doth fire.

God visibly invisible who raignes,  
Soule of all soules, whose light each light directs,  
All first did freely make, and still maintaines,  
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects ;  
Fore-knowes the end of all that he ordaines,  
His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects,  
Who did make all, all thus could onely leade,  
None could make all, but who was never made.

Vile dogge, who wouldest the ground of truth o'erthrow,  
Thy selfe to marke thy darkened judgement leade,  
For (if thy selfe) thou must thy Maker know,  
Who all thy members providently made,  
Thy feet tread th' earth (to be contemn'd) laid low,  
To looke on heaven exalted was thy head.

That there thou might'st the stately mansion see,  
From whence thou art, where thou should'st seeke  
to be.

The world in soules, Gods image cleare may see,  
Though mirrours bruis'd when falne, sparks dim'd far  
flowne,  
They in strict bounds, strict bonds, kept captive be,  
Yet walke o're all this all, and know not known ;  
Yea soare to heaven, as from their burden free,  
And there see things which cannot well be showne.

None can conceive, all must admire his might,  
Of whom each atome gives so great a light.

When troubled conscience reads accusing scroules,  
Which witness'd are even by the breasts own brood ;

O what a terroure wounds remording soules,  
 Who poysen finde what seem'd a pleasant food!  
 A secret pow'r their wand'ring thoughts controules,  
 And (damning evill,) an authour proves of good.

Thus here some mindes a map of hell doe lend,  
 To shew what horrours damned soules attend.

To grant a God, the devill may make men wise,  
 Whose apparitions atheists must upbraid,  
 Who borrowing bodies, doth himselfe disguise,  
 Lest some his uglinesse might make afraid:  
 Yet oft in monstrous formes doth roaring rise,  
 Till even (as charm'd) the charmer stands dismaid.

He bellowing forth abhominable lyes,  
 Bloud in his mouth, and terroure in his eyes.

Who saves the world lest that it ruin'd be  
 By him whose thoughts (as arrowes) ayme at ill,  
 Save one that rules the world by his decree;  
 Who makes his power not equal with his will?  
 Of which (not left to plague at pleasure free)  
 He (forc'd) affords a testimony still.

From every thing thus springs to God some praise,  
 Men, angels, divels, all must his glory raise.

Though trusting more, yet some transgresse as much  
 As those who unto God draw never neare:  
 For what the first not see, the last not touch,  
 Th' ones eyes are blinde, the others are not cleare:  
 Their mindes (false mirrours) frame a God, but such  
 As waters straight things crooked make appeare.

Their faith is never firme, their love not bright,  
As ankers without holds, fires without light.

Their judgements fond, by frailty all confinde,  
Whose soule (as water) vanity devoures;  
Doe faine in God what in themselves they finde,  
And by their weaknesse judge the pow'r of pow'rs;  
Then (the unbounded bounding by their minde)  
Would staine heavens garden with terrestriall flowres.

“ Men still imagine others as they are,  
“ And measure all things by corruptions square.”

They thinke that God, soft pleasure doth affect,  
And jocund, lofty, lull'd in ease, as great,  
Doth scorne, contemne, or at the least neglect  
Mans fickle, abject, and laborious state,  
That he disdaines to guerdon, or correct  
Mans good or euill, as free from love, or hate.

That when th' earth is his prospect from the  
skies,  
As men on beasts, on men he casts his eyes.

No, high in heaven from whence he bindes, and  
frees,  
He in voluptuous ease not wallowing lyes;  
What was, what is, what shall be, all he sees,  
Weighs every worke, each heart in secret tryes,  
Doth all record, then daily by degrees  
Gives, or abstracts his grace, cause, end, both spies.  
His contemplation farre transcends our reach,  
Yet what fits us to know, his word doth teach.

Then to confirme what was affirm'd before,  
 That no God is, or God doth not regard,  
 Who doe blaspheme (say fooles) or who adore,  
 This oft due vengeance wants, and that reward,  
 Then godly men the wicked prosper more,  
 Who see me at freedome, and the others snar'd.

Such (as they thinke) feele paine, and dreame but  
 joy,  
 Whil'st they what can be wish'd, doe all enjoy.

The sunne in all like comfort doth infuse,  
 The raine to all by equall portions parts,  
 Heavens treasures all alike both have, and use,  
 Which God to all (as lov'd alike) imparts;  
 Each mindes free state like passions doe abuse,  
 Each burd'rous body by like sicknesse smarts.

Thus all alive alike all fortunes try,  
 And as the bad, even so the best doe dye.

O men most simple, and yet more then mad,  
 Whose foolish hearts sinne wholly hath subdu'd,  
 Whil'st good men now are griev'd, though you be glad,  
 They weake, (yet pure) you strong, (yet stain'd, and  
 lew'd)

Huge are the oddes betwixt the best and bad,  
 Which darkely here, hence shall be cleerely view'd.

When of Gods wrath the winde sifts soules at last,  
 They shall abide, you vanish at a blast.

Gods benefits though like to both design'd,  
 Whil'st judgement doth upon weake sight depend,

Yet th' inward eyes a mighty difference finde,  
To ballance them whil'st spirituall thoughts ascend,  
The gift is one, but not the givers minde,  
The use is one, but not the users end.

God so would clogge the one, the other raise,  
Those take themselves to please, they him to praise.

The godly ill, the wicked good may have,  
And both may be whil'st here, pleas'd, or annoy'd;  
But as they are, all make what they receive,  
Not reall of it selfe, but as employd;  
Those temporall treasures monuments doe leave,  
As by a blessing, or a curse convoy'd.

But this is sure, what ever God doth send,  
To good mens good, to evill mens evill doth tend.

God, soules to cure, doth divers balmes apply,  
Whil'st his intent the successe still doth crowne;  
Some are press'd downe, lest they should swell too  
high,  
Some are rais'd high, lest that they should sinke downe:  
Some must have wealth, their charity to try,  
Some poverty, their patience to renowne.

“He who made all, knowes all, and as they neede,  
“Not as they wish, makes things with his succeed.”

Since worldly things, God makes both sorts possesse,  
Whose use in them a gratefulnesse should move:  
Let us seeke greater things (though seeming lesse)  
Which for one sort doe onely proper prove,  
That heavenly grace, whose power none can expresse,

Whose fruits are vertue, zeale, faith, hope, and love.

“ The godly may the wickedes treasures gaine,  
“ But theirs the wicked never can attaine.”

Ah, why should soules for senselesse riches care!  
They mercy neede, it is a way to wrath :  
The first man he was made, the rest borne bare ;  
Those floting treasures come, and goe with breath.  
Not mortals goods, no, mortals evils they are,  
Which (since but dead) can nothing give save death.  
Their seed base care, their fruit is torturing paine,  
A losse when found, oft lost, the loosers gaine.

The greatest good that by such wealth is sought,  
Are flattering pleasures, which (whil'st fawning) stayne,  
A smoake, a shadow, froth, a dreame, a thought,  
Light, sliding, fraile, abusing, fond, all vaine ;  
Which (whil'st they last, but shewes) to end soon  
brought,  
Of bravest thoughts, the liberty restraine.  
As of heavens beauties, clouds would make us  
doubt,  
Through mists of mindes, the sprite peeps faintly  
out.

That king (of men admir'd, of God belov'd),  
Whom such none did preceede, nor yet succeede,  
Who wisdomes minion, vertues patterne prov'd,  
Did shew what heighth of blisse this earth could  
breed,  
Whose minde and fortune in like measure mov'd,

Whil'st wealth and wit striv'd which should most exceed,  
Even he was cross'd alive, and scorn'd when dead,  
By too much happinesse, unhappy made.

Her store, frank nature prodigally spent,  
To make that prince more then a prince esteem'd,  
Whilst art to emulate her mistresse bent,  
Though borrowing strength from her, yet stronger seem'd,  
He nothing lack'd, which might a minde content,  
What once he wish'd, or but to wish was deem'd.  
For, thoughts of thousands rested on his will,  
“ Great fortunes finde obsequious followers still.”

With God the Father, he who did conferre,  
And of the Sonne plac'd for a figure stood,  
He to Gods law did his vile lust preferre,  
His lust as boundlesse as a raging floud;  
Who would have thought he could so grosly erre,  
Even to serve idols, scorne a God so good ?  
“ The strong in faith (when destitute of grace)  
“ Like men disarm'd, fall faintly from their place.”

Gods way cannot be found, his course not knowne,  
As hearts he did enlarge, or else restraine,  
Some were made saints, who saints had once o're-  
throwne,  
Some once thought holy, turn'd to be prophane,  
To mocke mens judgement, justifie his owne,  
Whil'st God by both did magnifi'd remaine.

Let none presume, nor yet all hope despise;  
When standing feare, when falne, still strive to rise.

Through hell to heaven since our Redeemer past,  
Thinke that all pleasure purchas'd is with paine,  
Though the first death, none shall the second taste,  
Who are with God eternally to raigne;  
Chus'd, call'd, made holy, just and glorious last,  
'Twixt heaven and earth they have a spirituall chaine,  
Whose fastening faith, whose linkes are all of love,  
Through clouds by Gods own hand stretch'd from  
above.

Let not the godly men affliction feare,  
God wrestle may with some, but none o'rethrowes,  
Who gives the burden, gives the strength to beare;  
And best reward the greatest service owes,  
Those who would reap, they at the first must eare;  
Gods love, his faith, a good mans trouble showes.

“ Those whom God tryes, he gives them power to stand,”  
He *Jacob* toss'd, and help'd, both by one hand.

Loe, since first chus'd ere made, much more ere prov'd,  
Th' elected are not lost when as they stray,  
And let none aske what so to doe God mov'd:  
His will his word, his word our will should sway;  
He hated *Esau* and he *Jacob* lov'd,  
Hath not the potter power to use the clay?

And though his vessels could, why should they plead,  
If to dishonour or to honour made?

Some dare tempt God, presuming of his grace,  
And proudly sinne, (as sav'd assur'd to be)  
Nor care not much what course they doe imbrace,  
Since nought (they say) can change Gods first decree:  
No, none findes heaven, but heavenly wayes must  
trace:

The badge the bearer showes, the fruits the tree.

Who doubt, doe good, as those who would deserve,  
Who trust, be thankefull, both God better serve.

With gifts fit for their state, all are endu'd,  
Grace mercy still, wrath justice doth convoy;  
God cleares their sight of whom he will be view'd,  
And blindes them here, whom hence he will destroy,  
Those whom he did elect, them he renew'd,  
Those whom he leaves, they sinne, and sinne with joy:  
Such live like beasts, but worse (when dead) remaine,  
Beasts dead, lose sense, death gives them sense with  
paine:

This foward race that to confusion runnes,  
Through selfe-presumption, or distrust of God,  
Shall once disgorge the surfet of their sinnes,  
Whil'st what seems light, then proves a burd'nos lode,  
With them in judgement once when God beginnes  
To beat, to bruise them with an iron rod:

“ Whil'st airy pleasures, leaden anguish bring,  
“ Exhausted honey leaves a bitter sting.”

Yet wicked men, whom foule affections blinde,  
Dare say (O now that heaven not brimstone raynes!)

Let us alive have what contents the minde,  
 And dread (when dead) threats of imagin'd paines ;  
 The debt we sweet, the interest easie finde,  
 At least the payment long deferr'd remaines :

Who shadowes feare whilst they the substance  
 keepe,

But start at dreames, when they securely sleepe..

Ah filthy wretch, more high thy fancies lift,  
 (That doth encroach which thou would'st thus delay)  
 Then eagle, arrow, shippe, or winde, more swift,  
 (Match'd onely by it selfe) time posts away,  
 Straight of all soules, God shall the secrets sift,  
 And private thoughts, with publike shouts display.

Then when times glasse (not to be turn'd) is runne,  
 Their griefe still growes, whose joyes were scarce  
 begun.

Whil'st rais'd in haste, when soules from him rebell,  
 By inundations of impetuous sinne,  
 The flouds of Gods deep indignation swell,  
 Till torments torrents furiously come in,  
 Damnations mirrours, models of the hell,  
 To shew what hence not ends, may here beginne.

Then let me sing some of Gods judgements past,  
 That who them heare, may tremble at the last.

That glorious angell bearer of the light,  
 The mornings eye, the messenger of day,  
 Of all the bands above esteem'd most bright,  
 (As is amongst the rest the month of May)

He whom those gifts should humbled have of right,  
Did (swolne with pride) from him who gave them  
stray.

And sought (a traitour) to usurpe his seate,  
Yea worse (if worse may be) did prove ingrate.

Their starry tailes the pompous peacockes spreade,  
As of all birds the basenesse thus to prove,  
So lucifer who did hels legions leade,  
Was with himselfe preposterously in love ;  
But better angels scorning such a head,  
No flattering hope to leave their Lord could move.

“Those who grow proud, presuming of their state,  
“They others doe contemne, them others hate.”

The divell to all, an easie way affords,  
That strife which one devis'd, all did conclude,  
Their armour malice, blasphemy their swords,  
Darts sharp'd by envy, onely aym'd at good :  
They when they met, did need to use no words,  
The thoughts of others, who soone understood.  
By bodies grosse when they no hindrance have,  
Pure sprites (at freedome) all things may conceive.

As where uncleannessesse is, the ravens repaire,  
The spotted band swarm'd where he spu'd his gall,  
Who fondly durst with God (foule foole) compare,  
And his apostasie applauded all,  
Then to usurpe heavens throne, did bend their  
care,  
So hasting on the horrour of their fall,

Whose trayterous head made (like a whore that  
strayes,)  
His flaming beauties prodigall of rayes.

Whil'st vainely puft up with preposterous aymes,  
He even from God his treasure striv'd to steale,  
The angels good (those not deserving names)  
With sacred ardour, boldly did appeale;  
Their eyes shot lightning, and their breath smoak'd  
flames,  
As ravish'd with Gods love, burnt up with zeale.  
All lifted up their flight, their voyce, their  
hands,  
Then sang Gods praise, rebuk'd rebellious bands.

This mutiny a monstrous tumult bred,  
The place of peace all plenish'd thus with armes;  
Bright *Michael* forth a glorious squadron led,  
Which forc'd the fiends to apprehend their harmes,  
The lights of heaven look'd pale, clouds (thundring)  
shed,  
Winds (roaring trumpets) bellow'd loud alarmes:  
Thinke what was fain'd to be at *Phlegra* bounds,  
Of this a shadow, echoes but of sounds.

O damned dog, who in a happy state,  
Could not thy selfe, would not have others bide:  
Of sinne, death, hell, thou open didst the gate,  
Ambitions bellowes, fountaine of all pride,  
Who force in heaven, in paradice deceit,  
On earth us'd both, a traitour alwaies try'd.

O first the ground, still guilty of all evils,  
Since whom God angels made, thou mad'st them  
divels.

When them he view'd, whose power nought can  
expresse,  
To whose least nod the greatest things are thrall,  
Although his word, his looke, his thought, or lesse,  
Might them have made dust, ayre, or what more  
small,  
Yet he (their pride though purpos'd to represse)  
Grac'd by a blow, disdain'd to let them fall.  
But them reserv'd for more opprobrious stripes,  
As first of sinne, still of his judgement types.

Those scorned rivals, God would judge, not fight,  
And then themselves none else, more fit could finde,  
Brands for his rage, (whil'st flaming at the height,)  
To cleare their knowledge it with terrour shin'd;  
Whose guilty weakenesse match'd with his pure might,  
Did at an instant vanish like a winde.

“Their conscience fir'd, who doe from God rebell,  
“Hell first is plac'd in them, then they in hell.”

That damned crue, God having spy'd a space,  
First, lightning lookes, then thundred forth those  
words,  
Baites for my wrath, that have abus'd my grace,  
As once of light, of darkenesse now be lords,  
Where order is, since forfeiting your place,  
Passe where confusion every thing affords.

And use your spight to pine, and to be pin'd,  
Not angels, no, doe evils as divels design'd.

If we great things with small things may compare,  
Or with their Maker, things that have been made,  
Marke when the falcon fierce soares through the ayre,  
The little feathered flockes fall downe as dead;  
As darkenesse flyes, heaven (like a bride) lookes faire,  
When *Phæbus* forth doth fiery coursers leade,  
Like some bride-groome bent for his wedding place,  
Or like a mighty man to runne his race.

Even so as lightning (flashing from the sky)  
Doth dye as it descends, scarce seen when gone,  
More fast then follow could a thought, or eye,  
Heavens banish'd rebels fell downe every one;  
Then abject runnagates over all did flye,  
As seeking desarts where to howle and moane.

O what a deadly storme did then begin,  
When heaven rain'd devils to drown the world with  
sin!

That forge of fraud, evils centre, spheare of pride,  
From blisse above, whom Gods owne breath had  
blowne;  
He, who his strength in heaven in vaine had try'd,  
(As dogs bite stones for him who hath them throwne,) Did hunt Gods image, when in *Adam* spy'd,  
And (grudging at his state) despis'd his owne:  
It never ended yet, which then began,  
His hate to God, his envy unto man.

Ere tainted first with that most fatall crime,  
Then *Adam* liv'd more blest then can be thought :  
Babe, infant, childe, youth, man, all at one time,  
Form'd in perfection, having need of nought,  
To paradice preferr'd from abject slime,  
A graine of th' earth to rule it all was brought.  
With him whom to content, all did contend,  
God walk'd, and talk'd, as a familiar friend.

Then of his pleasures to heape up the store,  
God *Evah* did create with beauties rare,  
Such as no women had since ; none before,  
Thinke what it is to be divinely faire,  
And then imagine her a great deale more ;  
She, principall, the rest but copies are.  
No height of words can her perfections hit,  
The worke was matchlesse, as the worke-mans wit.

The worlds first father what great joyes did fill,  
Whil'st prince of paradice from trouble free,  
The fairest creature entertain'd him still ;  
No rivall was, he could not jealous be,  
But wretched prov'd, in having all his will,  
And yet discharg'd the tasting of one tree.  
“ Let one have all things good, abstract some toy,  
“ That want more grieves, then all he hath gives joy.”

Through *Edens* garden, stately *Evah* stray'd,  
Where beauteous flowers her beauties backe reglanc'd  
By natures selfe, and not by art array'd,  
Which pure (not blushing) boldly were advanc'd ;

With dangling haires the wanton zephyres play'd,  
And in rich rings their floting gold enhaunc'd.  
All things concurr'd, which pleasure could incite,  
So that she seem'd the centre of delight.

Then could she not well thinke, who now can tell  
What banquetted her sight with objects rare?  
Birds striv'd for her whose songs should most excell,  
The odoriferous flowres perfum'd the ayre:  
Yet did her breath of all most sweetly smell,  
Not then distemper'd with intemperate fare.

No mixtures strange, compos'd corrupting food,  
All naturally was sweet, all simply good.

But ah! when she the apples faire did spy,  
Which (since reserv'd) were thought to be the best;  
Their fained pretiousnesse enflam'd to try,  
Because discharg'd, she look'd where they did rest,  
Luxuriously abandon'd to the eye,  
Swolne, languishing (like them upon her brest.)

“ Ah curiousnesse, first cause of all our ill,

“ And yet the plague which most torments us still!”

On them she (doubtfull) earnestly did gaze,  
The hand oft times advanc'd, and oft drawne backe,  
Whil'st Sathan cunningly her parts did praise,  
And in a serpent thus his course did take:  
Your state is high, you may more high it raise,  
And may (with ease) your selves immortall make.

This pretious fruit God you forbids to eate,

Lest (knowing good and evill) you match his state.

Those fatall fruits which poison'd were with sinne ;  
She (having tasted) made her husband prove ;  
What could not words of such a sirene winne ?  
O woe to man, that woman thus can move !  
He him to hide (his falls first marke) did rinne,  
Whom knowledge now hath learn'd to loath, and  
love.

Death from that tree did shoot through shadowes  
darke,  
His rest an apple, beauty was his marke.

Thus good and evill they learn'd to know by this,  
But ah the good was gone, the evill to be :  
Thus monstrously when having done amisse,  
They cloathing sought (of bondage a decree)  
“ Loe, the first fruits of mortals knowledge is,  
“ Their nakednesse, and hard estate to see :  
“ Thus curiousnesse to knowledge is the guide,  
“ And it to misery, all toile when tryde.”

Marke *Adams* answer when his Maker crav'd,  
If that his will had beene by him transgress'd ;  
The woman (Lord) whom I from thee receiv'd,  
Did make me eate, as who my soule possess'd :  
The woman said, the serpent me deceiv'd :  
Both burden'd others, none the fault confess'd.

Which custome still their faulty race doth use,  
“ All first doe runne to hide, next to excuse.”

But he who tryes the reynes, and viewes the heart,  
(As through the clouds) doth through fraile bodies see,

And is not mock'd by mens ridiculous art,  
 By which their crimes encreast, more odious be:  
 Who proudly sinne, they must submissely smart,  
 Loe, God craves count of what he did decree.

And those who joyn'd in sinne, are punish'd all,  
 All *Adams* partners crush'd were with his fall.

Thus God first damn'd the fountaine of deceit,  
 O most accurst of all the beasts which breed,  
 Still wallowing in the dust (a loathsome state)  
 Drawn on thy belly basely shalt thou feed;  
 The woman thee, thou shalt the woman hate.  
 Which hatred still inherit shall her seed.

Whose fierce effects both mutually shall feele,  
 Whil'st he shall break thy head, thou bruise his  
 heele.

And woman weake, whose thought each fancy blowes,  
 I will encrease thy grieve, thy joyes restraine,  
 And since thy judgement doth depend on showes,  
 Thou to thy husband subject shalt remaine:  
 And (bringing forth thy brood with bitter throwes,)  
 What was with pleasure sown, shalt reape with  
 paine.

Those beauties now which mustred are with pride,  
 In withered wrinckles, ruinous age shall hide.

Fond *Adam*, thou (obeying thus thy wife)  
 What I commanded violate that durst:  
 Cares shall exhaust thy dayes, paines end thy life,  
 Whilst for thy cause the earth becomes accurst,

With thornes and thistles, guerdoning thy strife,  
Who sweating for thy food, art like to burst.  
And looke no more for rest, for toile thou must,  
Till whence first com'd, thou be turn'd back to dust.

By Angels arm'd barr'd from the pleasant place,  
When wretched *Adams* pilgrimage was past,  
The tree of sinne o'reshadowing all his race,  
They from their minds all love of God did cast,  
Them to reclaime who did contemne his grace,  
Who weary was with striving at the last,  
And of the world a harvest made by raine,  
Did straight resolve to try new seede againe.

Yet since that *Noah* uprightly had liv'd,  
He and his race stood safe on horrours height,  
And when all creatures ruine was contriv'd,  
Did live secure the forty-day-long night:  
To make the world repent, that good man striv'd,  
His swelling engine building in their sight.

“But with the wicked what can well succeed,  
“In whom perswasions obstinancy breed,”

Whilst sin o'reflow'd the world, Gods wrath o'reflam'd,  
Which when rais'd high, downe flouds of vengeance  
pours,  
As *Noahs* preaching oft times had proclaim'd,  
(Heavens threatning straight to drown the highest  
towers:)  
Clouds clusted darknesse, lightnings terrour stream'd,  
And rumbling thunders usher'd ugly shoures;

Whils't ravenous tempests swallow'd up the light,  
Day (dead for feare) brought forth abortive night.

From guests prophane that th' earth might be redeem'd,  
The lights of heaven quench'd in their lanternes lay,  
The cloudy conduits but one cisterne seem'd,  
Whilst (save the waters) all things did decay:  
The fire drown'd out, heavens all disolv'd were deem'd,  
Ayre water grew, the earth as wash'd away:

By monstrous storms, whil'st all things were o're-  
turn'd,  
Then (save Gods wrath) in all the world nought  
burn'd.

Men to the mountaines did for helpe repaire,  
Whence them the waves did violently chase;  
In natures scorne, came scaly squadrons there,  
The forrests guests inheriting their place:  
By too much water, no, for lack of ayre,  
All were confounded in a little space.

“One creature needs all th' elements to live,  
“But death to all one element can give.”

That moving masse against the storme did strive,  
Which all the creatures of the world contayn'd;  
As through the deepes it through the clouds did drive,  
Not by the compasse, nor the rudder rayn'd:  
No port, no land was, where it could arrive,  
Whil'st th' earth with waters levell all remain'd.

The waves (the world all else as hush'd) at once,  
Roard forth a consort with mens dying grones.

But when o're all Gods breath did ruine blow,  
The arke with others sinne from death did save:  
Him whom the raging flouds did not o'rethrow,  
Who (of Gods judgements judge) did all perceive,  
A little liquour did at last o'rethrow,  
Which to his sonne to mocke occasion gave:

"Thus drunkennesse disdaineful scorne doth breed,  
"A fertile vice which others still succeed."

As the first world did first by pride offend,  
Whose burning rage to such a height did runne,  
That it to quench, God did the waters bend:  
O drunkennesse, the second worlds first sinne,  
The course of vice that element must end,  
Which is oppos'd to that which did begin.

In every thing Gods justice we may spy,  
"As flouds drown'd pride, flames drunkennesse  
must dry."

The peopled world soone left the Lord to feare,  
And Sathan in their soules did raise his throne;  
O what a burden nature, do'st thou beare,  
Since that to sinne and live, seeme both but one!  
Men *Babels* towers against the starres did reare,  
Since like deserving, fearing what was gone,

As though that God could but one plague command;  
(Ah fooles) what strength against his strength can stand?

Whil'st fondly they proud weaknesse did bewray,  
(Who can the deeps of his high judgements found?)

By making their owne tonges their hearts betray,  
 The Thund'rer straight those Titans did confound:  
 Here divers tonges the worke of men did stay,  
 Which afterwards the worke of God did ground.

“ One meanes made Christians joyne, and Ethnicks  
 jarre,  
 “ Did help th’ apostles, *Babels* builders marre.

When purpos’d to dissolve quicke clouds of dust,  
 Gods wrath (as stubble) sinners doth devoure;  
 That towne to sacke, which had not ten men just,  
 He brimstone rain’d (O most prodigious shoure!)  
 Their bodies burn’d, whose soules were burn’d with  
 lust,

What fayre was, ugly, what was sweet, grew sowre.  
 Yet of that fire, *Lot* scap’d the great deluge,  
 “ Gods holy mountaine is a sure refuge.”

I thinke not of the ruine of those states;  
 Which since but strangers to the ground of grace,  
 Were carried head-long with their owne conceits,  
 And even (though brightly) blindly ran their race:  
 Gods firme decrees, which fondly they call’d fates,  
 Did bound their glory in a little space.

Whil’st tempests hugetoss’d their tumultuous mindes,  
 Like reeds by rivers wav’ring with all windes.

Such rais’d not for their good, but for Gods ends,  
 When bent his owne to punish, or support,  
 Doe (as his arrowes) hit but where he tends,  
 Else of themselves their power doth not import;

His spotted flocke, when he to purge intends,  
They are but tooles us'd in a servile sort,  
To fanne or cleanse, such fannes or besomes are,  
Which afterwards he not in wrath doth spare.

Proud *Ashur* first did daunt all other soiles,  
Till barbarous *Persia* did become her head ;  
The Greekes did glory in the Persians spoiles,  
Whose prince at last, *Rome* did in triumph leade ;  
*Rome* (ravishing the earth) bred bloudy broiles,  
Yet was by whom she scorn'd a widdow made.

“ The world a tennis-court, the rackets fates,  
“ Great kings are bals, when God will tosse their  
states.”

To them whom God to doe great things doth chuse,  
He generous mindes, and noble thoughts imparts,  
And doth in them all qualities infuse,  
That are requir'd to act heroicke parts ;  
Of matters base, then making others muse,  
He breaks their sprites, and vilifies their hearts.

“ As greatnesse still a gallant mind preceeds,  
“ A staggering courage, ruine still succeeds.”

Of *Greece* and *Rome*, the glory mounting high,  
Did minds amaze, (made all the muses song,)  
On both the wings of worth, whil'st it did flye,  
By valour rais'd, borne up on learning long ;  
But (loe) both base in abject bondage lye,  
Whose brood proves now as faint, as once thought  
strong.

That which their empires (made their enemies  
spoiles,) Their sprites seeme too transferr'd to forraine  
soiles.

For, nations once which strangers were to fame,  
On whom (as monsters) civil lands did gaze;  
Those who in scorne did them barbarians name,  
Doe now farre passe in all which merits praise:  
Thus glories throne is made the seate of shame,  
Who were obscure, doe honour highest raise.

“ Nought constant is below, no, not true worth,  
“ It melted south, and freezes in the north.”

What heart not quakes to thinke what scroules record,  
The vengeance huge inflicted oft below?  
Not onely Gentiles thus as then abhorrd,  
High indignation justly did o'rethrow;  
That heritage long labour'd by the Lord,  
Which (as his portion) he would onely owe.

As loath'd for sinne, or for repentance lov'd;  
Gods minion still, or slave to strangers prov'd.

By monstrous plagues, God did his power expresse  
In *Nilus* bounds, which yet admir'd remaines,  
The subtile sorcerers forcing to confesse,  
That his owne finger pointed out their paines;  
The seas retir'd, would not his will transgresse,  
Till squadrons march'd upon their virgin playnes.

He gloriously triumph'd o're *Pharaohs* hoast,  
What *Israel* sav'd, that the *Egyptians* lost.

God made not wonders strange to *Jacobs* brood,  
When their great journey boldly was begun,  
Over them a cloud by day, by night fire stood,  
A guide, a guard, a shadow and a sunne,  
Rockes vomited a floud, heavens raind down food,  
*Canaan* was miraculously wonne.

Their armes did armes spoile, huge gyants kill,  
Weake blasts breach'd walls, the sun (as charm'd)  
stood still.

But who can thinke and trust, trust, not admire,  
That those ingrate to such a God could prove ;  
Who oft had seen (above their owne desire)  
His power by wonders, and by gifts his love ?  
Yet they provok'd the holy one to ire,  
And did the mighties indignation move.

Till as abhorrd, the land did spue them forth,  
And Euphrates did swallow Iordans worth.

That realme the worlds first froth, and now the lees,  
Of which for *Israel*, angels hosts had slaine ;  
The Lord transplanting men (as men doe trees)  
It *Israel* made a captive to remaine :  
The stately temple nought from ruine frees,  
Whose sacred vessels, Ethnicks did prophane.

Yet (when repenting) all turn'd back by faith :  
“Sole mortals teares doe quench th' immortals  
wrath.”

Of all the workes which God for us hath wrought,  
None more to stray opinions course permits,

Then our salvation, offred, urg'd, not sought,  
 And curious natures course the truth worst hits:  
 What was contemn'd, a pretious treasure bought,  
 A mystery surmounting vulgar wits.

“The worker, not the worke must move our mindes :  
 “Celestial secrets, faith (not reason) findes.”

O ! who could looke for glory from the dust ?  
 Or for a Saviour fettred in the grave ?  
 The power which wrought it, must give power to trust,  
 Else natures strength will but make wit to rave :  
 O justice mercifull, O mercy just !  
 He gave his best belov'd his foes to save.  
 And even to suffer, suffer did his Sonne,  
 “The victory over hell is hardly wonne.”

The word was flesh, the God-head dwelt with men,  
 Invisible, yet subject to the sight,  
 He whom no bounds could bound, was bounded  
 then,  
 Whil'st th' earthly darknesse clouded heavenly light :  
 Birds had their nests, and every beast a den,  
 Yet had he nought who did owe all of right.  
 No kinde of thing the wicked world could move,  
 Not wonders done below, words from above.

Those wonders then which sacred writs record,  
 Did some convert, a multitude amaze,  
 What did not Gods owne word doe by a word ?  
 Lame ranne, deaffe heard, dumb spake, devils fled,  
 dead raise,

Of servants servant, whilst of lords the Lord,  
Did seeke but his owne paine, mans good, Gods  
praise.

To marry heaven with earth whil'st he began,  
God without mother, without father man.

Who never did begin, he would begin,  
That lifes chiefe fountaine might of life be reav'd;  
The innocent would beare the weight of sinne,  
That by his sufferings, sinners might be sav'd,  
Yet that which God must give, and none can winne,  
(Though offred freely) many not receiv'd.

Whil'st on a tree Christ gain'd (when tortur'd most)  
What by a tree for pleasure *Adam* lost.

The worlds great Judge was judg'd, and worldlings  
stood,  
Even glories glory, glorying to disgrace;  
They damn'd as evill, the Author of all good,  
(Though death of death) who unto death gave place:  
Ah, for our ransome offering up his bloud,  
Great was the warre he had to make our peace!

The heire of heaven daign'd to descend to hell,  
That in the heaven, hell-worthy men might dwell.

The Father saw the Sonne surcharg'd with woe,  
Yet would to calme his grieve, no favour show;  
For man could not repay, nor God foregoe,  
That debt which the first man did justly owe:  
Christ (as a God) could not have suffred so,  
Nor have as man prevail'd, but both below.

He men most grac'd, when men him most disgrac'd :  
Justice and mercy mutually imbrac'd.

When God confirm'd with many fearefull wonder,  
The great worke which was wrought for them he lov'd,  
Heaven (clad with darkenesse mourn'd,) th'earth sob'd  
asunder :

Thus creatures wanting sense, were highly mov'd,  
Who should have had, had none, nor could not  
ponder,

What did import the anguish that he prov'd.

But of his torments strange which did abound,  
Ah, mans ingratitude did deepest wound.

O ! wicked off-spring of a godly sire,  
Who saw the Saviour of the world arise,  
That which your fathers did so oft desire,  
Yet could not get that which you did despise :  
Who mercy mock'd, prepare your selves for ire.  
He lives, he lives, whose death you did devise.

His bloud (not spent in vaine) must wash, or drowne :  
Those whom it doth not save, it shall sinke downe.

To rest on them and theirs, Iewes who did cry  
For Christs contemned bloud, had what they sought;  
" Then bloud, no burden with more weight doth lye,"  
Even as they his, so was their o'rethrow wrought:  
They by the Roman power did make him dye,  
And them the Roman power to ruine brought:

Whil'st for their cause, God every thing had curst,  
*Romes* mildest emperor prov'd for them the worst.

*Ierusalem* the faire, *Iehovahs* love,  
Repudiated by disdainefull wrath.  
A bastard race did beare, whom nought could move ;  
A vile adultresse violating faith ;  
Then did the worlds delight her terrour prove,  
And harmes perform'd fore-told by sacred breath :  
    Nought rested where the stately city stood,  
    Save heapes of horrour rais'd of dust and bloud.

But (murd'ring saints) in wickednesse grown bold,  
That town which long was drunk, last drown'd with  
    bloud.

That town by which who bought the world was sold,  
Sold with disgrace, beheld her scorned brood :  
Them lov'd by God, men did in honour hold,  
And loath'd by God, with them in horrour stood.

Then Iewes whom God high rais'd, and low doth  
    bow,  
What name more glorious once, more odious now ?

When of salvation, joyfull newes were spread,  
With sprituall grace, all nations to bedew,  
Whil'st famish'd soules that sacred nectar fed,  
The Lord strange judgements, millions made to view,  
And those who first fierce persecutions bred,  
A jealous God with vengeance did pursue.

The wrath that he against his servants beares,  
Is kindled by their sinne, quench'd by their teares.

By him who first 'gainst Christ did ensignes pitch,  
His brother, mother, wife, and selfe was slaine ;

The great apostate wounded in a ditch,  
Did grant with griefe the Galileans raigne ;  
Of him whose errours did whole realmes bewitch,  
The death most vile, did viler doctrine staine.

“ A monstrous death doth monstrous lives attend,  
“ And what all is, is judged by the end.”

He who made *Him*ens torch drop bloud, and teares,  
(The nation most humane, growne inhumane)  
Did bloud (when dead) at mouth, nose, eyes, and eares,  
As vomiting his surfeit so againe :  
In crime, and crowne like charge his brother beares ;  
The bloody band by mutuall blowes was slaine.  
The king, the duke, the fryer, devis'd that ill,  
The king the duke, the fryer the king did kill.

Whose sight is so eclips'd which now not sees,  
In every kingdome, province, towne and race,  
On princes, subjects, men of all degrees,  
What weighty judgements, sinners steppes doe trace ?  
Which not the crowne, more then the cottage frees ?  
The wicked man (sayes God) shall have no peace.  
“ A countenance calme may maske a stormy minde,  
“ But guiltinesse no perfect case can finde.”

Those temporall plagues are but small smoakes of ire,  
To breach a breast which is not arm'd with faith,  
And are when God due vengeance doth require,  
Of indignation drops, weake sparkes of wrath ;  
As lightning is to hels eternall fire,  
Or to a tempest huge, a little breath.

So are all those of this which I proclaime,  
A puffe; a glance, a shadow, or a dreame.

As weigh'd by God, still balanc'd hangs this round,  
Which sinne (grown heavy) now quite downward beares;  
Exhausted courage, horrour shall confound,  
Till hopes high towers rest all o'reflow'd with feares :  
All shall together fall, as by one wound,  
Not having time to flye, no, not for teares.

On day as night (as on the wearied sleepe)  
Death steales on life, and judgements way doth  
sweep.

All clearely see who lifes short race doe rinne,  
Though this last judgement they would not admit,  
That fatall doome inflicted first for sinne,  
Which (whilst not look'd for) doth most certaine hit,  
And of all soules the processe doth beginne;  
For straight when death arrests, the Judge doth sit.

To beare this charge, all fortifie the minde,  
“As death us leaves, so judgement shall us finde.”

Death each man daily sees, but none fore-sees,  
The wage of sinne, the iubille of cares,  
First judgement threatned, base corruptions lees,  
Inheritance that serves all *Adams* heires,  
And marshalling (not partiall) all degrees,  
The charge enjoyn'd for no respect that spares,  
What agues, wounds, thoughts, pains, all breaching  
breath,  
Are heraulds, serjeants, vshers, posts of death.

Death dores to enter at, and darts to wound,  
 Hath as the heaven hath starres, or sea hath sands;  
 What though not sicke, not stab'd, not choak'd, burnt,  
     drown'd,  
 Age matchlesse enemy all at last commands?  
 O what designes the emperour pale doth bound,  
 Built of bare bones, whose arch triumphall stands!  
     Ah for ones errorr, all the world hath wept,  
     The golden fruit, a leaden dragon kept.

Then since sinnes hang-man, natures utter foe,  
 By whom true life is found, lifes shadow lost,  
 A thousand fancies interrupting so,  
 When least expected, doth importune most:  
 Haste, haste your recknings, all must pay, and goe,  
 Guests of the world, poore passengers that post,  
     "And let us strive (a change thus wisely made)  
     "To dye alive, that we may live when dead."

All thinke whil'st sound, what sicknesse may succeed,  
 How in the bed imprison'd ye may be,  
 When every object, loathsomnesse doth breed,  
 Within, without, that soule, or eyes can see,  
 To trembling nature, which still death doth dread,  
 Whil'st grieve paints horrour in a high degree,  
     The body in the bed, thoughts in it roule,  
     The conscience casting up a bitter scroule.

But when th' externall powers begin to faile,  
 That neither tongue can give, nor eares receive,  
 Friends (wretched comforters) retir'd to waile,  
 To agonize the soule alone doe leave,

Which Sathan straight with squadrons doth assaile,  
Then bent to force whom first he did deceive;  
Who once entic'd, then to accuse beginnes,  
To wakened soules upbraiding buried sinnes.

That fatal conflict which all flesh doth feare,  
By helpes from heaven, which foughten out, and wonne,  
Whil'st soules to heaven triumphing angels beare,  
This mortall race magnanimously runne:  
Of them that are to decke the highest sphere,  
The soule shall shine more glorious then the sunne.  
Whil'st cloath'd with righteousnesse, a priest, a king,  
Hell where's thy victory, death where thy sting?

O! when to part, God doth the soule permit,  
Rais'd from her shell, a pearle for Sion chus'd,  
She recollects (accomplish'd ere she flit)  
Her faculties amidst fraile flesh diffus'd;  
As judgement, reason, memory, and wit,  
Then all refin'd, no more to be abus'd.  
And parts in triumph, free from earthly toiles,  
Yet longs perchance to gather up her spoiles.

Let those great plagues (smoakes of our Makers ire)  
Make all in time their inward state reforme,  
Those plagues of which, loe, even to sing I tyre,  
Ah, what doe those who beare their ugly forme!  
Yet they but kindlings are of endlesse fire,  
And little drops which doe foregoe a storme.

Look, look, with clouds heavens bosome now doth  
swell,  
To blow the wicked to the lowest hell.



## DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The second Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*That threatned time which must the world appall,  
Is (that all may amend) by signes fore-showne,  
Warres rumor'd are, the Gospel preach'd o're all,  
Some Iewes convert, the antichrist growes knowyne:  
Divels rage, vice raignes, zeale cooles, faith failes, stars fall,  
All sorts of plagues have the last trumpet blowne:  
And by prodigious signes it may appear,  
That of the Sonne of man the signe drawes neare.*

Though thundring down those who transgresse his  
lawes,  
And with disdaine his bounty do abuse:  
As adamants doe iron, repentance drawes  
The Lord to love them whom he first did chuse;  
A space retir'd from the tempestuous waves,  
The port of mercy must refresh my muse;  
Whose ventrous flight all loftinesse must leave,  
And plainly sing what all men should conceive.

The Lord delights not in a sinners death,  
But sheepe which stray, toiles to recover still;  
To please a sonne who had deserv'd his wrath,  
His calfe (long fed) the father straight did kill:  
Not for the best whose thoughts (sway'd by his breath)  
Had squar'd his actions onely to his will;  
His calfe, Gods Lamb, were given the lost to gaine,  
His best sonne griev'd, Gods onely Sonne was slaine.

Who can expresse, consider, or conceive,  
Our Makers mercy, our Redeemers love,  
Or of that sprite the power, which who receive,  
By sacred ardour ravish'd are above;  
O! to create, to sanctifie, to save,  
Ingratitude to gratefulnesse may move:  
Who weighs those works (else damned were his  
state)  
Must (if no more) be griev'd to be ingrate.

First, ere by ends beginnings could be prov'd,  
Whil'st time nor place, to limit nought attain'd.  
All wholly holy, wholly to be lov'd,  
God in himselfe, and all in him remain'd:  
Whil'st both the sunne, and spheare in which he mov'd,  
That which contain'd, and that which was contain'd;  
Truth lightned light, all in perfection stood,  
More high then thoughts can reach, all God, all  
good.

All this alone the Lord would not possesse,  
But would have some who taste his goodness might,

Which (when bestow'd) in no degree growes lesse;  
 What darker growes the sunne by giving light?  
 Yet, not that grace o'reflow'd, as in excesse:  
 All was (of purpose) providently right.

His glories witnesses God men did raise,  
 That they might it admire, him serve, and praise.

When God in us no kinde of good could see,  
 Save that which his, we not our owne could call,  
 Great was his favour, making us to be  
 Even ere we were, much lesse deserv'd at all;  
 What? since in us affection must be free,  
 Who dare presume to make our Makers thrall?

He first us freely made, when nought, of nought,  
 And (when sinnes slaves) with his own bloud us  
 bought.

Though sometime some inspir'd by God, we see,  
 Do gratefull, yea, not meritorious deeds;  
 The fruit, not root of mercies saving tree,  
 Which was Christs crosse whence all our rest pro-  
 ceeds;  
 As owing most, they should most humble be,  
 To him whose grace in them such motions breeds.  
 From whom so good a minde, and means, they had,  
 Where others were abandon'd to be bad.

The Lord to those whose souls produce his seale,  
 Doth give good things, as who them justly owes,  
 Bound by his promise, pleaded with true zeale;  
 Which all the arguments of wrath o'rethrows,

Whil'st they from it to mercy do appeale,  
Which justifies all that repentance shows;  
God sinnes confess'd with griefe, with joy forgives,  
That which faith humbly seeks, power freely gives.

He who (when pilgrims) all their trouble sees,  
The faithfull souls from danger doth secure;  
And them from fetters of corruption frees,  
As griev'd that mortals should such griefe endure;  
But now for them (whom he to save decrees)  
He shall true rest perpetually assure.

At that great court which must determine all,  
Even till Christ rise as Judge, from *Adams* fall.

Their bloud which tyrants (by evill angels led)  
Like worthlesse waters lavish'd on the dust,  
From out the altar cries, all that was shed,  
From *Abel* till (and since) *Zachary* the just,  
To see the wicked with confusion cled,  
When judg'd by him in whom they would not trust.

“ The sorrow of his saints doth move God much:  
“ No sweeter incense then the sighs of such.”

God is not slack as worldlings do suppose,  
But onely patient, willing all to winne;  
Times consummation quickly shall disclose,  
The period of mortality, and sinne,  
And for the same his servants to dispose,  
Else charg'd by signes the processe doth begin,  
Signes which each day upbraid us with the last,  
Few are to come, some present, many past.

What fatall warnings do that time presage,  
 A due attendance in the world to breed:  
 (Though oftner now) some us'd in every age,  
 And some more monstrous, straight the day preceed:  
 Ah! flie the flames of that encroaching rage,  
 And arme against these terrors that succeed:  
 For whom the first not frights, the last confounds,  
 As whilst the lightning shines, the thunder wounds.

Whilst threatening worldlings with the last deluge,  
 Old *Noah* scorne acquir'd, but never trust:  
 Though building in their sight his owne refuge,  
 So were the people blinde with pride and lust;  
 And ere the coming of the generall Judge,  
 To damne the bad, and justifie the just,  
 Even when the tokens come, which Christ advis'd,  
 As *Noahs* then, Christs words are now despis'd.

As lifes last day hath unto none beene shoun,

That still (attending death) all might live right:  
 So that great Judgements day is kept unknowne,  
 To make us watch, as Christ were still in sight;  
 Like virgins wise with oyle still of our owne,  
 That when the bridegroome comes, we want not  
 light.

“ Live still as looking death should us surprise,  
 “ And go to beds, and graves, as we would rise.”

O what great wonder that so few are found,  
 Whom those strange signes make griev'd, or glad,  
 appeare!

Though that day haste which should their souls confound,  
Or from corruption make them ever cleare.  
If holy *Jerome* thought he heard the sound  
Of that great trumpet thundring in his eare;  
What jealous cares should in our brests be lodg'd,  
Since greater sinners, nearer to be judg'd?

When will to man, or rather man to will,  
Was freely given, straight discord did begin:  
Though brethren borne, th' one did the other kill,  
Of those who first were made lifes race to runne.  
Thus striving (as it seem'd) who did most ill,  
The father fell, the sonne did sink in sinne.

Love *Adam* lost, but *Cain* did kindle wrath,  
The author brēeding, th' actor bringing death.

Thus at the first contentious worldlings jarr'd,  
Of all the world when onely two were heires;  
And when that nations were, then nations warr'd,  
Oft sowing hopes, and reaping but despaires;  
Base avarice, pride, and ambition marr'd  
All concord first, and fram'd death divers snares:  
“ Though as a winde soone vanish doth our breath;  
“ We furnish feathers for the wings of death.”

Lo, as the sacred register records,  
Strife is (still boyling mortall mens desires)  
The thing most fertile that the world affords,  
Of which each little sparke may breed great fires.

Yet that portentous warre which Christ's owne words  
 Cites as a signe when judgement th' earth requires,  
 It is not that which vaine ambition bends,  
 By partiall passions rais'd for private ends.

Such was the warre which in each age was mov'd,  
 When by preposterous cares from rest restrain'd :  
 Bent to be more then men, men monsters prov'd,  
 Who (lords of others) slaves themselves remain'd.  
 For, whilst advancement vaine they fondly lov'd,  
 The devill their souls, whilst they but bodies  
 gain'd ;  
 So with their owne disturbing every state,  
 They bought hels horrors at too high a rate.

Christ came below, that souls might be releev'd,  
 Not to breed peace, but worse then civill warres :  
 Broyls amongst brethren, scarce to be beleev'd ;  
 Even twixt the sonne and syre engendring jarres.  
 "God must be pleas'd who ever else be griev'd ;  
 "The Gospels growth no tyrants malice marres."  
 As *Aegypt's* burdens *Israels* strength did crowne,  
 "The truth most mounts when men would presse it  
 downe."

Those warres that come before that fatall day,  
 End things begun, and endlesse things begin :  
 Are not us'd broils which states with steele array,  
 Whilst worldlings would but worldly treasures winne.  
 No, even religion shall make peace decay :  
 And godliness be made the ground of sinne.

Then let the world expect no peace againe,  
When sacred causes breed effects prophane.

Such warres have beene, some such are yet to be,  
What must not once plague *Adams* cursed brood?  
Ah that the world so oft those flames did see,  
Which zeale had kindled to be quench'd with bloud,  
Whilst disagreeing thoughts in deeds agree,  
Some bent for spirituall, some for temporall good,  
“ Hels fire-brands rage, whilst zeale doth weakly  
smoke,  
“ When policy puts on religions cloke.”

All nations once the gospels light shall see,  
That ignorance no just excuse may breed,  
Truth spreads in spite of persecution free:  
The bloud of martyrs is the churches seed,  
That it receiv'd, or they condemn'd may be,  
All on the word their soules may sometime feed,  
The word by which all help, or harme must have,  
“ Those knowledge damnes, whom conscience can-  
not save.”

When bent to mitigate his Fathers wrath,  
Mans mortall veile the God-head did disguise,  
The worlds Redeemer was engag'd to death,  
And rais'd himself to shew how we should rise;  
Those twelve whose doctrine builded on his breath,  
To beare his yoke all nations did advise,  
They terours first, and then did comfort sound,  
For, ere the gospell heale, the law must wound.

In simple men who servile trades had us'de,  
 (The wisest of the world are greatest fools)  
 The holy Ghost one truth, all tongues infus'de,  
 And made them teach who never knew the schools;  
 Yea, with more power the souls of men they brus'd,  
 Then rhetorick could do with golden rules,

“The sprite (when God the souls of men converts)

“Doth move the teachers tongues, the hearers  
 hearts.”

The south was first of soveraigntie the seat,  
 From whence it springing, spread to neighbouring  
 parts,  
 And then some states did strive how to be great,  
 By morall vertues, and by martiall arts,  
 Till colder climats did controll that heat,  
 Both shewing stronger hands, and stouter hearts,  
 And whilst each prince was onely prais'd as strong,  
 The way to greatnessse, went by ruine long.

The light of heaven first in the East did shine,  
 Then ranne the course kept by the earthly light,  
 And did (as zeale in realmes) rise, and decline,  
 Still giving day to some, to others night,  
 The faith of man yet toil'd it to refine,  
 And left no land till loath'd, not forc'd, no flight,  
 Christs light did still amongst the Gadarens shine,  
 Till to his presence they preferr'd their swine.

Where are these churches seven, those lanterns seven,  
 Once *Asias* glory, grac'd by sacred scroules?

With monsters now, as then with martyrs even,  
The Turke their bodies, Sathan rules their soules,  
Lands then obscure are lifted up to heaven,  
Whose soules like *linxes* look, whilst theirs like owles,  
Those whom the word renown'd, are knowne no  
more,  
Those know God best, who scarce knew men before.

The worlds chiefe state old *Rome* with glory gain'd,  
Of which the losse her nephews shame did seale,  
The gospels truth at *Rome* long taught remain'd;  
But now she would the same too much conceale,  
Thus temp'rall power, and sprituall both *Rome* stain'd,  
Grown cold in courage first, and last in zeale,  
The church first stood by toils, whil'st poore, still  
pure,  
And straight whilst rich then rent, fell when secure.

From offring grace no storme the Word can stay,  
Ere judgement come to those who will receive,  
In this last age time doth new worlds display;  
That Christ a church over all the earth my have,  
His righteousnesse shall barbarous realmes array,  
If their first love more civill lands will leave,  
*America* to *Europe* may succeed,  
God may of stones raise up to *Abram* seed.

The gospell clearly preach'd in every place,  
To lands of which our fathers could not tell,  
And when the Gentiles all are drawne to grace,  
Which in the new *Ierusalem* should dwell,

Then shall the stubborne Iews that truth imbrace,  
From which with such disdaine they did rebell;  
Who first the law, shall last the gospell have,  
Christ whom he first did call, shall last receive.

When God would but be serv'd by *Jacobs* brood  
(By his owne mercy, not their merits mov'd)  
The Gentiles did what to their eyes seem'd good,  
And, Sathan's slaves, the works of darknesse lov'd:  
They unto idols offred up their bloud,  
Yea (bow'd to beasts) then beasts more beastly prov'd,  
Those whom God did not chuse, a god did chuse,  
And what they made, did for their maker use.

But when that onely soile too narrow seem'd,  
To bound Gods glory, or to bound his grace;  
The Gentiles soules from Sathan he redeem'd,  
And unto *Shems* did joyne of *Japhets* race:  
The bastard bands as lawfull were esteem'd;  
The strangers entred in the childrens place.

Who had beene infidels imbrac'd the faith,  
Whilst mercies minions vessels were of wrath.

That chosen flock whom to himself he drew,  
Who saw not *Jacobs* fault, nor *Israels* sinne:  
When we regener'd, they degener'd grew;  
To lend us light their darknesse did begin.  
Yea, worse then we when worst, Gods saints they slew.  
And when that his wine-yard they entred in,  
They first his servants kil'd, and then his sonne,  
“ Nought grows more fast then mischiefe when begun.”

Sonnes of the second match whom Christ should crowne,

Ah brag not you as heritours of grace:

The naturall branches they were broken downe,

And we (wilde olives) planted in their place.

Feare, feare, lest seas of sinnes our soules do drowne,  
Shall he spare us who spar'd not *Abrams* race?

As they for lack of faith, so may we fall;

“What springs in some, is rooted in us all.”

Till ours be full though *Israels* light lyes spent,  
Our light shall once them to salvation leade;  
Is God like man that he should now repent,  
That promise which to *Abrams* seed was made?  
For his great harvest ere that Christ be bent,  
The Iews shall have a church, and him their head,  
Both Iews and Gentiles once, one church shall prove.  
We feare their law, they shall our gospell love.

This signe it seemes might soone accomplish'd be,  
Were not where now remaines that race of *Shems*,  
The Gentiles dregges, and idols which they see,  
Makes them loath all, for what their law condemnes;  
To be baptisde yet some of them agree,  
Whil'st them their mates, their mates the world contemnes;

And why should we not seek to have them sav'd,  
Since first from them salvation we receiv'd.

When the evangell most toil'd souls to winne,  
Even there was a falling from the faith:

The antichrist his kingdome did begin  
 To poysen souls, yet ere the day of wrath  
 Once shall perditions childe, that man of sinne  
 Be to the world reveal'd, a prey to death.

God may by tyrants scourge his church when griev'd,  
 Yet shall the scourge be scourg'd, the church reliev'd.

The antichrist should come with power and might,  
 By signes and wonders to delude the eyes :  
 Thus Sathan seemes an angell oft of light,  
 That who the truth contemn'd, may trust in lyes :  
 And this with justice stands, even in Gods sight,  
 That he in darknesse fall, the light who flyes :

“ And, oh ! this is the uttermost of ill,

“ When God abandons worldlings to their will.”

This adversary of Christ's heavenly word,  
 Should straight himselfe extoll by Sathan's wit,  
 Over all that is call'd God, or is ador'd ;  
 And of iniquity no meanes omit,  
 Though worthy of the world to be abhorred ;  
 He in the church of God, as God, shall sit :

This hypocrite huge mischieves borne to breed,  
 Should look like God, yet prove a devill indeed.

This mysterie of sinne which God doth hate,  
 Even in *Paul's* time began, and since endur'd :  
 Yet could not then be knowne, till from the gate,  
 That which then stop'd, was raz'de, and it assur'd ;  
 The *Romane* power was at that time so great,  
 That of lesse states the luster it obscur'd ;

The let which then remain'd, while as remov'd,  
This antichrist, the next aspirer prov'd.

That spirituall plague which poysons many lands,  
Is not the *Turke*, nor *Mahomet* his saint;  
Nor none who Christ to crosse directly stands:  
He whom the sprite takes such great pains to paint,  
It must be one who in the church commands,  
No foe confess'd, but a professor faint.

For if all did him know, none would him know,  
A foe (thought friend) gives the most dangerous  
blow.

Ere that day come which should the just adorne,  
And shall discover every secret thought,  
The antichrist whose badge whole lands have borne;  
The prophet false which lying wonders wrought:  
The beast with the blasphemous mouth and horne,  
Shall be reveal'd, and to confusion brought.

“ For causes hid though God a space spare some,  
“ Their judgements are more heavy when they  
come.”

Th'effronted whore prophetically shoun  
By holy *John* in his mysterious scrouls,  
Whom kings and nations to their shame should owne,  
The devils chiefe bawd adulterating souls;  
Though scandalized, and to the world made knowne,  
By mingling poyon with her pleasant bous,  
Yet shall her couesning beauties courted be,  
Till all at last her fall with horror see.

The part where that great whore her court should hold,  
 Vile *Babylon*, abominable towne,  
 Where every thing, even souls of men are sold,  
 Low in the dust to lye, shall be brought downe :  
 Her nakednesse all nations shall behold,  
 And hold that odious which had once renowne ;  
 But her discovery, and her ruines way,  
 Are hid till that due time the same display.

Flie faithfull Christians from that sea of sinne,  
 Who hate the whore, and from the horned beast,  
 Flie, flie in time, before their grieve begin,  
 Lest as their pléasures, so their plagues you taste ;  
 When as the Lambe the victory doth winne,  
 He of fat things will make his flock a feast.

This cloud dispers'd, the sunne shall shine more bright,  
 Whil'st darknesse past endeeres the present light.

Now in the dangerous dayes of this last age,  
 When as he knowes Christ doth to come prepare,  
 The divell shall like a roaring lyon rage,  
 Still catching soules with many a subtile snare,  
 Whil'st his fierce wrath, no mischiefe can asswage,  
 Some by presumption fall, some by despaire,  
 And if this time not shortened were, deceiv'd,  
 Gods chosen children hardly could be sav'd.

Some for a glorious use who once did serve,  
 As starres to th'eyes, cleare lights of soules esteem'd,

Loe (stumbling blockes) from their first course did  
swerve,  
Not what they were, else were not what they seem'd,  
And justly damn'd (lights foes) as they deserve,  
From darknesse more shall never be redeem'd:  
“Church-angels all, all for examples use,  
“So that their fall doth many thousands bruise.”

Men so the world shall love, religion hate,  
That all true zeale shall in contempt be brought,  
The spirituall lights eclipse shall grow so great,  
That lies the truth, truth shall a lye be thought:  
Yet some shall weigh their workes at such a rate,  
As they themselves, not Christ their soules had bought:  
All just to seeme, not be, their wits shall wrest,  
Not bent to edifie, but to contest.

Some signes are gone, which registred were found,  
To rouse the world before that dreadfull blast;  
But, ah! what all now see, and I must sound,  
I wish they were to come, or else were past;  
Those signes, those sinnes I sing, doe warne, shall  
wound  
This age, too ag'd, and worthy to be last.  
It signes that shadow'd were, both so designe,  
I must historifie, and not divine.

That his should warie be, Christ gave advice,  
Since thousands were to be seduc'd by lyes;  
The divell (whilst all adore their owne device)  
Doth taint mens hearts, or else upbraid their eyes,

The froth of vertue, and the dregs of vice,  
 Which onely last, the worlds last time implyes.  
 Not griev'd, no, not asham'd, of sinne some vaunt;  
 Impiety doth so vaine mindes supplant.

Men with themselves so much in love remaine,  
 The poore within, without themselves adorne,  
 And (if not gorgeous) garments doe disdaine,  
 Though the first badge of bondage that was borne,  
 Yet pampered bodies, famish'd soules retaine,  
 Which seeke the shadow, and the substance scorne.  
 “ Ere high advanc'd, all once must humble prove,  
 “ Those first themselves must loath, whom God will  
 love.”

The greatest number now prophanelly sweares,  
 And dare to brawle, or jest, name God in vaine,  
 Yet that heaven thunder, or th'earth burst, not feares,  
 Lest so they crush'd, or swallowed should remaine:  
 Some vomit forth (polluting purer eares)  
 Words which them first, and others after staine.  
 “ A filthy tongue, and a blasphemous mouth,  
 “ Of Sathan's seed doe shew a mighty growth.”

That avarice which the apostle told,  
 When as the world declines, mens mindes should sway,  
 Doth rage so now, that even their God for gold,  
 Not onely men, men in our time betray;  
 To Sathan some for gaine their soules have sold,  
 Whil'st what their hearts hold truth, their words gaine-  
 say.

" By ethnickes once those must condemn'd remaine,  
" Who change religion, worldly things to gaine."

What age ere this so many children saw,  
Who with their parents (O unhappy strife)  
Doe plead at law, though wronging natures law,  
And helpe to haste their death, who gave them life?  
Now vertuous words to vicious deeds doe draw:  
The love of God is rare, of pleasure rife:  
    " This darknesse shewes that it drawes neare the  
        night,  
    " Sinne then must shortly fall, since at the height."

Then even the most of misery to make,  
The soules of some which (alwaies ill) grow worse,  
(All sense quite lost) in sinne such pleasure take,  
That frozen mindes can melt in no remorse;  
No threatned terrors can their conscience wake,  
Sinne hath so much, the sprite so little force.  
    " No physicke for the sicke, which live as sound,  
    " A sore past sense doth shew a deadly wound."

As such a burden it did burst to beare,  
(Through horrour of our sinnes) the earth doth  
    shake,  
And shall it selfe oftentimes asunder teare,  
Ere Christ his iudgement manifest doth make;  
Or else I know not, if it quake for feare  
Of that great fyre which should it shortly take;  
    The living earth to move, dead earth doth move,  
    Yet earthly men then th' earth more earthly prove.

In forraine parts whose ruines fame renownes,  
 In indignation of her sinfull seed,  
 (As men should doe their eyes) the earth God  
     drownes,  
 Which (that some captiv'd aire may straight be freede,  
 Doth vomit mountaines, and doth swallow townes;  
 The worlds foundation brandish'd, like a reed,  
     Whil'st with pale hearts the panting people thinke,  
     That hell will ryse, or that the heaven will sinke.

One earth-quake toss'd the Turkes imperiall head,  
 Dayes sensible, but violent some howers,  
 Till in that towne a monstrous breach was made,  
 (As charg'd at once by all the damned powers)  
 I know not whether buried first, or dead,  
 Troupes seem'd to striue in falling with their towers,  
     Whilst those who stood long trembling did attend,  
     That all the world (at least themselves) should end.

Twixt *Rome* and *Naples* once (in envies eye)  
 What stately townes did the worlds conquerours found,  
 Which now wee not (noe, not their ruines) spie,  
 Since layde more low then levell with the ground?  
 They with all theirs en-earth'd by earth-quakes lye,  
 Whose stones (drawne down where darkenes doth  
     abound)  
     Like *Sisiphus* perchance a number roules,  
     Else *Dis* builds dungeons for the damned soules.

Late neare those parts whose ruines men admire,  
 Where wealth superfluous idle wonders wrought,

An earth-quake strange amazement did acquire,  
A plaine conceav'd, and forth a mountaine brought,  
Which diuers dayes disgorged flames of fyre,  
And stones whose substance was consum'd to nought;  
Hells fyre it seem'd which (as Gods wrath) did rise,  
Grown great, flam'd forth, upbraiding sinners eyes.

Last in this land our eyes saw one of late,  
Whose terrour from some mynds rests not remoov'd,  
Then any else as strange, though not soe great,  
Not violent, but universall prov'd,  
As if of natures course the threatned date,  
All at one houre this kingdome trembling moov'd;  
The old state lothing, longing for a new,  
Th' earth leapes for joy, as straight to have her due.

But ah who walkes, when rock'd is all this round,  
Or stryves to stand though even the earth thus starts?  
Though God doth tosse this ball till it rebound,  
Who lest it part, from his corruption parts?  
Ah! that the world soe senselesse should be found,  
Both heaven and earth doe shake, but not mens  
hearts;  
Since for his word the world disdaynes to bow,  
Dumbe creatures doe denounce Gods iudgements  
now.

I thinke the earth by such strange throwes would tell,  
How much she doth her present state despise;  
Or else all those who in her bowels dwell,  
Doe rouze themselves, as ready now to ryse:

Her belly thus growne big doth seeme to swell,  
 As one whose travell soone should her surprise;  
 And yet her broode she viper-like must free,  
 Whose course must end when theirs beginnes  
 to be.

As God that day of doome strives to make knowne,  
 By monstrous signes which may amaze the mynde,  
 That judgement great by judgements is foreshowne,  
 Whil'st all the weapons of his wrath have shin'd,  
 That others may (whil'st some rest thus o'rethrowne)  
 Stand in the furnace of affliction fin'd;  
 "For still the wretched most religious prove,  
 "And oft examples more then doctrine move."

The sword of God shall once be drunke with bloode,  
 And surfet on the flesh of thousands slaine  
 Of those who (following evill) doe fli from good,  
 And (scorning Christ) professe to be prophane,  
 From Gods wine-presse of wrath shall flowes a floode,  
 Which shall with blood their horses bridles staine;  
 None may abide, nor yet can fli his sight,  
 When arm'd with vengeance God doth thundring  
 fight.

When father-like God chastising his childe,  
 Plagu'd all the subjects for their soveraignes crime,  
 What thousands then were from the world exil'd?  
 Even in three dayes (so soon turnes flesh to slime)  
 The earth made waste, men had no more defil'd,  
 Had but one angell warr'd a little time:

Since by Gods word, the world did made remaine,  
Lesse then his look may ruine it againe.

The pestilence of wrath chiefe weapon thought,  
Which of all plagues, the plague is onely call'd,  
As if all else (respecting it) were nought,  
It hath so much the mindes of men appall'd;  
That wound by Gods own hand, seems onely wrought,  
Whose mediate meanes scarce rest to reason thrall'd:

That which we not conceive, admire we must,  
And in Gods power above our knowledge trust.

That poyson'd dart, whose strength none can gaine-  
stand,  
God us'd but rarely (when enflam'd with wrath,)  
And had it once been brandish'd in his hand,  
All trembling stood (as 'twixt the j̄awes of death)  
Then now it selfe, the same more mov'd this land,  
Of that great frenzy which infects the breath:  
“ A thing thought strange, by habite homely proves.  
“ What first all grieve, at last all sense removes.”

Once in one age, few dayes, and in few parts,  
The pest some people to repentance urg'd,  
And did with terrour strike the strongest hearts,  
Whil'st his vineyard the heavens great husband  
purg'd,  
The quiver of whose wrath did raine downe darts,  
By which of late what kingdome was not scourg'd?  
So that men now not feare that whip of God,  
Like boyes oft beaten, that contemne the rod.

Loe, in this stately ile, admir'd so much,  
 What province, no, what towne hath not been pyn'd  
 By that abhor'd disease, which strikes who touch,  
 Whil'st byles the body, madnesse swels the minde ?  
 Ah, of some townes, the anguish hath been such,  
 That all, all hope of safety had resign'd :

Whil'st friends no comfort gave, no, no relieve,  
 The sicknesse onely (not the death) bred grieve.

This raging ague bursts so ugly out,  
 Till men of those whom they love best, are dread ;  
 Whil'st danger all in everything doe doubt,  
 Men by the plague (made plagues) as plagues are fled,  
 And are with horrour compass'd round about,  
 When that contagion through the ayre is spread ;  
 The ayre which first our breath (abus'd) doth staine,  
 It poison'd so, but poisons us againe.

What thing more wretched can imagin'd be,  
 Then is a towne where once the pest abounds ?  
 There not one sense rests from some trouble free ;  
 Three doe infect, and two (though pure) beare wounds ;  
 Oft in one hole heapes throwne at once we see,  
 As where to bury fear'd for want of bounds :  
 Yea, whil'st in plaints they spend their plaguy  
 breath,  
 Of all things that are fear'd, the least is death.

Death (whil'st no druggé this feavers force o'rethrowes)  
 Oft ere the patient the physitian clames,

The ayre they draw their heate more high still blowes,  
Till even what should refresh, then most enflames;  
Of damned soules the state their torment showes,  
Who gnash their teeth as cold, whil'st fry'd with  
flames:

And 'twixt their paines this difference comes in;  
Death ends the one, the other doth beginne.

To plague those parts where Christ's owne troupes do  
dwell,  
The angell that destroyes hath most been bent,  
That whom words could not move, wounds might  
compell,  
Ere ruine come, in time now to repent,  
By paine on earth, made thinke of paine in hell,  
As this they flye, that that they may prevent.

"What can discourage those whom Christ doth love,  
"To whom evill good, grieve joy, death life doth  
prove?"

Where we should alwaies strive the heaven to gaine,  
By prayers, plaints, and charitable deeds,  
To raise up earth on earth, our strength we straine,  
So base a courage, worldly honour breeds;  
This doth provoke the darts of Gods disdaine,  
By which of some the wounded conscience bleeds:  
"All head-long runne to hell, whose way is even;  
"But by a narrow path, are drawn to heaven."

Of vengeance now the store-house opened stands,  
O what a weight of wrath the world (ah) beares!

Through terrour straight, why tremble not all lands,  
 When God in rage a throne of justice reares?  
 And poures downe plagues whil'st brandishing his  
 brands,  
 The pest now past, straight famine breeds new feares.  
 " Still thinke that mischiefe never comes alone,  
 " Who worse presage the present lesse bemone."

Since that the world doth loath celestiall food,  
 That sprituall manna which soules nectar proves,  
 By grace drawne forth from the Redeemers bloud,  
 A gift (and no reward) given where he loves,  
 Those who terrestriall things thinke onely good,  
 Them want shall try, whom no abundance moves:  
 " For, ah, of some so fat the bodies be,  
 " That of their soules they not the leannessse see."

Gods creatures (oft condemn'd) shall once accuse  
 Those who in wantonnesse them vainely spent,  
 And justly, what unjustly they abuse,  
 Shall unto them more sparingly be lent,  
 That which they now superfluously use,  
 Shall (made a curse) not natures need content.  
 " A barren soule should have a barren earth,  
 " Oft temporall plenty breeds a spirituall dearth."

Those in the dust who still prophanelly roule,  
 Whose thorny thoughts do choake that heavenly  
 seed,  
 Which by the word was sown in every soule,  
 Shall likewise want what should their bodies feed:

What most they trust, shall once their hopes controule,  
By earthly hunger, heavenly thirst to breed.

Thus those (like babes) whose judgement is not deepe,  
Who scorn'd a treasure, shall for trifles weepe.

What sauces strange (a fault which custome cloakes)  
To urge the bodies appetite are made,  
Which natures selfe sufficiently provokes?  
But of the soule, when carnall cares it leade,  
The appetite which, (ah) even nature choakes,  
What art is us'd to quicken it when dead?

Whil'st bodies doe too much, soules nought digest,  
But when the others fast, are fit to feast.

Base belly-gods, whose food is Sathans bate,  
Whose judgements to your taste rest onely thrall,  
The Lord in wrath shall cut away your meate,  
And for your honey, furnish you with gall,  
Like loathsome beasts since you the acornes eate,  
Yet looke not up to see from whence they fall;

Sonnes prodigall, who from your father swerve,  
You keeping worse then swine, shall justly sterve.

To waken some which sleepe in sinne as dead,  
The Lord ere Christ doe come all states to try,  
Since but abus'd, shall breake the staffe of bread,  
And as we him, make th'earth us fruits deny;  
The corne shall wither, and the grasse shall fade,  
Then men to nurse, since rather bent to dye;

As dutifull to him by whom they breed,  
Gods creatures pure, his rebels scorne to feed.

Now in this time which is the last esteem'd,  
 The sprites impure, doe all in one conspire,  
 And worke that God by men may be blasphem'd,  
 To purchase partners of eternall fire,  
 That who should them condemne, hath us redeem'd,  
 Makes envy blow the bellowes of their ire,  
 Till wicked angels irritated thus,  
 Not seeke their safety, but to ruine us.

More neare doth draw salvation to the just,  
 The more the dragons minde doth envy wound,  
 That men (the slaves of death, the sonnes of dust)  
 As heires of heaven, with glory should be crown'd,  
 And that perpetuall paines they suffer must,  
 Though (all immortall) to no bodies bound:  
 "Hearts gall'd with envy, storme at every thing,  
 "Whom still their harme, or some ones good must  
 sting."

Mans foe who first confusion did devise,  
 (By long experience growne profound in skill)  
 Through strength oft try'd our weakenesse doth  
 despise,  
 And knowes what best may serve each soule to  
 kill:  
 He unawares our passions doth surprise,  
 And to betray our wit, corrupts our will.  
 "Whom God not guards, those Sathan soon may  
 win,  
 "Whil'st force doth charge without, and fraud  
 within."

That heire of hell, whom justly God rejects,  
(Who sought by subtilty all soules to blinde,)  
Not onely shafts in secret now directs,  
By inspirations poysoning the minde,  
But even a banner boldly he erects,  
As this worlds prince by publike power design'd :  
From shape to shape, this *Proteus* thus removes,  
Who first a foxe, and last a lyon proves.

He since his kingdome now should end so soone,  
Doth many *Circes*, and *Medeas* make,  
That can obscure the sunne, and charme the moone,  
Raise up the dead, and make the living quake;  
Whil'st they by pictures, persons have undone,  
Doe give to some, from others substance take :  
Three elements their tyranny doth thrall,  
But oft the fourth takes vengeance of them all.

Whil'st in his hand the bolts of death he beares,  
Still watching soules the crafty hunter lyes  
With inward fancies, and with outward feares,  
Whom he may tempt, continually he tryes ;  
Whil'st (rumbling horrour) sounds assault the eares,  
And monstrous formes paint terrour in the eyes :  
He who with God even in the heaven durst strive,  
Thinks soon on earth, mens ruine to contrive.

As many did posses'd by sprits remaine,  
When first Christ came, salvation to beginne,  
So likewise now before he come againe,  
Some bodies daily which they enter in,

By desp'rate meanes would be dispatch'd of paine,  
 Else (bound in body) loose their soules to sinne,  
   And if that God not interpos'd his power,  
   Hels tyrant straight would every soule devoure.

In some whom God permits him to abuse,  
 The prince of darknesse doth at divers houres,  
 His subtile substance fraudfully infuse  
 Till they his sprite, his sprite their soules devours :  
 He as his owne doth all their members use,  
 And they (as babes with knives) worke with his powers.  
   O monstrous union, miracle of evils,  
   Which thus with men incorporates the divels !

When erst in *Delphos*, after ugly cryes,  
 The Priestresse *Pythia* seeming to be sage,  
 Big by the divlel, delivered was of lyes,  
 She to the terrour of that senslesse age,  
 Still panting, swolne, hell flaming through her eyes,  
 Roar'd forth responses by propheticke rage ;  
   And to her Lord whil'st prostituted thus,  
   An image was of whom he fils with us.

Of those who are posses'd in such a sort,  
 Some to themselves whom Sathan doth accuse,  
 They mad (or he in them) doe bragge, or sport,  
 And whil'st they would the lookers on abuse ;  
 Doe secrets (to themselves not known) report,  
 And of all tongues the eloquence can use :  
   All what each age devis'd observing still,  
   “ The divell knowes much, but bends it all to ill.”

O heavens be hid, and lose thy light O sunne!  
Since in the world (O what a fearefull thing!)  
The divell of some so great a power hath wonne,  
That what was theirs, he doth in bondage bring,  
Then from their body speakes (as from a tunne),  
As sounds from bels, or flouds through rockes do ring  
Deare Saviour rise, and in a just disdaine,  
This serpent bruise, this leviathan reyne.

The sunne and moone, now oftentimes look pale,  
(As if ashamed the shame of men to see)  
Or else grown old, their force beginnes to faile,  
That thus so oft eclips'd their beauties be,  
And o're their glory, darknesse doth prevaile,  
Whil'st faint for grieve, their ruine they fore-see:  
For (as superfluous) they must shortly fall,  
When as the light of light doth lighten all.

The heavenly bodies (as growne now lesse strong)  
Doe seeme more slacke (as weary of their race)  
So that time rests reform'd (as quite runne wrong)  
All clymats still new temperatures embrace,  
What strange effects must follow then ere long?  
Some starres seem new, and others change their place  
So altred is the starry courts estate,  
Astrologues want intelligence of late.

Each element by divers signes hath showne,  
That shortly evill must be discern'd from good;  
The earth (ag'd mother) loe, is barren growne,  
Whose wombe oft worne, now torn; doth faile in brood

And may (since staggering else) be soone o'rethrown:  
 What wonder? weake through age, and drunk with  
     bloud,  
 With bloud, which still to God for vengeance  
     cryes,  
 And (as o're-burden'd) groaning, groveling lyes.

The liquid legions by tumultuous bands,  
 (Whose bellowing billowes to transcend contend,)  
 Do oft usurpe, and sometime leave the lands,  
 Still stor'd with monsters, which a storme portend,  
 Whil'st crown'd with clouds, each murmuring mountaine  
     stands,  
 Which acted first, but suffer must in end:  
 A mighty change, heavens monarch now concludes,  
 Flouds first quench'd flames, flames straight shall  
     kindle flouds.

The ayre whose power impetuous nought can bound,  
 Doth cite all soules to Gods great parliament,  
 Whil'st thundring tempests roare a rumbling sound,  
 And the last trumpets terrour represent;  
 Those blasts denounce the ruine of this round,  
 Which heaven in showres seemes weeping to lament:  
 Thus waters wash, winds wipe, and both conspire,  
 That th' earth (so purg'd) may be prepar'd for fire.

The water th' earth, the ayre would it o'rethrew,  
 Whose rage by ruine onely is represt,  
 The high things still insulting o're the low,  
 Till once the highest have consum'd the rest;

The fourth must end what the first three fore-show,  
Whose proofe is last reserv'd, as thought the best:  
A fyery tryall, strictly tries each thing,  
And all at last, doth to perfection bring.

Then natures selfe, not strong as of before,  
Yeelds fruits deform'd, as from a bastard seed,  
That monstrous mindes may be admir'd no more,  
Whil'st monstrous bodies more amazement breed:  
All the portentuous brood of beasts abhorre,  
And (since prodigious) ominously dread.

Since all things change from what they first have  
been,  
All (in another forme) shall soone be seen.

Few signes, or none remaine mens mindes to move,  
Till of the Sonne of man, the signe crave sight;  
That glory which unspeakeable doth prove,  
Christs substance, no, his shadow, yet our light,  
Whose majesty, and beauty, from above,  
Shall ere he shine, make all about be bright:  
The coming of the Lord, that signe bewrayes,  
As lightning thunder, as the sunne his rayes.

Yet this vile age (what rage?) some mockers breeds,  
That big with scorne, disdainfully dare say,  
What change mad mindes with such fond fancies feeds,  
From formes first known, since nought below doth  
stray?  
The summer harvest, winter spring succeeds,  
The moon doth shine by night, the sunne by day;

Males procreate, and females doe conceive,  
Some daily life doe lose, some it receive.

O atheists vile, else Christians void of care,  
From Gods tribunall who in vaine appease,  
That Christ to judge the world doth straight prepare,  
You thus (contemning signes) a signe reveale,  
Whose hearts obdur'd, the nearenesse doth declare,  
Of your damnations, our salvations seale:

And whil'st your heart both heaven and hell de-  
rides,  
Your judgement heaven, your torment hell provides.

Yet foolish soules their pleasures still affect,  
(And marrying wives) what mirth may move devise,  
But whil'st asleep their safety they neglect,  
Christ (as a thiefe) against them shall arise,  
And (in a rage) when they him least expect,  
Shall slothfull servants suddenly surprise,  
Who then shall wish (whil'st frighted on each side)  
That from his face them hils, them hels, might  
hide.

O multitude, O multitude as sand!  
A day of horrour strange shall straight appeare,  
Come down, and in the threshing valley stand,  
The threshing valley, loe, the Lord drawes neare,  
And else doth take (take heed) his fanne in hand;  
Light soules, as chaffe with winde doe vanish here:  
The harvest ripe, and the wine-presse is full,  
Yea, wickednesse o'reflowes, all hearts are dull.

Seale, viall, trumpet, seaventh, opens, powres, sounds,  
What doth not intimate Gods great decree,  
Which natures course, mans faith, Gods mercy bounds,  
Even in a time, when time no more shall be;  
The fyre is kindling else which all confounds;  
Gods hand (loe) writes, his ballance rais'd wee see:  
When soules are weigh'd (Gods wondrous workes to  
crown)

The weighty must mount up, the light fall downe.  
But ere the deepes of wrath I enter in,  
When as repentance shall no more have place,  
As God a time deferres some soules to winne,  
I will suspend my furie for a space,  
That ere the height of horrour doe beginne,  
My thoughts may bath amidst the springs of grace;  
To cleare some soules which Sathan seekes to  
blinde,  
Lord purge my sp'rit, illuminate my minde.





## DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The third Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Whilst angels him convoy, and saints attend,  
(The heavens as smoake all fled before his face)  
Christ through the clouds with glory doth descend,  
With majestie, and terrour, power and grace;  
What flye, walke, grow, swimme, all what may end, doe end.  
Earth, aire, and sea, all purg'd in little space:  
Strange preparations that great court preceede,  
Where all must meeete whom any age did breed.*

Immortall monarch ruler of the rounds,  
Embalme my bosome with a secret grace,  
Whilst lifted up above the vulgar bounds,  
A path not pav'd my spirit aspires to trace,  
That I with brazen breath may roare forth sounds,  
To shake the heart, fixe palenesse in the face:  
Lord, make my swelling voice, (a mighty winde)  
Lift up the low, beate downe the loftie minde.

What dreadfull sound doth thunder in myne eares?  
What pompous splendor doth transport myne eyes?  
I wot not what above my selfe me beares,  
He comes, he comes who all hearts secrets tryes.  
Shout, shout for joy who long have rayn'de downe  
teares.

Houle, houle for griefe you who vaine ioyes most  
prise:

Now shall be built, and on eternall grounds,  
The height of horrour, pleasure passing bounds.

Now (noe more firme) the firmament doth flie,  
As leapes the deere fled from the hunters face;  
Loe, like a drunkard reeles the cristall skie;  
As garments old degraded from their grace,  
All folded up heavens blew pavilion spie,  
Which with a noyse doth vanish from the place;  
The lanterne burnt, light utters utter worth,  
Drawne are the hangings, majestie comes forth.

Who can abide the glory of that sight,  
Which kills the living, and the dead doth rayse,  
With squadrons compass'de, angels flaming bright,  
Whom thousands serve, ten thousand thousands praise?  
My soul entranc'd is ravish'd with that light,  
Which in a moment shall the world amaze;  
That of our sprite which doth the powers condense,  
Of muddy mortalls farre transcends the sense.

A fyre before him no resistance findes,  
Fierce sounds of horrour thunder in each eare,

The noyse of armies, tempests and whirlewindes,  
 A weight of wrath, more then ten worlds can beare ;  
 Thinke what a terrour stings distracted mindes,  
 When mountaines melt, and valleys burst for feare ;

What? what must this in guilty mortalls breed,  
 While all this all doth tremble like a reede ?

The God of battels battell doth intend,  
 To daunt the nations, and to fetter kings ;  
 He with all flesh in judgement to contend,  
 At mid-night comes, as on the morning wings ;  
 O ! tymes last period expectations end,  
 Which due rewards for what hath past then brings ;  
 The Lords great day, a day of wrath, and paine,  
 Whose night of darkenesse never cleares againe.

That element still cleare in spight of nights,  
 Which (as most subtile,) mounted up above,  
 To kindle there perchance those glorious lights,  
 Which dy'd by it, as deck'd by beauty, move ;  
 Or else of curious thoughts too ventrous flights,  
 (As which may not be touch'd) a bounds to prove,  
 That they presume not higher things to see,  
 Then are the elements of which they be.

Marke how th' eolian bands loos'd from the bounds,  
 Where them in fetters their commander keeps,  
 (As if the angry sprite of all the rounds,)  
 Like tyrants rage, till heaven to quench them weeps,  
 Whose rumbling fury, whil'st it all confounds,  
 Doth cleave the clouds, and part the deepest deeps,

By noyse above, and violence below,  
Th' earth quakes and thunder both at once to show.

Even so fire which was made (nought to annoy)  
To liquid limits clos'd with clouds retire,  
Lest what it fosters, it might else destroy,  
O! when enlarg'd ! and kindled by Gods ire,  
It him at midnight doth as torch convoy,  
All, all will seeme a piramide of fire :

To God what is this universall frame?  
Now but a mote, at last a little flame?

The axel-trees on which heavens round doth move,  
Shrunke from their burden, both fall broken down ;  
Those which to pilots point out from above,  
Their wayes through waves to riches or renowne,  
And so (though fix'd) the strayers helpers prove,  
Nights stately lampes borne in an azure crowne :

Those guiding starres, may (as not needfull) fall,  
When worldlings wandrings are accomplish'd all.

The vagabonds above, lascivious lights,  
Which from fond mindes that did their course admire,  
By strange effects observ'd from severall heights,  
(As deities) idols altars did acquire,  
Thrown from their spheres, expos'd to mortals sights,  
(As abject ashes, excrements of fire :)

They (whilst thus ruin'd) farre from what before,  
Shall damne the nations which did them adore.

With lodgings twelve design'd by severall signes,  
Now fals that building more then cristall cleare,

Which dayes bright eye (though circling all) confines,  
Still tempring times, and seasoning the yeare;  
All temporall light (no more to rise) declines,  
That glory may eternally appeare:

All then made infinite, no bounds attend,  
Times and halfe times quite past, time takes an  
end.

As slimy vapours whil'st like starres they fall,  
Shot from their place, do hurle amongst the skie,  
Then *Pleiades*, *Arcturus*, *Orion*, all  
The glistening troupes (lights languishing) doe dye;  
Like other creatures to confusion thrall,  
They from the flames (as sparkes from fire) doe flye;  
The heavens at last griev'd for their falling spheares,  
(All else dry'd up) weep down their stars for teares.

As leaves from trees, the stars from heaven doe shake,  
Darke clouds of smoake, exhausting those of raine,  
The moone all turnes to bloud, the sunne growes  
blacke,  
Which (whil'st prodigious formes they doe retaine)  
Of vengeance badges, signes of ruine make,  
And not eclips'd by usuall meanes remaine:  
Those common lights obscur'd, the just shine bright,  
The wicked enter in eternall night.

Whil'st staggering reels this universall frame,  
The Lord doth tread on clouds, enstall'd in state,  
His scepter iron, his throne a fiery flame,  
To bruise the mighty, and to fine the graet;

Who of his glory can the greatnesse dreame,  
That once was valued at a little rate?

He by his word did first make all of nought,  
And by his word shall judge all of each thought.

When God his people did together draw,  
On Sions Mount to register his will,  
He (that they might attend with reverent aw)  
Came clad with clouds (sterne trumpets sounding shrill)  
And threatned death (whil'st thundring forth his law)  
To all that durst approach the trembling hill:  
What compassed with death, he thus did give,  
Ah, who can keep, or violate, and live?

Since this confounding forme did mindes to tame,  
(That of their yoke all might the burden know)  
Those dreadfull statutes terribly proclaime;  
All flesh for feare shall fade away below,  
How they were kept when God a count doth claime,  
A time of terroure more then words can show.

He gave in mercy, shall exact with ire,  
The mountaine smoak'd, the world shall burn on fire.

In spight of natures powers which then expire,  
Through liquid limits breaking from above,  
Loe, downwards tends the tempest of this fire;  
The airie region doth a fornace prove,  
To boile her guests (as vessell of Gods ire)  
Which tortur'd there can no where else remove:

Flames which should still for their confusion rage,  
Thus kindled first perchance nought can asswage.

The growing creatures which do mount so high,  
 And as their earthly bounds they did disdaine,  
 Would (whilst their tops encroach upon the skie)  
 Base men upbraid, who not their strength do straine  
 With heavenly helps still higher up to flie,  
 And spurne at th' earth where rooted they remaine;  
 Those leavie bands while as they fanne the ayre,  
 As fittest baits for fire first kindle there.

Who can imagine this and yet not mourne?  
 What battell must succeed this huge alarme?  
 Of *Lebanon* the stately cedars burne,  
 The pines of *Idus* fall without an arme;  
 The fertile forrests all to flames do turne,  
 And waste the world which they were wont to  
 warme.  
 To plague proud sinners every thing accords,  
 What comfort once, confusion now affords.

The smoaking mountains melt like wax away,  
 Else sink for feare (O more then fearfull things!)  
 They which the fields with rivers did array,  
 As if to quench their heat, drink up their springs;  
 Like faded flowers, their drouping tops decay,  
 Which (crown'd with clouds) stretch'd through the aire  
 their wings,  
 As did the raine, whilst fire doth seize all bounds,  
 What last the first, the last at first confounds.

Then of that birth hils shall delivered be,  
 Which big by nature they so long have borne,

Though it fond mortals (slaves by being free)  
To make abortives have their bellies tornē:  
Gold (as when *Midas* wish, O just decree!)  
Shall flow superfluous avarice to scorne.

What of all else did measure once the worth,  
Shall then lye loath'd by th' aguous earth spu'd  
forth.

The godly kings wise sonne from *Ophir* brought.  
With Ethnicks joyn'd (all welcome are for gaines)  
What *Spaniards* now in other worlds have sought,  
That golden fleece still wonne, and worne with paines:  
And yet at last what all this trouble wrought,  
From molten mountains shall o'reflow the plains.

Ah, ah curst gold, what mak'st thou men not do,  
Since sought over all the earth, and in it too?

Fond curiousnesse made our first parents fall,  
And since the same hath still held downe their race;  
Whose judgements were to senselesse things made  
thrall,  
Which God most low, and they most high do place;  
Nought in themselves, to us by us made all,  
The which we first, and then they all things grace;  
But (straight dissolv'd) they shall to hell repaire,  
To brave a multitude, by them drawne there.

At heaven (when hence) if certaine to arrive,  
Then these barbarians what could much annoy?  
Who naked walke, eate hearbes, for nothng strive,  
But scorne our toyls, whose treasure is their toy?

As *Adam* first (when innocent) they live,  
 And goldesse thus the golden age enjoy;  
 We barbarous are in deeds, and they in show,  
 Too little they, and ah too much we know.

What huge deluge of flames enflames my minde,  
 Whil'st th' inward ardour that without endees?  
 A light (o'reflowing light) doth make me blinde,  
 The sea a lanterne, th' earth a lampe appeares:  
 That cristall covering burn'd which it confin'de,  
 The way to ruine fatall lightning cleares.

Dust equals all that unto it return:  
 All creatures now one funerall fire doth burne.

The stately birds which sacred were to *Love*,  
 Whose portraits did great emperours powers adorne,  
 Whil'st generously their race they striv'd to prove,  
 Which *Titans* beames with bended eyes had borne,  
 Shall fall downe headlongs burning from above,  
 (As *Phaeton* was fayn'd) ambitions scorne.

“ As fit to fall who of themselves presume,  
 “ Those raging wrath doth at the first consume.”

The sixth and last of that unmatched kinde,  
 (If each of them doth live a thousand yeares)  
 Shall Sabbath have in ashes still confin'd,  
 Whose birth, death, nest, and tombe all one appeares,  
 That onely bird which ov'r all others shin'd,  
 (As o're small lights that which nights darknesse cleares.)

He from renewing of his age by fire,  
 Shall be prevented ere that it expire.

The *Salamander* which still *Vulcan* lov'd,  
And those small wormes which in hot waters dwell,  
They live by fire, or dye, if thence remov'de,  
But those last flames shall both from breath expell;  
Those creatures thus by burning heat oft prov'd,  
Show tortur'd souls may pine, yet breath in hell:  
    If those in fire (and with delight) remaine,  
    May not the wicked live in fire with paine.

The pompous bird which still in triumph beares,  
Rould in a circle his ostentive taile,  
With starres (as if to brave the starry spheares)  
Then seemes at once to walk, to flie, to saile,  
His flesh (which to currup't so long forbeares)  
Against destruction shall not now prevaile,  
    Those painted fowls shall then be baits for fire,  
    As painted fools be now for endlesse ire:

The *Indian Grifhon* terror of all eyes,  
That flying giant, *Nimrod* of the ayre,  
The scalie dragon which in ambush lyes  
To watch his enemy with a martiall care,  
Though breathing flames, touch'd by a flame straight  
    dyes,  
And all wing'd monsters made (since hurtfull) rare :  
    “Types of strong tyrants which the weake op-  
        presse,  
    “ Those ravenous great ones prey upon the lesse.”

Their nimble feathers then shall nought import,  
Which with their wings both levell sea and land,

The falcon fierce, and all that active sort,  
 Which by their burden grace a princes hand:  
 And (they for prey, their bearers bent for sport)  
 Do thrall great monarchs which even men command:  
     Ere falne on earth their ashes quenched be,  
     Whom soar'd of late aloft men scarce could see.

Those birds (but turn'd to dust) againe shall raine,  
 Which mutinous *Israel* with a curse receiv'd;  
 And those for sport so prodigally slaine,  
 For which (what shame) some belly-monsters crav'd,  
 Long necks (like cranes) their tastes to entertaine,  
 From which the *Phænix* hardly can be sav'd.

“ In bodies base whose bellies still are full,

“ The souls are made (choak'd with grosse vapours)  
     dull.

The feather'd flocks which by a notion strange,  
 (I know not how inspir'd, or what they see)  
 Or if their inward following outward change,  
 As true astrologues gathering stormes forsee,  
 In quaking clouds their murmuring troupes which range,  
 To waile, or warne the world, hiv'd on some tree.

Nought unto them this generall wrack foreshows,  
 Men, angels, no, not Christ (as man) fore-knows.

The rage of time these changlings to appease,  
 Like fained friends who fortune onely woo:  
 Which haunt each soile whil'st there they finde their  
     ease,  
 Though I confesse this shews their greatnessse too,

Who at their will use kingdomes as they please ;  
Even more then monarchs with great hosts can do.

But yet where ere they be, they then shall fall,  
Gods armie, yea, his arme doth stretch o're all.

Those which themselves in civill warres do match,  
Whose sound triumphall lyons puts to flight,  
The mornings ushers, urging sleeps dispatch,  
Whose wings applaud their voice saluting light,  
The labourers horologe, ordinary watch,  
Whose course by nature rul'd goes alwayes right.

Those trumpeters dissolving many dreame,  
May then not see the day which they proclaime.

So suddenly all shall with ruine meet,  
That even the fowl which still doth streames pursue,  
As if to wash, or hide, her loath'd black feet,  
Then swimmes in state proud of her snowie hue :  
Who us'd with tragick notes (though sad, yet sweet)  
To make *Meanders* nymphs her dying rue.

She then surpris'd, not dreaming of her death,  
Shall not have time to tune her plaintive breath.

The winged squadrons which by feeling, finde  
A body (though invisible) of aire,  
Both solid, vaste, clos'd, open, free, confin'de,  
Whil'st weight by lightnesse, stayes by moving there ;  
As swimmers waves, those flyers beat the winde,  
Borne by their burdens, miracles if rare.

The feathers fir'd whilst stretched armes do shrink,  
Though thus made lighter, they more heavy sink.

That sort which diving deep, and soaring high,  
 (Like some too subtle trusting double wayes)  
 Which swimme with fishes, and with fowls do fly;  
 Whil'st still their course the present fortune sways.  
 At last in vaine their liquid fortresse trie,  
 Of wrath the weapons nought save ruine stayes.  
 To fli the ayre downe in the deeps they bend,  
 For want of ayre down in the deeps they end.

Wing'd alchymists that quintessence the flowers,  
 As oft-times drown'd before, now burn'd shall be,  
 Then measuring artists by their numbrous powers:  
 Whose works proportions better do agree,  
 Which do by colonies uncharge their bowres,  
 Kill idle ones, sting foes, what needs foresee:  
 Men talk of vertue, bees do practise it,  
 Even justice, temperance, fortitude, and wit.

What agony doth thus my soul invest?  
 I think I see heaven burne, hels gulphs all gape,  
 My panting heart doth beat upon my breast,  
 As urging passage that it thence may scape,  
 Rest from my self, yet no where else, I rest,  
 Of what I was, reserving but the shape.  
 My haires are bended up, swolne are mine eyes,  
 My tongue in silence minds amazement tyes.

Who can but dreame what furies plague thy soule,  
 Poore sinfull wretch who then art toss'd with breath?  
 Whil'st desp'rate anguish no way can controule  
 The raging torrent of consuming wrath,

In every corner where thy eyes can roule,  
Their sweetest shows more bitter are then death.

Who can expresse thy feelings, or thy feares,  
Which even repentance cannot help with teares?

To look aloft if thou dar'st raise thy sight,  
Weigh'd downe (as damn'd by guilty actions gone)  
What horrour, terrour, errour, all affright  
Thee; trembling thee, who out of time dos't grone?  
Oft shalt thou wish that thee falne mountains might  
Hide from his face who sits upon the throne.

But, ah! in vaine a lurking place is sought,  
Nought can be covered now, no, not one thought.

The dreadfull noise which that great day proclaimes,  
When mix'd with sighs and shouts from mortals here;  
O how deform'd a forme confusion frames!  
None can well think till that it selfe appeare:  
Whil'st clouds of smoke delivered are of flames,  
They darken would their birth, it them would cleare,  
But whil'st both strive, none victory attaines;  
This endlesse darknesse bodes, that endlesse paines.

If seeking help from thy first parent slyme,  
Loe *Plutoes* palace, dungeons of despaire,  
(As fir'de by furies) kindled by thy crime,  
Bent to encroach upon forbidden ayre,  
Do gape to swallow thee before the time,  
Whom they foresee damn'd for a dweller there:  
Heaven over thy head, hell burns beneath thy feet,  
As both in rage, to fight with flames would meet.

With owlie eyes which horrid lightnings blinde,  
 This to admire the reprobate not need;  
 Match'd with the horrors of a guilty minde,  
 Nought from without but pleasure can proceed:  
 Sinke in their bosomes hels and they shall finde  
 More ugly things a greater feare to breed.

“ Of all most loath'd since first the world began,  
 “ No greater monster then a wicked man.”

All sorts of creatures soone consum'd remaine,  
 Crush'd by their death whose lives on them depend;  
 (Their treasons partners whom they entertaine)  
 Mans forfeiture doth too to them extend,  
 Whom since they can no further serve againe,  
 (True vassals thus) then with their lords will end,  
 Though oft they them like tyrants did abuse,  
 Whom as ingrate their dusts that day accuse.

Ere it we can call com'd, that which is past,  
 Charg'd with corruption slowly I pursue,  
 Since without hope to reach, though following fast,  
 That which (like lightning) quickly scapes the view:  
 I, where I cannot walk, a compasse cast,  
 And must seek wayes to common knowledge due:  
 For mortals eares my muse tunes what she sings,  
 With earthly colours painting heavenly things.

When that great deluge of a generall wrath,  
 To purge the earth (which sinne had stain'd) did tend,  
 So to prolong their little puffs of breath,  
 High mountains tops both sexes did ascend:

But what strong fort can hold out against death?  
Them (where they runne for help) it did attend:  
With paine and feare, choak'd, dash'd, (ere dying  
dead)  
Death doubled so was but more grievous made.

So when the flaming waves of wasting fire,  
Over all the world do riotously rage,  
Some to the deeps for safety shall retyre,  
As *Thetis* kisse could *Vulcans* wrath asswage;  
But that liutenant of his makers ire,  
Makes all the elements straight beare his badge:  
Scorch'd earth made open swallows thousands downe.  
Aire thickned choaks with smoke, and waters drowne.

The halting *Lemnian* highly shall revenge,  
The ancient scorne of other equal powers:  
Both strong and swift though lame (what wonder  
strange)  
He then (turn'd furious) all the rest devoures,  
Whose fiercenesse first his mother toils to change,  
But (having him embrac'd) she likewise loures,  
And with her sonne doth furiously conspire,  
Straight from pure ayre, then all transform'd in fire.

This heat with horrour may congeale all hearts,  
Lifes bellows toss'd by breath which still do move;  
That fanne which doth refresh the inward parts,  
Even it shall make the breast a fornace prove.  
That signe of life which oft arrives, and parts,  
Boils all within, else burns it selfe above.

At that dread day denouncing endlesse night,  
All smoke, not breath, whil'st flames give onely light.

That stormie tyrant which usurpes the ayre,  
Whil'st wooll (rain'd down from heaven) doth him  
enfold;

A liquid pillar hanging at each haire,  
Sneez'd fiercely forth when shaking all for cold:  
He clad with flames a fierie leader there,  
Makes feeble *Vulcan* by his aid more bold.

Whose bellows fostred by the others blast,  
May soone forge ruine, instruments to waste.

The lands great creature, nurceling of the East,  
Which loves extreamely, and with zeale adores,  
In sprite and nature both, above a beast,  
Whil'st charg'd with men he through the battell roares:  
And his arm'd match (of monsters not the least)  
Whose scales defensive, horne invasive goares,  
Whil'st foming flames (as other to provoke)  
Straight joyn'd in dust, their battell ends in smoke.

The craftie fox which numbers do deceive,  
To get, not be, a prey, shall be a prey;  
The embrions enemy, womens that conceive,  
As who might give him death, their birth to stay:  
That ravenous woolfe which bloud would alwayes  
have,  
All then a thought more quickly shall decay.  
No strength then stands, such weaknesse went before,  
And subtil tricks can then deceive no more.

The hart whose hornes (as greatnesse is to all)  
Do seeme to grace, are burdens to the head,  
With swift (though slender legges) when wounds appall,  
Which cures himselfe where nature doth him leade;  
Then with great eyes, weake heart, oft dangers thrall,  
The warie hare (whose feare oft sport) hath made  
Doth seek by swiftnesse death in vaine to shunne,  
As if a flight of flames could be out-runne,

The painted panther which not fear'd, doth gore,  
Like some whose beauteous face, foule mindes defame;  
The tyger tygrish, past expressing more,  
Since cruelty is noted by his name;  
The able ounce, strong beare, and foming boare,  
(Mans rebels, since God did man his proclame)  
Though fierce are faint, and know not where to  
turne:  
They see the forrests their old refuge, burne.

The mildest beasts importing greatest gaine,  
Which others crimes made altars onely touch,  
By whom they cloth, and feed; not crying slaine,  
The Christians image onely true when such,  
Their growing snowes which arts fraile colours staine,  
Were wrong'd, when fain'd of gold, since worth more  
much:  
But pretious things the owners harmes oft breed,  
The fleeces flames the bodies doe succeed.

The flocks for profit us'd in every part,  
Though them to serve they make their masters bow,

And are the idols of a greedy heart,  
 Which (like old *Egypt*) doth adore a cow,  
 Like *Hannibals*, which *Fabius* mock'd by art,  
 As walking torches, all runne madding now:  
     By *Phebus* tickled they to startle us'd,  
     But *Vulcan* ruder makes them rage confus'd.

Their martiall chieftan mastives rage to stay,  
 (*Pasiphaes* lover, *Venus* daily slave,)  
 With brandish'd hornes (as mustering) first doth stray,  
 Then throwes them down in guard a match to crave;  
 Straight (like the *Colchian* bulls, ere *Iasons* prey)  
 He flames (not fain'd) doth breath, but not to brave;  
     Like that of *Phalaris*, whom one did fill,  
     He tortur'd, (bellowing) doth lye bullering still.

Of all the beasts by men domesticke made,  
 The most obsequious, and obedient still,  
 The fawning dog, which where we lift we leade,  
 And wants but words to doe all that we will,  
 Which loves his lord extreamely, even when dead,  
 And on his tombe, for grieve himselfe doth kill,  
     He doth with tongue stretch'd forth, to pant begin,  
     Which straightwhen fir'd drawn back, burns all within.

The generous horse, the gallants greatest friend,  
 In peace for ease, and in effect for warre,  
 Which to his lord (when weary) legges doth lend,  
 To flye, or chafe, in sport, or earnest farre,  
 A *Pegasus* he through the ayre would bend,  
 Till that his course (turn'd centaure) man doth marre;

His waving treasures fir'd, to flye from death,  
He first the winde out-runnes, and then his breath.

This squadrons king that doth for fight prepare,  
(As threatening all the world) doth raging goe,  
His foot doth beat the earth, his tayle the ayre,  
Mad to be hurt, and yet not finde a foe,  
But soone his shoulders rough the fire makes bare,  
And melts his strength which was admired so:

Death doth to rest, arrest his rowling eyes;  
Loe, in a little dust the lyon lyes.

Those poys'rous troupes in *Africkes* fields which  
stray,  
In death all fertile, as the first began,  
By looke, by touch, by wound, and every way,  
True serpents heires in hatred unto man,  
Which God (still good) in desarts makes to stay,  
To waste the world, though doing what they can:  
But whil'st they houle, scritch, barke, bray, hurle,  
hisse, spout,  
Their inward fire soon meets with that without.

The crocodile with running deepes in love,  
By land and water, of tyrannicke pow'r,  
With upmost iawes which (and none else) doe move,  
Whose cleansing first is sweet, oft after sow'r;  
And oft his crime his punishment doth prove,  
Whil'st a devouring bait train'd to devoure:  
He neither now can fight, nor yet retire,  
His scaly armour is no prooфе for fire.

The beast (though haunting deeps) not there confin'd,  
 Whose haires as pretious decke each great mans head,  
 Before like eagles, like a swans behinde,  
 Whose feet (as oares) to manage streames are made,  
 To waste the liquid wayes not needing winde,  
 Whose tayle his course doth as a rudder leade,  
 A sparke (falne from a tree) may then confound,  
 Him with his teeth that now strikes trees to ground.

The otter black where finne-wing'd troupes repaire,  
 Fresh rivers robber, which his prey doth chuse,  
 And all that kinde, nor fish, nor flesh that are,  
 But do two elements (*Amphibions*) use,  
 Not able to touch th'earth, nor to draw th'aire  
 In waters they their kindled skinnes infuse.

But yet can refuge finde in neither soile,  
 They burne on th'earth, and in the deeps do boile.

Flouds seeme to groane which beasts incursion maymes,  
 All altered then which look't of late like glasse,  
 And murmur at the stayning of their streames;  
 By carkasses flot-flotting in a masse,  
 A moving bridge whil'st every channell frames,  
 When as there are no passengers to passe.

With beasts all buried waters are press'd downe,  
 Whil'st both at once their burdens burn, and drowne.

The crystals quicke which slowly us'd to go,  
 And others heat by coldnesse did allay,  
 (As if then griev'd to be polluted so)  
 Grown red with rage, boil'd up, pop-popling stay,

And tread in triumph on their breathlesse foe,  
Whose ashes with their sands they levell lay.

But *Vulcan* now a victor in each place.  
By violence doth all these nymphs embrace.

The dwellers of the deeps not harm'd in ought,  
When first vice all, and next the waters drown'd,  
So since by some more sacred still are thought,  
As whom sinnes scourge did onely not confound,  
The elements not pure to purge now brought,  
Are likewise ruin'd by this generall wound.

The fishes then are boil'd in every flood,  
Yet finde no eater that can relish food.

All which corruption onely serves to feed,  
When it doth end, doth end, so heaven designes;  
Nought save the soule which doth from God proceed  
Over death triumphs, and still is pleas'd, else pynes,  
Death not mans essence, but his sinne did breed,  
And it with it, the end of time confines.

Then death and life shall never meet againe,  
The state then taken always doth remaine.

Salt seas, fresh stremes, the fish which loves to change,  
(The rivers prince esteem'd by dainty tastes)  
Which through the ocean though at large he range,  
The bounds him bred to see yet yearely hastes;  
Ah man oft wants (O monster more then strange)  
This kinde affection common even to beasts.

That *Salmond* fresh for which so many strive,  
May then be had, boil'd where it liv'd alive.

The trout, the eele, and all that watrie brood,  
 Which without feet, or wings can make much way,  
 Then leape aloft forc'd by the raging flood,  
 Not as they us'd before, for sport, or prey:  
 That which (once freez'd) their glasse to gaze in stood,  
 Now (turn'd to flames) makes what it bred decay.  
 Those which to talke men did all snares allow,  
 All without baits, or nets, are taken now.

These flouds which first did fields with streames array,  
 The rivers foure by sacred writ made knowne,  
 Which (since farre sundry) make their wits to stray,  
 Who paradise drawne by their dreames have shounе,  
 As turn'd from it, or it from them away;  
 In all the earth their strength shall be o're-thrownе.  
 Whom first high pleasures, horours huge last bound,  
 (As if for grieve) they vanish from the ground.

The fertile *Nilus* never rashly mov'd,  
 Which (ag'd in trauell) many countrey knows,  
 Whose inundation by the labourer lov'd,  
 As barrennesse or plenty it fore-shows,  
 From divers meanes (but doubtfull all) is prov'd;  
 " Oft natures work all reasons power o're-throws :"  
 The ancients wondred not to finde his head,  
 But it shall all invisible be made.

Heavens indignation seizing on all things,  
 The greatest waters languish in their way;  
 The little brooks exhausted in their springs,  
 For poverty cannot their tribute pay:

Of moisture spoil'd the earth craves help, not brings ;  
“ The mighty thus left to themselves decay ;  
“ Great powers compos'd make but of many one,  
“ Whose weaknesse shows it selfe when left alone.”

That floud whose fame more great then waters stray'd,  
Whose race (like it) more then their own would owe,  
Which from the Appennines oft gathering ayde,  
Would those overthrow, who did the world o'rethrow,  
Which though unstable, onely stable stay'd,  
In that great city where all else fell low :  
It which so long familiar was with fame,  
Shall be (dry'd up) an unregarded streme.

The sheep-heards mirrours, all like silver pure,  
Which curious eyes delighted were to see,  
When flames from heaven their beauties must endure,  
No creature then left from confusion free,  
Even they shall grow more ugly and obscure,  
Then the infernall flouds are fain'd to be :

Of their long course, there shall no signe remaine,  
Worse then that lake where brimstone once did raine.

Whil'st *Thetis* bent to court, those streames (as vaine)  
That on themselves to gaze, strive time to winne,  
And liquid serpents winding through the plaine,  
(As if to sting the earth oft gathered in)  
Seeme to attend the remnant of their traine,  
Them to out-goe, that nearer wayes would runne :  
Even in that pompe surpris'd, dry'd are their deeps,  
Whose widow'd bed, scarce their impression keeps.

That floud which doth his name from silver take,  
The sea-like *Obbe*, and others of the Indes;  
Over which a bridge, nien by no meanes can make,  
Whil'st one borne there (amazing strangers mindes)  
On straw or reeds, with one behinde his backe,  
Can crosse them all both scorning waves and windes:  
Their empty channels may be troad on dry,  
(Though pav'd with pearles) then pretious in no eye.

The great which change before they end their race,  
Salt flouds, fresh seas, by mutuall bands as past,  
Which th' Ocean charge, and though repuls'd a space,  
Yet make a breach, and enter at the last,  
Which from the earth (that strives them to embrace)  
Now haste with speed, and straight a compasse cast:  
They then for helpe to *Neptune* seeke in vaine,  
By *Vulcan* ravish'd ere his waves they gaine.

The raging rampire which doth alwaies move,  
Whose floting waves entrench the solid round,  
And (whilst by *Titans* kisse drawne up above,)  
From heavens alembicke dropt upon the ground,  
Of fruits and plants, the vitall blood doe prove,  
And foster all that on the earth are found:

It likewise yeelds to the eternals ire,  
Loe, all the sea not serves to quench this fire.

Yet did the sea presage this threatned ill,  
With ugly roarings ere that it arriv'd,  
As if contending all hels fires to kill,  
By violence to burst, whil'st through it driv'd,

Which must make monstrous sounds jar-jarring still,  
As heate with cold, with moisture drynesse striv'd:

Whil'st *Love*-like thund'ring, *Pluto* doth grow proud,  
Even as when fires force passage through a cloud.

O what strange sight, not to be borne with eyes!  
That tennis-court where oft the windes too bold,  
What still rebounded toss'd unto the skies,  
And to the ground from thence have head-longs rol'd,  
Doth now in raging rounds, not furrowes rise,  
Then hostes of heate, as us'd to be of cold:

All government the liquid state neglects,  
Whil'st *Vulcans* hammer, *Neptunes* trident breks.

When this huge vessell doth to boyle begin,  
What can it fill with matter fit to purge?  
The earth as else without, if throwne within,  
With all her creatures kept but for a scourge,  
To wash away the foulnesse of that sinne,  
Which on fraile flesh, strong nature oft doth urge:  
But ah my thoughts are vaine, this cannot be,  
Seas cleanse not sinne, sinne doth defile the sea.

O foule contagion, spreading still to death,  
What pest most odious can with thee compare?  
Which first by thoughts conceiv'd, then born with  
breath,  
Doth straight infect the sea, the earth the ayre,  
Which damn'd in justice, and chastis'd in wrath,  
Doth shew that God no creatures spots will spare:  
All scourges must be scourg'd, and even the fire,  
As but impure, must feele th' effects of ire.

That restlesse element which never sleepes,  
 But by it selfe, when by nought else, is wrought,  
 Which joynes all lands, yet them asunder keepes,  
 It (ruines rocke) for refuge last is sought,  
 For troupes doe throw themselves amidst the deeps,  
 As if death rest, then given, lesse grieve were thought:

“ Thus is despaire hot sonne of father cold,

“ Rash without hope, and without courage bold.”

The loving *Alcion* trusty to her mate,  
 The which (save this) no other storme could catch,  
 Whose arke not erres amid'st the going gate,  
 Though none in it with art the waves doth watch,  
 To many monsters, as expos'd a bait,  
 Which moving sits, and in the deepes doth hatch:  
     She of her nest, against the waves presumes,  
     But never look't for fire which all consumes.

The greatest monster of the oceans brood,  
 Which lodg'd griev'd *Ionas* harmlesse in his wombe,  
 And did digest (yet to be fed) a food,  
 A buried quicke man in a living tombe,  
 Doth (monstrous masse) now tumble through the floud,  
 As scorning force could make him to succumbe:  
     But straight his sinnes all fir'd, a farre doe shine,  
     As if some *Pharos*, but a deathfull signe.

That little wonder decking *Thetis* bowre,  
 Whose adamantine touch there strongly bindes  
 (Though both it saile and swimme) a wooden towre,  
 For which mans wit no shew of reason findes;

O matchless vertue, admirable power,  
Which fights and foiles alone, sailes, oares, waves,  
winds!

Of all which live it that most strength hath shown,  
Press'd down by vulgar bands doth dye unknown.

That moving mountaine in a fearefull forme,  
Which compassing a ship, it downwards flings,  
And even in calmes doth vomit forth a storme,  
Whose bloud (all poison) where it touches stings,  
That monstrous masse, if serpent, eele, or worme,  
To hastie ruine his owne greatnessse brings:

“The greatest sought for harmes are soonest spy'd,  
“Where little ones a little thing will hide.”

Of all the humid host, the most esteem'd,  
The gentle dolphins (where the depths doe roare,)  
Which (not ingrate) who them redeem'd, redeem'd,  
Him help'd alive, and did when dead deplore;  
Of which one once with musicke ravish'd seem'd,  
When carrying *Arion* safely to the shore:

Those which delight so much in pleasant sounds,  
The contrary preventing fire confounds.

The fairest nymph which haunts the floting state,  
To whose great beauty, *Thetis* envy beares,  
The oceans muse, from whose sweet sounds (soules  
bate)  
The Lord of *Ithaca* did stop his eares,  
Of what she was most proud, that hastes her fate;  
The golden haires which she dishevel'd weares:

Then whil'st they burne, her head seemes crown'd  
 with light:  
 Thus showes maske misery, and mocke the sight.

Those which from slight, by slight their lives oft winne,  
 The angler drawing scorned lines to land,  
 Whil'st some do cast forth hooks, some draw them in,  
 And some benumme the gazing holders hand;  
 They can finde helpe in neither force, nor sinne,  
 In scale, in shell, on rocke, in mudde, or sand:  
 Whil'st *Tritons* sounds to tragick notes do turne,  
 They in the deeps are boil'd, or, on the banks do  
 burne.

The floting lodgings that all soiles doe try,  
 Which whil'st they walke on waves, and burden'd stray,  
 Seeme swimming mountaines, castles that doe flye,  
 Which cannons arme, and ensignes doe array,  
 At first for smoake they nought about them spy,  
 Till all their sayles (on fire) doe cleare their way:  
 Whil'st flouds and flames, doe all their force employ,  
 As if they striv'd, which should the ship destroy.

The liquid labyrinth, thou who first did'st prove,  
 No doubt thy desp'rate heart was arm'd with steele,  
 Did not the waves and clouds which alwaies move,  
 (Firme objects wanting) make thy eyes to reele?  
 Then he who first did steale fire from above,  
 Thou greater torments do'st deserve to feele:  
 He onely sought the fire to quicken breath,  
 And thou the water, as a way to death.

O ! hatefull monster, since the world began,  
Which with thine owne could never yet be pleas'd,  
For lacke of rayment cold, for hunger wan,  
With what thou hast, though many might be eas'd,  
Thou poison'st first the quiet minde of man,  
Whose fury since can never be appeas'd :

But seekes both sea and land with endlesse care,  
And wants but wings to violate the aire.

That which encroach'd on every bordering shore,  
By oft renu'd assaults usurping myles,  
Shall then all ebbe, not flowing as before,  
Whil'st travelling *Thetis* doth bring forth new iles,  
Which birth soone old, to be embrac'd no more,  
She loth to leave, oft turnes, and kissing smiles :  
Till all the world one withered masse appeares,  
Spoild of all moisture, save mans fruitlesse teares.

What hideous object ? what a horrid sight ?  
O terrour strange which even I quake to thinke !  
Where all of late was levell at one height,  
Their mountaines mount, and fields farre down do sinke,  
All pav'd with monsters, which if painting right,  
Feare would make paper blacke, and pale my inke :  
The seas with horrour so arrest my hand,  
I must amaz'd retire me to the land.

The land where pleasure lodg'd, where rest did rest,  
Which did abound in fruits, in fowles and beasts,  
Of which (all good) none could discerne the best,  
In number more (though many) then mens tastes,

Which should refresh fraile nature when distress'd,  
 Though them fond man superfluously wastes:  
     Till that the earth doth to a chaos turne,  
     Which since his teares not wash, his sinnes shall  
         burne.

Where are the flowry fields, the fishy streames,  
 The pasturing mountaines, and the fertile plaines,  
 With shadowes oft, oft clad with *Titans* beames,  
 As of heavens pleasures types, and of hels paines?  
 (Thus in our brest, some thoughts each moment  
     claimes,

To curbe rash joy with contemplations raines:)  
     Where are all those delights in league with sense,  
     Which make a heaven when here, a hell when hence?

Thou who thy thoughts from no fond course re-  
     claimes,  
 But do'st thy eyes with pleasant objects cloy,  
 And let'st thy heart have all at which it aymes,  
 Bent of the sonnes of men to want no joy;  
 Those to thy sleeping soule are all but dreames,  
 Which waking findes this treasure but a toy:  
     Thinke, thinke, when all confounded thus remaines,  
     If temporall joy be worth eternall paines.

Those stately townes, whose towres did brave heavens  
     rounds,  
 Their kingdomes quintessence for wealth and skill,  
 A states abridgement drawn in little bounds,  
 Which are\*(whil'st them guests of all lands doe fill)

Mappes of the world, deduc'd from divers grounds,  
Where all lifes parts are act'd, both good and ill,  
Which barbarous customes founded to remove,  
Most civil first, most subtile last did prove.

Those which great monarchs strongly striv'd to owe,  
(As which oft times a kingdomes keyes doe prove)  
By mynes like earth-quakes shaken from below,  
By sulphurous thunder battered from above,  
Yet (as o're-thrown) them hopelesse to o're-throw,  
With scorned squadrons did disdain'd remove:

Those which at powers of armed emperours spurn'd,  
Are at an instant then, charg'd, sack'd, and burn'd.

Brave citizens which have resisted long,  
Till their dismantled towne all naked stands,  
And are by weakenesse left unto the strong,  
All taken, kill'd, or sold (like beasts) in bands,  
As bound of right to suffer all the wrong,  
Of railing tongues, or of outragious hands:

They of this last assault, no type can see,  
Even worse then was, or can imagin'd be.

Ah! if one house when onely fir'd by chance,  
Doth straight confound a city all with feare,  
What minde can think, though thoughts the same  
entrance,  
How those inhabitants themselves shall beare,  
Whose townes (like lightning) vanish with a glance,  
Whil'st them a moment doth in pieces teare?

This with amazement may benumme the minde,  
But will seeme small, a greater then divin'd.

Base miser, thou who by all meanes hast us'd,  
 To bruise the poore, and on their spoiles to feed,  
 In measure, weight, and quality abus'd,  
 Whil'st of all evils, dearth is the least they dread,  
 That wealth by thee even to thy selfe refus'd,  
 Which might of thousands have releev'd the need:

Shall all in flames upbraid thee with hels fire,  
 Whose use then at thy hands God will require.

Thou who to riches wast preferr'd from nought,  
 Though once but poore, contemn'd, of base decree,  
 For whom at length all realmes by shippes were sought,  
 So that no winde could blow but serving thee,  
 Yet would not comfort those who starv'd in ought,  
 Not mindefull what thou wast, nor what to be:

As naked borne, thou naked shalt returne,  
 Else kept to see thy wealth, thy selfe next burne.

Those stately statues which great townes doe grace,  
 And monuments (as rare) which mindes amaze,  
 The worlds seven wonders, wondred at a space,  
 Whil'st strangers long did on their reliques gaze,  
 If that ere then time doe them not deface,  
 A little flash shall even their ruines raze,  
 Which onely serve to witnesse to each sight,  
 Their idle builders vanity and might.

Those palaces amongst rare things enrolld,  
 Which architects, numbrous art bewray,  
 With enterlaced roofes, emboss'd with gold,  
 On marbled walles which costly workes array,

Though rich without, yet worthy but to hold,  
A richer riches, which within doth stay,  
Past emulation, admirations marke;  
All their great pompe doth perish with a sparke.

Those second *Edens*, gardens of delight,  
Where times bright patron justly parts the houres,  
Where men to gaze, all objects doe invite,  
In alwaies lying walkes, and growing bowres,  
In smelling beds with pleasure ravish'd quite,  
Whil'st wandring in a labyrinth of flowers,  
Where art with nature still for praise contends,  
A strife though oft times judg'd, which never ends.

Where *Flora's* treasures with *Pomona's* strive,  
Low shining groves with shadow'd lights above,  
Whil'st art (by engines rais'd,) doth water drive,  
Borne through the ayre an uncouth way to prove,  
And by all sounds which creatures can contrive,  
To melt in mirth, would melancholy move:  
Those pleasant parts shall straight abhorrd remaine,  
As where salt sowne, or showres of brimstone  
raine.

Those walking worms which (with worms spoiles  
array'd,)  
Would purchase homage from each credulous eye,  
And yet (as asses) worth an asse not weigh'd,  
Whil'st having nought of worth, but what they buy,  
They shall see that which so their fancies sway'd,  
The *Tyrian* purple, and th' *Assyrian* dye:

Of pride the badges, and the baits of lust,  
Though kept with toile from dust, all turn'd to  
dust.

Those glorious roomes of darknesse, robbing night,  
Where even the wals rich garments doe invest,  
Where ivory beds, with gold all glancing bright,  
Are made for shew, as others are for rest,  
And objects need to entertaine the sight,  
Which lodge (since great) a seldome sleeping guest:  
Now at this last alarme to them who live,  
They then a cottage no more comfort give.

Those pretious stones which most in worth excell,  
For vertue least, for vanity much sought,  
Pearles, rubies, diamonds, from rocke, from shell,  
From depths of flouds, from mountains entrails brought,  
Made Gods with men, whose heaven is hatching hell,  
Prys'd by opinion, but by substance bought:  
The sweet perfumes, and all which is esteem'd,  
Wast (by the owners wish) not once redeem'd.

That dreadfull storme as striving to begin,  
Mount *Ætna's* flames, which roare while as supprest,  
And that which swallowing natures student in,  
Did him digest, who could it not digest,  
And all those hils whence streames of sulphur run,  
Shall with their fires, then fortifie the rest:  
Whose general floud, whil'st it the world o're-comes,  
None knowes where kindled first, nor whence it  
comes.

The lucrouse coal (though black) a pretious stone,  
Whose force as *Vulcan* will, makes *Mars* to bend,  
Of *Albions* jewels second unto none,  
To art and nature both a speciall friend,  
Then when of it the needfull use is gone ;  
What it maintain'd, it likewise helps to end.

And thus the earth (though cold) with fire then  
stor'd,  
To burne it selfe materials doth afford.

Those bathing springs which free physitians prove,  
Yet for all evils one onely cure can show,  
The which may seeme whil'st boyling up above,  
A part of *Phlegeton* o're-flow'd below :  
But for mans health nought can from thence remove,  
Where he doth dwell who would the world o'rethrow.

Then every one of them to hell repaires,  
Or else a greater heat doth drink up theirs.

Great monarchs whom ambitious hopes do drive,  
To raise their owne by razing others thrones,  
Who spare no wayes that there they may arrive,  
Through orphans teares, mans bloud, and womans  
grones,  
And all those earthly mindes which for th' earth strive,  
By passing bounds, and altering settled stones ;  
All such that day not lords of their owne grave,  
Shall have no earth, nor them no earth shall have.

The earth as glorying in her changed state,  
With face all bright with flames, seemes lightning smiles

Whil'st free from wounds and toils, indur'd of late,  
 Oft burn'd, oft freez'd, which every day defiles,  
 Though forc'd she must conceive (a fertile mate)  
 Her husbands hopes who often times beguiles.

And as she would revenge all troubles past,,  
 She yeelds up man whom she had hid at last.

That element which onely needing aid,  
 May be made more, and doth on others feed,  
 Whose piercing powers can in no bounds be staid ;  
 Such bodies small that thickned rarenesse breed,  
 The onely essence which can not be weigh'd,  
 And void of weight, doth alwayes upward speed.

That soone may seize on all when once set free,  
 Which infinitly multipli'd may be.

But lest my furie be too farre declin'd,  
 That with the flames to flie have striv'd in vaine,  
 I must a space within my selfe confin'd,  
 Fresh succours seek to charge of new againe ;  
 So great amazement hath o'rewhelm'd my minde,  
 That now I in an agony remaine.

But he who did in firie tongues descend,  
 As through the fire, will leade me to the end.





## DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The fourth Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*A hideous trumpet horriblie doth sound;  
Who sleep in graves a mighty voyce doth wake;  
By angels (messengers) charg'd from each ground,  
All flesh comes forth that ever soule did take;  
Seas give account of all whom they have drown'd;  
The earth her guests long hid in haste gives backe:  
Those who then live are at an instant chang'd,  
Though not from life, yet still from death estrang'd.*

So great a power my sacred guide imparts,  
That still my muse doth raise her vent'rous flight,  
Though with confusion compass'd on all parts,  
My troubled thoughts dare on no object light;  
The world by flames (a charmer) justly smarts,  
Whose ashes now seeme to upbraid my sight;  
Though feares would quench those fires my breast  
that burne,  
Yet I must sing, that thousands else may mourne.

To plague proud man who look'd of late aloft,  
 The earth still pure, till made by him uncleane,  
 By whome, as fierce for blood, or by lust soft,  
 She (forc'd to beare) in both abus'd had beene,  
 Straight (as a strumpet prostituted oft).

Now by her lovers naked shall be seene;

An odious masse (even in her owners eyes)  
 (As bruis'd by thunder) whilst she with'red lyes.

Now of all states the fatall period comes,  
 Which showes how time was short, worlds greatnessse  
 small;

Fierce *Vulcans* fury *Neptunes* so orecomes,  
 That not one drop remaines to weepe his fall;  
 Loe, all the world one continent becomes,  
 Whereas save man no creature lives at all;

The sea to earth, the earth all turnes to fire,  
 The monstrous comet threatning coming ire.

O! what a vault I see of angels wings,  
 Whose greater brightnesse makes the fires decline!  
 A glorious guard fit for the King of kings,  
 Whilst they (like rayes) about that sunne doe shine.  
 But, O! his presence (past expressing) brings,  
 A reall glory all in all divine;

All as from darkenesse looke upon this light,  
 Whilst flames (as mysts) doe flie before his sight.

Those blessed bands in state of grace which stood,  
 (As ministers admitted unto God,)  
 To mortalls sometime which tould tidings good,  
 And oft did strike with indignations rod;

They, who till com'd, this time not understood,  
With Christ arise all ready at his nod ;  
And free from envy which did marre their mates,  
Doe seeke with joy the partners of their states.

The dregs of *Adams* race shall soone disclose,  
What Gods decree involv'd in clouds doth keepe,  
That time, that time, which must confound all those,  
Whose thoughts are plung'd in pleasures groundlesse  
deepe,  
Even then perchance (that nature may repose)  
When all the senses buried are in sleepe ;  
Ah ! how those eyes unclos'd amaz'd remaine,  
Which from that time should never close againe.

O ten times curst ! whom Christ that time shall finde,  
Still hatching evill, defrauding natures due,  
Whilst darkenesse makes the eyes (though open)  
blinde,  
And makes the minde what it affects to view,  
Which (wing'd with thoughts) fare swifter then the  
winde,  
Though (still confin'd) doth all, over all, pursue ;  
What doubtfull projects flote within his brest,  
Who dreames yet sleepes not, lyes, but doth not rest.

When that crown'd bird which *Peters* braggs did  
scorne  
(As still a friend to light) seemes to cite light,  
Some more conceive then ever could be borne,  
Whilst big with monsters of imagin'd might,

And aiery names with shadowes to adorne,  
Doe build high hopes which fall, ere at the height;  
Such bosomes serpents nurse whose stings they try,  
Pride, æmulation, envy, ielousie.

As prick'd with thorne some in their beds doe roule,  
Whilst charg'd with thoughts, which but their cares  
abuse,  
And make that mettall idols of their soule;  
Which in a calfe the Iewes great iudge did bruise;  
Their greedy course whilst nothing can controule,  
Though having more then they themselves can use;  
Like them who drinke more then they can digest,  
Who keepe the appetite, but not the taste.

The devill in darkenesse held most powerfull still,  
Some when retir'd imagine mischiefe strange,  
And to shed blood doe dedicate their will,  
Whilst tortur'd with a fury of revenge;  
More guilty he who in his heart doth kill,  
Although his course (if disappointed) change;  
Then he who doth by chance ones death procure,  
"No member guilty, if the minde be pure."

Though beds should be as private graves for rest,  
While as deaths image doth seize living dust,  
Yet some (runne mad) as raging in a pest,  
Voluptuouslie their fancies surfet must,  
A filthie fury poysoning the brest,  
With strange delights of a prodigious lust;  
The which whilst walking so corrupts their will,  
That when they sleepe, it doth delude them still.

Not onely shall this sudden charge surprise,  
Such in their sinnes as do from God rebell,  
But even all those who evils by night devise,  
As loving darknesse, shall in darknesse dwell:  
Who with a conscience calme all feares despise,  
Not having hope of heaven, nor feare of hell:

Such to an owle make God inferiour be,  
As if by night, nights maker nought could see.

Wing'd messengers may then even some arrest,  
Who rioting till quite exhausted all,  
(Whil'st in their vomits wallowing they rest)  
From men to beasts, from beasts to nought do fall:  
Those dead (though living) who can but detaste,  
As natures monsters mankinde to appall?

In them who have their reason drown'd in wine,  
No sparke of Gods, nor natures light doth shine.

Some rating pleasure at too high a price,  
Who with the light do lay all shame aside,  
Do prostitute their souls to every vice;  
If not then free (by beastlinesse) from pride;  
Then their whole states oft venture on the dice,  
As who in nought but fortune do confide;  
By many odious oath such mock Gods might,  
True works of darknesse worthy of the night.

Fond worldlings there involv'd in vaine delight,  
Who to the senses fraile indulgent are,  
And (as soft sounds the courage do invite)  
With measur'd madnesse march upon the aire;

Whil'st from themselves by pleasure ravish'd quite,  
 What it provokes no kinde of sport they spare;  
 Their eares attending musicks soule to have,  
 Of this dread blast the first assault receive.

By stratagems a captaine boldly wise,  
 His enemies campe (not look'd for) oft confounds,  
 But when he first doth sentinels surprise,  
 That all about the neighbouring bounds rebounds,  
 In breasts unarm'd what terror strange doth rise,  
 Whil'st drummes yeeld deadly, trumpets lively sounds?  
 Whil'st shouts make deafe, amazement dumbe, dust  
 blinde,  
 Ere swords the bodie, feare doth kill the minde.

So shall it be with all those broken bands  
 (As for the godly they watch still prepar'd)  
 Then when lifes Lord doth come to judge all lands;  
 Like fishes angled, or like beasts ensnar'd,  
 Those whom hels badge for endlesse darknesse brands,  
 Not having power to wish, are straight despair'd;  
 And soone do see what now they not attend,  
 Ere thought by them begun, all at an end.

What hideous charge all to compeer compels,  
 Whose sound may show what breath the blast doth  
 feed?  
 No cannons, thunders, tempests, trumpets, bels,  
 Nor yet all joyn'd, so huge a noise could breed;  
 Since heard in heaven, on earth, and in the hels,  
 Till dreadfull silence doth over all succeed:

The hearkening world seemes all become one eare,  
The grave gives place, the dead his voice do heare.

All you who on, or in the dust, do lodge,  
A great great court I cite you to attend,  
Even at Christs instance where himselfe is iudge,  
To heare that sentence which none can suspend,  
Of boundlesse joyes, or else of anguish huge,  
Which he doth give (as you deserv'd) in th' end.

What from his servants mouth none would conceive,  
Heare from himselfe, even what doth damne, or  
save.

Passe, passe, swift angels ov'r each region range,  
Force all to rise who ever downe did lye;  
What in their essence th' elements did change,  
Bid them restore, that Christ all flesh may spie;  
You are the gathrers, this that vintage strange,  
Which in all souls what stufte hath beene, must try;  
Twixt heaven and hell this is a judgement great,  
To judge each one their owne, contentions date.

The word them gives by which they thus are sought,  
Power to obey, else were the charge but vaine,  
That word which first did make them all of nought,  
May now of something make them soone againe;  
Past numbring, numbers are together brought,  
That some may thinke what bounds can them con-  
taine:

Who makes the dead to rise at his decree,  
May make a roome where they may marshall'd be.

The heavenly soules which with fraile bodies bound,  
 Did act together on this earthly stage,  
 Though subtile they oft divers deeps did sound,  
 In which grosse organs could not then engage:  
 Yet in all actions equall partners found,  
 By reason led, or head-long borne by rage.

Though once divorc'd, they marry must againe,  
 To joyne in joy, or in eternall paine.

Those heavenly sparks which are flowne up above,  
 To shine in glory, and in zeale to burne;  
 And shall of pleasure the perfection prove,  
 With mortall vails which mask'd of late did mourne:  
 They from their place a moment must remove,  
 With Christ in triumph glorious to returne.

Their twice-borne bodies when put on they have,  
 First from the belly, last now from the grave.

Those gather up their garments from the dust,  
 Which prison'd are in *Pluto's* ugly cels,  
 Though loath to part thence, where returne they  
     must,  
 As then their conscience inwardly them tels,  
 They know their Judge as terrible, as just,  
 Will but confirme their holding of the hels,  
     Yet all their processe must deduced be,  
     That saints Gods justice, and their faults may see.

Foure elements with foure complexions make,  
 This mortall masse soone rais'd, and soone o're-  
     throwne,

And when that it turns to corruption backe,  
With what accrest each doth crave backe the owne,  
The waters all the liquid substance take,  
Th' ayre breath, fire active heat, th' earth earth well  
known:  
Which all though thus in their first fountains  
drown'd,  
Not take nor leave, but are the same still found.

The Lord doth not (which some would fondly doubt).  
As once in *Eden* a creation use,  
As if the first consum'd were all worne out,  
That he not knows their substance where to chuse,  
Nó these same bodies which we beare about,  
The Lord will raise, and cleare, or else accuse:  
When done by God, then wonders are not strange,  
The quality, and nothing else doth change.

Of our fraile spoils each part (where made a prey)  
He who doth watch our dust will straight require;  
That which the waters washed have away,  
What was in flames exhausted by the fire,  
That which (windes scorn) toss'd through the aire did  
stray,  
And what to earth all rotten did retire:  
All at an instant shall together go,  
To recontinue, not beginning so.

The husbands hopes which *Ceres* first renown'd,  
Must buried rot, made lesse, to be made more;  
Yet wrestle up (though in the earth still bound)  
In forme more pleasant, multipli'd in store:

So shall our dust (though swallow'd in the ground)  
 Spring from corruption brighter then before  
     In bodies new, whose state none can surmise,  
     Laid mortall downe, but must immortall rise.

Those creeping creatures which with silks conceive,  
 Bred first of seed their food with toils acquite,  
 Then what they gaine must all to others leave,  
 And lye (stretch't out) wrapt up in funerall white:  
 Yet straight reviv'd, where buried, burst the grave,  
 And mount aloft with wings all altered quite.

In wormes (mens types) those who do mark this  
     change,  
 How can they thinke the resurrection strange?

As man like milk was at the first pour'd out,  
 Then straight like cheese turn'd all to cruds at once,  
 Till clad with skinne (his sex made free from doubt)  
 With sinews joyn'd, and fortifi'd with bones.  
 When as the moone hath chang'd thrice, thrice about,  
 He doth burst forth, neglecting mothers grones,  
     And (though from him at first as weake teares flow)  
     Doth straight of God a talking image grow.

So sowne by death where rests fraile mortals seed,  
 The earth conceiv'd, shall straight (big-bellyed) shake,  
 And though at first a moving masse doth breed,  
 Not travell shall till time her birth ripe make,  
 Whil'st vitall moysture ashes dry doth feed,  
 That marrow bones, bones flesh, flesh skinne doth  
     take.

Till all at last unto perfection worne,  
Graves are delivered, mankinde is new borne.

The sprituall powers shall soone have reposess'd  
Their ancient roomes restor'd to them by grace,  
Which were (they thence by natures rigour press'd)  
To death by sinne mortgag'd but for a space;  
But now (they free who had beene thus distress'd)  
All members move, power pour'd in every place.

What could corrupt all worne unto an end,  
They spirituall bodies, bodied spirits ascend.

Then shall not weaknesse (passing each degree)  
A progresse have perfection to attaine,  
But from infirmity made freely free,  
They shape, proportion, strength and knowledge gaine;  
All qualities at once accomplish'd be,  
That to augment there nothing doth remaine :

The first and second birth do differ farre,  
First men were made, now rais'd, then grew, now  
are.

Some Gentiles fond who from the truth did stray,  
(When by th' Apostles told) did scorne this once,  
Yet trusted grounds which vaine inventions lay,  
By fabulous doctrine learn'd, and fools at once,  
That by *Prometheus* men were made of clay,  
And by *Deucalion* quickned out of stones.

Thus had their souls to see the truth no eyes,  
“Who loath the light, God gives them over to  
lyes.”

Great armes oft as if one body move,  
 Whose souls it seemes the trumpets sound doth sway,  
 So when this charge is thundred from above,  
 One moment makes who were, or are, obey.  
 O strange alarme! what must this meeting prove,  
 Where ruine only hath prepar'd the way?

All knowne when mustred (though not numbred)  
 there,  
 A dreadfull censor no mans spot will spare.

Those which the deeps digested did containe,  
 As bent to drink those who them oft did drink,  
 To heaven exhal'd, though still'd through fruits by  
 raine,  
 That dainty tastes more delicate them think:  
 Their trunks drawn down when once throwne up againe,  
 Though dead, und buried, move, not swlume, nor sink:  
 A death which drunkeards do deserve to have,  
 To lye with liquor in a liquid grave.

Of them whom *Thetis* kild till kill'd of late,  
 Whilst their three mates they in her borome leave,  
 Some winds, and waves, against each rock do beat,  
 Till them for food the scalle troupe receive;  
 That fishes men, men may those fishes eat,  
 Chang'd quality, and forme, whose flesh may have  
 Mans substance it may transubstantiate oft,  
 But shall the same that first, mount last aloft.

Muse do not strive above thy strength to mount,  
 As mortals braines those hosts could comprehend,

Which not seas sands, nor yet heavens starres can count,  
Whil'st swarming forth their judgement to attend,  
They arithmeticks rules do farre surmount;  
When, rais'd from dust, more thick then dust, in th' end,  
But yet a part most knowne by fame design'd,  
May leave a more impression in the minde.

The first great troupe inunding from the deep,  
Which long have wandred with the watrie brood,  
Which glutted *Neptune* in his caves did keep,  
When all his guests were surfeited of food,  
Are those amid'st the roaring waves who sleep,  
Since first they fell drown'd by the generall flood.

Those who of God the threatnigs still did scorne,  
Till death at once one fleece ov'r all had shorne.

What deluge strange doth from that deluge flow,  
Of monstrous people terrible to see?  
Whose stature shows what time they had to grow:  
The dwarfes with them, with us would giants be,  
Ere bended was the many colour'd bow,  
All that had falne rise from corruption free.

Where raging deeps had justly lodg'd their dust,  
Still drown'd when dead, who burn'd alive with lust.

Thence comes the tyrant who did sway the state,  
Where fertile *Nilus* mollifies the minde;  
Whom (to confirme his owne with wonders great)  
God did obdure, and made by brightness blinde,  
With gilded slaves which flattering his conceit,  
The Lord to him would needs inferiour finde.

Those all like him by his example made,  
As oft to sinne he shall to judgement leade.

Mad men to whom by wond'rous blows abroad,  
The arme of God had justly terror brought;  
Foole that had seene the proofe of *Arons* rod,  
What danger was thou might'st in time have thought,  
Whil'st vaine magicians emulating God,  
The same in show, but not in substance wrought:

Vaine sophists (to be mock'd) but mock the eyes,  
Truth, (naked) truth, lyes are (though painted) lyes.

What made thee doubt, that he whom thou didst spie  
Turne stremes to bloud, might mixe them with thy  
bloud,

That he who made thy lands first borne to dye,  
Would save the lives of (his friend) *Abrahams* brood,  
Where his might march he who the deeps did dry,  
That he would make them drowne who him with-stood?

“ But those whom God will lose he makes them  
blinde,

“ Those head-long runne who are for wrack design'd.”

They who with haste the *Hebrew* host pursu'd,  
Whose glancing armes each eye, shouts fill'd each eare,  
Who lack'd no stately show, which might, when view'd,  
In them breed courage, and in others feare,  
Their foes contemn'd (as if they were subdu'd)  
Who did themselves as if in triumph beare:

And (spuing blasphemy from prides low height)  
Even challenge durst the Lord of hoasts to fight.

Loe, from the mudde they now creepe poorely out,  
As from a prison which upbraids their blame,  
And spoil'd of all which compass'd them about,  
Rise naked up, yet kept by feare from shame;  
The trumpet makes them tremble (though earst stout)  
As thinking it their sentence will proclaime;  
    And even great *Pharo*, vile amidst his owne,  
    Can by no signe more then the rest be knowne.

What fools then rise who never could be pleas'd,  
Though setled owners of a fertile ground?  
Where under them even thousands were well eas'd,  
And, then their masters, more contentment found,  
Whose trait'rous hopes still on new conquests seas'd,  
Till death did show how little might them bound:  
    That as all lands could but strict limits give,  
    Last for the seas (vaste like their mindes) did strive.

Ah, for mans madnesse who enough can mourne,  
From whom still pure that there may rest no place,  
Who makes his rage even in the deeps to burne,  
And (standing) runnes in walking woods his race;  
Makes *Neptunes* azure all to crimson turne,  
And fills with bloud the wrinckles of his face?  
    What thirst of mischiefe thus torments man still,  
    That it no sea can quench, nor land can fill?

The *Grecian* seas shall give those bodies back,  
(When floting *Athens* camp'd in wooden walls)  
Which mountains plains, and floods dry fields would  
    make,  
Scourg'd all the windes, rank'd nature with their thralls,

Which all conspir'd seem'd to procure their wrack,  
 Both sea and land made famous by their falls,  
     As if that king who could not count his host,  
     Had sought all means by which they might be lost.

All *Salamina's* straits disgorged againe,  
 Those whom they swallow'd, and digested had ;  
 But broken squadrons are restor'd in vaine,  
 Since with no armes, no, with no garment clad,  
 Whil'st both the parts then joyn'd in one remaine,  
 Great is the number, but the cause is bad :  
     Who striv'd for state, both as most abject bow :  
     *Greeks* and *Barbarians* no way differ now.

By this last blast those do assemble all,  
 At divers times who in the deeps fell dead,  
 By him almost preventing *Persias* fall,  
 Who the *Greeke* empire had abortive made,  
 Who charg'd with chains lay for his father thrall,  
 An act more great then all his hosts to leade :  
     “ From vertues height this generous course did come,  
     “ A man most vicious armies might o're-come.”

The last great act which *Athens* did intend,  
 Defrauded thousands of their funerall right,  
 Which did presage their greatnessse neere an end,  
 Whose state then chang'd, as having past the height :  
 Those to pursue that then did armies send,  
 From that time forth, did for their confines fight :  
     “ A mighty towne whose growing nought could stay,  
     “ When com'd to faile, doth vanish soone away.”

Their greatest captaine fondly then remov'd,  
The other cold, procur'd what he divin'd,  
Who happy first, last, most unhappy prov'd,  
Whilst superstition vilifi'd his minde ;  
But *Siracusa* yet to stand behov'd,  
Whose conquest was for greater foes design'd ;  
And those by sea to get more land who striv'd,  
Drown'd in the sea, were of all land depriv'd.

Faire *Sicile* long still by great states was sought,  
As fertile fields, weake owners, did entise,  
The fatall lists where *Rome* and *Carthage* fought,  
When all the world was made the victors prise,  
Thy bounds (oft bath'd with blood) was dearely bought,  
Which strangers still, else tyrants did surprise ;  
Thy sea the stage where death oft act'd with wounds,  
Must muster many when the trumpet sounds.

Earst *Athens*, *Pyrrhus*, *Carthage*, *Rome* in ire,  
(Their hungry hopes whilst *Ceres* fill'd with dreames)  
To daunt that people proudly did aspire,  
Not fearing *Scilla*, nor *Charibdis* streames,  
Nor thund'ring *Etna* vomiting forth fire,  
Nor *Vulcans* forge, nor monstrous giants names ;  
No, *Plutoes* selfe who wedded in those fields,  
His conquer'd hells to greedy men he yeelds.

Those whose great valour did so honour wrong,  
That each eternall pen it yet renownes,  
Who rivals liv'd in love of glory long,  
And though but cities did dispose of crownes,

Those two by sea did strive who was most strong,  
 As all the earth could not containe two townes;  
 " Each state the world lesse then it selfe contrives,  
 " A just proportion ruine onely gives."

That haughty race which kings in triumph led,  
 (All not well pleas'd with parting of the spoiles)  
 That fishes might as well as beasts be fed,  
 (The land else glutted by their guilty broiles)  
 Did on the sea a sea of blood once shed,  
 Which (wash'd by waves away) might foile their foiles,  
 That them to plague no furie place could finde;  
 All objects raz'd which might upbraid the minde.

A spatiouse field the waters did afford,  
 Where floting armies might their forces try,  
 When free men fighting who should be their lord,  
 With too much valour did their bondage buy,  
 Whil'st *Eolus* did rage, and *Neptune* roar'd,  
 More cruell creatures then themselves to spy;  
 " Men of all else which this large circuite fill,  
 " Most subtile are, and violent in ill."

From liquid fields where carcasses are rife,  
 Now with his troupe *Volteins* passage finds,  
 Who were more bold, then fortunate in strife,  
 And dying did triumph ov'r foes, waves, winds,  
 Of fame too greedie, prodigall of life,  
 As those whose soules were strangers to their minds;  
 " Who lose their owne to gaine from others breath,  
 " Life by opinion seeke, for certaine death."

When as two brothers that were bound in law,  
Did pledge their lives who onely should be free,  
Pale *Neptune* once at *Actium* wondring saw,  
His crystall walkes all as congeal'd in tree,  
Which from their kingdomes diverse kings did draw,  
To know whose slaves they were ordayn'd to be;  
As both (till clear'd) from what they crav'd would  
stand;  
Two on the sea did fight for all the land.

To save themselves, or others to confound,  
When loftie legions did a purpose take,  
Of winds, waves, armes, oares, shouts, blows, groanes,  
the sound,  
Gave bold men courage, made the cowards quake,  
Whilst floting forests mutually did wound,  
Which *Neptune*, *Mars*, and *Eolus* made shake;  
The bellies (big with men) abortive burst,  
By thundring engines violated first.

When this encounter had made many smart,  
A stately meeting, terrible to thinke,  
Ships without kindnesse kiss'd, yet loth to part,  
Stood strugling long which should the other sinke,  
Till some oft pierc'd, and past all hope of art,  
For poyson last (as desp'rat) flouds did drinke;  
And that none might their conquer'd ensignes claime,  
Slipt under seas, as if to hide their shame.

But haughtie *Romans* storm'd to be with-stood,  
And us'd to conquer, marvel'd to be match'd;

From flouds in vaine some drinking back their blood,  
Halfe kill'd, halfe drown'd, death by two darts dis-  
patch'd;

There where they fought whil'st bodies pav'd the flood,  
Till emptie first, no wooden cave was catch'd:

“ O how that life seemes foule which blots fames  
books,

“ In glories glasse whil'st generous courage looks!”

Whil'st *Mars* as yet a doubtfull iudge did prove,  
The barbarous queene fled with *Pelusian* slaves,  
And who lov'd her, did straight with her remove,  
Not fearing, no, as who in feavers raves:

He fled not foes, but follow'd on his love,  
For whom the hope of all the world he leaves:

Who vanquish'd armies oft, a woman foil'd,  
Who all of all, him of himselfe she spoil'd.

The seas surrender at that dreadfull blast,  
Troups of all lands which in their deeps did fall,  
In discord then, but rise in league at last,  
The cause growne common, which doth joyne them  
all;

Not onely ancients famous in times past,  
But *Turks* and *Christians* thence a voice doth call:

Whom even when raging, raging floods supprest,  
That waves might tosse them still who would not  
rest.

What turband band abandons *Thetis* bowres,  
By their misfortune fortunate to fame,

Who by a royall pens eternall powers,  
Rest back from death, life, whil'st men breath do  
claime?

How those (still *Turks*) were baptiz'd in few houres,  
Where azure fields foam'd forth a hoarie streame;  
This my great *Phæbus* tun'd to trumpets sounds,  
Whose stately accents each strange tongue rebounds.

Not onely thus by barbarous bands o'rethrowne,  
Some whom Christ bought a floting tombe confines,  
But by themselves (like *Pagans* spoil'd) though knowne,  
In liquid plains a number breath resignes,  
Whil'st those who toile to make the world their  
owne,  
Do with devotion paint most damn'd designes:  
That they when all things else have fail'd for baits,  
May superstition use to angle states.

When haughtie *Philip* with this isle in love,  
Whose rage to raigne no reason could appease;  
As oft by fraud, it last by force would prove,  
To barren *Spaine* whose fertile fields did please;  
He sent huge hulks which did like mountains move,  
As townes for traffique, palaces for ease;  
And of all sorts did furnish forth a band,  
As if to people, not to winne a land.

To brave the heavens whil'st giants would assay,  
The Lord their power would wonderfully bound;  
One little barke their navy did dismay,  
A woman did the mighty man confound;

All elements did arme their course to stay,  
 That wicked men might not pollute our ground :  
     For pride disdain'd, for cruelty abhor'd,  
     *Spaine* beg'd (a slave) where looking to be Lord.

O happie those for whom the heavens will fight,  
 Of angels armes campe about them still,  
 Whil'st haile and thunder from heavens store-house  
     light,  
 Arm'd winters are pour'd out, sterne tempests kill ;  
 The stormy winds conjur'd in time charge right,  
 As train'd in warre to spend their power with skill.  
     “ Still to the author mischiefe doth return,  
     “ And in the fires they make the wicked burn.”

The tumid region numbers doth afford,  
 Who onely there could quench ambitions fire ;  
 And avarice hath it with many stor'd,  
 Who onely there could bound their vaste desire ;  
 Though each of them had of much wealth beene lord,  
 Who by no meanes contentment could acquire,  
     Till (like themselves) still taking, fill'd with nought,  
     The sea and hell them to abundance brought.

What heavy thoughts their quaking hearts do move,  
 When with each wave a wound death seemes to give ?  
 Which rais'd up high like battering engines prove,  
 That so to charge do for advantage strive,  
 (Save sudden lightnings flash out from above)  
 Clouds masking heaven, over all do darknesse drive,  
     That whil'st they nothing see, and too much heare,  
     Falne on the deeps hels shaddow doth appeare.

Some scap'd such stormes, whil'st they secure remaine,  
Surpris'd by pirats suddenly despaire,  
Whose cruell avarice to render vaine,  
They yeeld (as faint) till they to them repaire,  
Then powder kindled by a lingring traine,  
Straight all at once are thundred through the ayre :  
In water burn'd, weake thralls kill victors strong,  
And suffring, act, revenge preventing wrong.

Thus by the sea a number is bewray'd,  
Whose dying eyes, a friend did never close,  
Not in their fathers, no, in no tombe layd,  
Which had when dead no part where to repose,  
But are by waves to every rocke betray'd,  
Till this last day doe of all flesh dispose,  
Which as would seeme most ready those may finde,  
Whom th' earth not burdens, winding sheets not  
binde.

The face of th' earth like those a number yeelds,  
Who for last lodgings could not get a grave,  
Yet where they fell, as having wonne the fields,  
Them (dead a time) from all who liv'd did reave,  
Throwne in the dust, drawne from their bloody shields,  
Whil'st naked there, they what they clad did save :  
Till beasts with some did runne, with some fowles  
flye :  
As bodies first, bones bare at last did lye.

The bloud of some did staine that golden age,  
To strike with iron ere malice did invent,

On ruines altar offring up to rage,  
 "Wrath wants not weapons when for mischiefe bent;"  
 Then indignation mortals did asswage,  
 With stones, sharpe stings, and what by force was  
     rent,  
 From gored bellies, bowels did gush out,  
 And heads with braines were compassed about.

But when man spy'd, whil'st venging wrong by chance,  
 That life was lodg'd in such a fortresse fraile,  
 To court vaine-glory which to fooles did glance,  
 Some (as for sport) their neighbours did assaile;  
 Then last, their state of purpose to advance,  
 Strayd valour would by violence prevale:  
     All armes first were by ambition led,  
     Till avarice a greater fury bred.

Who first from death by deeds redeem'd their names,  
 And eminent magnanimously grew,  
 (Their fancies frying in ambitions flames)  
 They onely praise, not profit did pursue;  
 And as for glory, who contend at games,  
 Sought others to excell, not to subdue:  
     Such *Scythia* one, another *Egypt* gave,  
     From conquer'd lands who did but honour crave.

Those weapons first were found, which pierc'd, or  
     bris'd,  
 Ere dreadfull *Cyclops* made their hammers reeble;  
 Of *Mars* chiefe minions, sword and launce' were us'd,  
 Ere men did march (as statues) all of steele;

What fury in proud mindes this rage infus'd,  
That they would suffer to make others feele,  
And strive to further, ere to hinder ill,  
Then save themselves, more bent their mates to  
kill?

What mountaines were of murd'red bodies made,  
Which till falne dust, the dust did not receive,  
Of *Ashur, Persia, Greekes and Romans dead,*  
Who whil'st that they more earth, them earth would  
have,  
Whil'st of the world each striving to be head,  
Those members maim'd which it to rule did crave?  
Then though all lands one onely did adore,  
As pent in too strict bounds, yet one sought more.

Of bones unburied, what huge heaps were rear'd,  
By *Teutons, Cimbers, Gaules*, great by doing harmes,  
By *Vandals, Allans, Hunnes*, and *Gothes* long fear'd,  
*Danes, Longobards*, and *Sarazens* in swarmes?  
For which long time those fields could not be ear'd,  
Where they to death had offred up their armes:  
Whil'st where to live, to winne more lands then set,  
Where they might dye, who onely land could get.

Then nature strong, as in her perfect age,  
As bees their swarmes, lands colonies sent forth,  
Which forc'd by wants, or mov'd by generous rage,  
In tempests huge inunded from the north;  
Else that high hopes dream'd riches might asswage,  
They sought the south as held of greatest worth:

To what it pleas'd, whil'st power a right did  
claime,  
Oft with their dwellers, countries chang'd the  
name.

That heathnish host by *Iuda* so abhorr'd,  
Whose captaines railings vengeance to contrive,  
A godly king did spread before the Lord,  
Whose wrong his soule did most of peace deprive,  
Till that an angell with just fury stor'd,  
Did kill of thousands thrice threescore and five:  
Those who blaspheming God by him were slaine,  
Must rise with feare to looke on God againe.

Thence thousands rise with strangers, or their owne,  
Where still to broyles, the *Grecians* were inclin'd,  
Where all the world at fortunes dice was throwne,  
'Twixt sire and sonne in law, not love combin'd;  
By vertues clients fall, which fields were knowne,  
Of all, who onely the states good design'd:  
“None vertue should adore, all reverence must,  
“Men should delight in it, not in it trust.”

Thence (never buried) many bodie springs,  
Where of all lands oft armies did contend,  
Kill'd by the senate, emperours, or kings,  
But most by him who did to *Carthage* send,  
(Reft from *Romes* nobles) bushels full of rings,  
And by barbarians lords of all in th' end:  
Thus *Italy* all nations did obey,  
And to all nations was expos'd a prey.

That field yeelds thousands, where wrong squaring  
right,

(For famous captaines twise a fatal stage)

Great *Pompey* did with *Mithridates* fight,

And *Tamberlaine* the terror of that age,

On lightning *Baizet* did thundring light,

Tam'd for a foot-stoole in an iron cage:

Thus that great monarch was made worse then  
thrall,

“Pride hated stands, and doth unpittied fall.”

All then must march at this last trumpets sound,  
Who fields entomb'd, damn'd flouds, and ditches fill'd,  
Whil'st *Ottoman* to make his crescent round,  
Bloud (as but water) prodigally spill'd;  
His *Bassaes* now rise groning from the ground,  
Which oft by him, or else for him were kil'd:

And as for bondage borne (free but from graves)  
Did live to him, and dyed to Satan slaves.

By violence, death divers did surprise,  
Still since the world first peopled did remaine,  
But men in mischiefe fondly growne more wise,  
By bolts unseene; some now of late are slaine,  
Since some new *Sulmans*, no, devils did devise,  
Those sulphurous engines bragging God againe:

Which men, yea towres, and townes, in pieces teare,  
Then thunder now, men more the canon feare.

Those soone start up which fell, whilst as lesse strong,  
By *Vulcan* forc'd succumbing *Thetis* ror'd,

And thundring forth the horrour of her wrong,  
 The burden urg'd, straight in disdaine restor'd,  
 The ayery region raging all along,  
 Which death to them did suddenly afford:

And by a blow most strange, no scarre then found,  
 The bones all broken, and the flesh still sound.

Those whom of th'earth the superfice as forc'd,  
 Did beare, not bury, suffer, not receive,  
 By men even dead (as oft alive) extorc'd,  
 To avarice, else cruelty, still slave,  
 Those shall from dust no sooner be divorc'd,  
 Then they who sought the centre for a grave:

Whose bodies with their soules did seeme to strive,  
 Which first at hell should with most haste arrive.

The mutinous *Hebrewes*, who against him repinde,  
 Whose face (as glories rayes reflecting still)  
 Com'd from the thunderer like cleare lightning shin'd,  
 Gods secretary who first penn'd his will,  
 As soone as they whose dust no weight confin'd,  
 They rise whom th' earth did bury first, then kill:

To offer bent (pride burning in their breasts)  
 As like himselfe, whom *Pluto* tooke for priests.

That scorn'd diviner is with them expos'd,  
 (Fooles who fore-know, not for their fate provide)  
 Who by his wife, when lurking was disclos'd,  
 And whom at last th' earth did as strangely hide,  
 And that the cave which burn'd might so be clos'd,  
 He as *Romes* best who under ground did ride:

There greedy to doe good, or fame to give,  
That where his body dyed, his name might live.

Some feaver strange, when surfets seeme to move,  
Those of the earth, who in the entrails dwell,  
Whil'st it (though trembling) raging, seemes to prove,  
If it may drinke the world, and spue forth hell,  
They from the dust as quickly shall remove,  
As those by powder, who in powder fell :

By tyrants fierce whil'st pin'd, no, freed from  
paine,  
Who falne on th' earth, or toss'd through th' ayre  
remain.

Now *Orpheus* shall not need (as poets faine)  
To charme the furies with harmonious sounds,  
Nor *Hercules* by violence, in vaine,  
To force the dungeons of the shadowy bounds,  
The guests below shall once turne backe againe,  
To see (what they have lost) superiour rounds :

The prince of darknesse will be pleas'd with this,  
Since sure to have them judg'd for ever his.

The earth her entrails quickly shall discharge,  
That God at once all who had soules may see,  
All prisoners at last, death must enlarge,  
At that great Iubily, as once set free,  
Who were so long in passing *Charons* barge,  
Soone from oblivious floud, brought backe shall be :

Ere *Cerberus* can barke, all shall be gone,  
And ere they can be miss'd, turn'd every one.

Those whom soft *Egypt*, alwaies slave to lust,  
 By spices, oyntments, balmes and odours rare,  
 To scorne corruption, and to mocke the dust,  
 Did keep (when lost) with a ridiculous care,  
 And us'd as pledges oft to purchase trust,  
 Their bones worth nought when clad, worth lesse when  
     bare,  
 Their vailes renu'd, no sooner they resume,  
 Then whom at first corruption did consume.

Those piramides whose points seem'd (threatning  
     heaven,)  
 Not solitary tombes, but courted thrones ;  
 The huge *Mausoleum*, one of wonders seaven ;  
 That *Obeliske*, which grac'd *Augustus* bones ;  
 Late monuments those æmulous to eaven,  
 Of marble, porphyr, iaspe, and pretious stones :  
     None hides his guest from this great Judges sight,  
     Nor yet him sends more gorgeous to the light.

Of place the distance, distant time not breeds,  
 Some who a field impurple by their fall,  
 Whose entrails straight another mansion needs,  
 Lest else corruption might encroach on all,  
 Their bodies, friends (as oft for pompe succeeds)  
 Not seeme (farre borne) to burie, but enstall :  
     But though each part a severall kingdome takes,  
     A sudden union now one moment makes.

That dreame-diviner by two tribes call'd Syre,  
 (Though by them lost,) who did his brothers save,

His dust from *Goshen* quickly shall retire,  
And with the rest, a second *Hymen* have,  
Where though long dead, as faith did first inspire,  
His bones for his, possession did receive :

Or since by him so benefited once,  
That land ingrate to frustrate of his bones.

The third time then some live, from tombes rais'd  
twice,

(Their resurrection represented else)

Whom death (it seem'd) did but a while disguise,  
For acting wonders which amazement tels ;  
When wak'd by force, as who did drousie rise,  
They drawn from *Lethe*, or oblivions cels :

Straight with the place all priviledge did leave,  
Made as who dream'd, or in high feavers rave.

Till soar'd from hence, where they so long have  
striv'd,

Still charg'd with flesh, all soules infirme remaine ;  
And with their burdens those who were reviv'd,  
Their former frailties did resume againe ;  
So that unknowing where a space they liv'd,  
Maym'd memory was bounded by the braine :

Through earthly organs spectacles impure,  
Soules reach but objects, such as they procure.

Some fondly curious, would have then enquir'd,  
What lodgings last those both-world-guests did leave,  
Which (if remembred) reverenc'd, and admir'd,  
They would not wrong by words what none conceive ;

Great *Paul* (whose selfe could not tell how) retir'd,  
 Whom the third heaven (when ravish'd) did receive:  
 He what he saw return'd, could not relate,  
 Past mortals senses, to immortals great.

Such soules when last to their first tents turn'd backe,  
 Their toiles thereby, and others glory grew,  
 Whil'st to the world that way, 'God cleare would make,  
 That faith (when firme) might death it selfe subdue;  
 But then they flesh as when first left did take,  
 Which now at last the Lord will all renue,  
 Their resurrection when no time confines,  
 Whil'st rais'd, ripe fruits, of what they first were  
 signes.

Thus the great *Tisbit* strangely did restore,  
 (That none might trouble have who gave him rest)  
 Her sonne whose victuals did when waste, grow more;  
 Like to the like, when in like state distrest,  
 That prophet did, who crav'd his sprit in store,  
 Not to be press'd by such a second guest,  
 Whose grave wak'd one, that there he might not  
 sleep,  
 Where he (when dead) a quickning power did keep.

The blest *Bethanian*, highly shall rejoyce,  
 When next he cals who shew'd such tender love,  
 As even to weep for him, as a chiefe choice,  
 Till he was brought (free from white bands) above,  
 The first who in the grave did heare that voice,  
 Which from all graves must make their guests remove.

And greater power when glorifi'd may show,  
Then from fraile flesh, when but breath'd forth  
below.

Those soone start up, who quickly come to light,  
As to applaud what was accomplish't knowne,  
Christs acting suffrings (when most low) at height,  
That the last part on this worlds stage was showne;  
Else to upbraid as a prodigious sight,  
Them who did haste what bent to have o'rethrowne:  
And others all thus rais'd, more glad doe rise,  
Of soules birth once, then of their bodies thrice.

There come those two, from whence no flesh can know,  
Yet not more soone then whom fraile eyes saw dead,  
Of which as types one to each world did show,  
That mortals might be straight immortall made,  
Grosse bodies mount, and some death not o'rthow,  
A labyrinth whence nature none can leade:  
In most evill times most good, to be mark'd so,  
Those did from hence mans common way not goe.

That godly man, by God judg'd just to be,  
Translated was, that he might not see death,  
Since it kill'd him, his Lord despis'd to see,  
Whil'st poyson'd with vile mens blasphemous breath;  
Or else at last from pangs and horours free,  
He priviledg'd from all the signes of wrath,  
Did part, not dye, from sinne, not life estrang'd;  
“Soules must remove, else have their lodging  
chang'd.

Whil'st him save God who ought disdain'd to feare,  
Vile *Baals* scourge, of kings who scorn'd the ire,  
With flaming steeds a burning coach did beare,  
The winde made wagoner, an angell squire,  
"Twixt this grosse globe, and the celestiall sphere,  
Zeale triumph did, even as it fought, with fire:

That heaven and earth both might his glory know,  
As earst his toiles, when but contemn'd below.

As where he lives or lyes, to turne, or stay,  
To dispute easie is, hard to conclude;  
The Lord perchance committed him to clay,  
As one with whom he on Mount *Tabor* stood:  
Else not dissolv'd, but chang'd when borne away,  
And (some thinke) kept a part yet to doe good:  
For without all, no saints perfected be,  
The maid-borne body so heavens onely see.

A loud alarme, still doubling from above,  
(The word eternall may make breath abound)  
All this vast circuit doth a trumpet prove,  
Whose concave wastes not, but maintaines the sound;  
At the first blast, nought else save it did move,  
As dryre silence had prepar'd the ground;  
But till all eares be fill'd, it higher swels,  
A horrid echo roaring from the hels.

Those guilty soules what further comfort shields,  
From sleepe whose conscience with the body starts,  
Even when they see (as grasse) ov'r all the fields,  
Men grow about them? O what frozen hearts!

Earth labour'd long, a monstrous harvest yeelds,  
Which straight heavens husband, loe, grinds, sifts, and  
parts:

Who can but thinke how such endure this sight?  
And yet what they attend, makes it seeme light.

He who them hates when God the just doth grace,  
Both griefe and envy torture him at once,  
Of two who rest companions in one place,  
Th' one pleas'd, is glad, the other desp'rare, mones;  
Th' one parts as pointed for eternall peace,  
The other sign'd for paine, stayes, howls, and  
grones.

Thus of the godlies good the first degree,  
Is, from the wicked that they parted be.

Those creatures who by death did never fall,  
That fatall summons do no sooner heare,  
Then those whom it forth from the dust doth call,  
Where they had slept even many a hundred yeare,  
Soules lodgings thus which had beene ruin'd all,  
Straight builded then, first perfect do appeare.

The just they first, the reprobate last move,  
Which sink below, whil'st th' others flie above.

Those temples then which not dissolved still stay,  
(A mystery difficult to conceive)  
All debt of death (not dying) shall defray,  
The other life straight com'd, ere this them leave,  
The bodies then (all frailty burn'd away)  
Well quintessenc'd, new qualities receive,

Which though still quicke, yet in their sinnes quite  
dead,  
Ere mortall prov'd, shall be immortall made.

If oft to gaze a multitude remaines,  
To hold his court whil'st it some prince attends ;  
When being met with many stately traines,  
He makes a musters of imagin'd friends :  
(As by small brooks a floud swolne when it raines)  
Till that on him it seemes the world depends.  
That pompe to all a reverent awe imparts,  
And strikes with terror malefactors hearts. •

Thinke with what glory Christ his course doth runne,  
Whil'st thundring terror, and yet lightning grace,  
He might come clad with starres, crown'd with the  
sunne ;  
But to his brightness such (as base) give place :  
His court at first of heavenly hosts begun,  
From hence enlarg'd is in a little space.

O what strange noise doth all the world rebound,  
Whil'st angels sing, saints shout, and trumpets sound.

My ravish'd soule (transcending reasons reach)  
So earnest is to surfet on this sight,  
That it disdaines what may high thoughts impeach,  
Whil'st mounting up to contemplations height ;  
Which flight so farre doth passe the power of speech,  
That onely silence can pursue it right.

And that my sprit may be refresh'd that way,  
It must a space amid'st dumbe pleasures stray.



## DOOMES DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The fifth Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*A great assemblie doth with state begin,  
And of some soules the processe is surveigh'd,  
So more to tax the Iews, and Christians sinne,  
Here in the ballance is before them layd,  
Each Ethnicks part to be compar'd, brought in  
In judgement now, their errors to upbraid:  
Yet all excuses, which such can revolve,  
Do damne but others, not themselves absolve.*

O what strange sight! what monstrous meeting now?  
One moment musters all the ages gone;  
Borne, flown, driv'n, or drawn up, I wot not how,  
Large is that crowne which compasses the throne;  
All for each time whom nature did allow,  
What numbers must they make when joyn'd in one?  
Whil'st I do looke about, below, on high,  
Still clouds of people do confine mine eye.

Oft thousands were in populous squadrons set,  
 Whil'st haughty monarchs others empires sought,  
 But nor men now, more nations last are met,  
 Who once in all, but differ then in nought,  
 No severall customes, usuall censures get,  
 As when some civile, some are barbarous thought,  
 No garments mark'd, nor signe of hand, nor head :  
 All naked judg'd, as they at first were made.

What store of tongues oft hungry eares have fed ?  
 Since men from one, did more at *Babel* take,  
 And these (licentious) many bastards bred,  
 Which (mixt like mules) did strange conjunctions  
 make ;  
 But now at last all by one language led,  
 (Confusions curse remov'd) as first turne backe,  
 At least the judge none to interpret needs,  
 No heart from him hides thoughts, the tongue lesse  
 deeds.

The spatiouse world at first could scarce containe,  
 Them whom one age by common course brought forth,  
 Though both by sea and land more ground to gaine,  
 With colonies disper'st, east, west, south, north,  
 Who all their wits for wayes to live did strayne,  
 Yet, dreaming glory, vaunted shewes of worth :  
 Th'earth whil'st her entrails every one did teare,  
 Was forc'd to bury whom she could not beare.

Death walkes so slowly with his sleepy pace,  
 (Though last not look'd for oft times he arrive)

That even to haste mans never resting race,  
Both warre and sicknesse violently strive;  
What natures selfe would bound in little space,  
Art to precipitate doth meanes contrive:

Else th'earth surcharg'd would starve her nurslings  
soon,  
Too populous mankinde by it selfe undone.

But loe all these who had been guests below,  
Since first an angell *Eden* came to guard,  
This huge assembly joyn'd in one, doth show,  
From whence none can escape, nor can be spar'd,  
Yet now no ground, no, not no grave they owe,  
No strife for marches, lands alike are shar'd:

None for old clai mes then doth another cite,  
But even of them all memory would quite.

No kinsman, friend, nor old acquaintance here,  
Though long disjoyn'd, and soone perchance to  
part,

Doe meet as men by mutuall duties deare,  
With pleasant count'nance, and affecting heart;  
That fatall doome to be pronounc'd so neere,  
(Which joy or grieve for ever must impart)

With racking cares doth so distract the minde,  
That then no other thought a place can finde.

No tyrant here (attended by his thralles,)  
Doth terrour give, no, but doth it receive,  
And now imperiously no master calls,  
A humble servant, nor a fawning slave,

That height of minde a present feare appalles,  
And breakes that swelling which made many rave:  
Though now great difference be of mortals made,  
“ All shall meet equals, but must first be dead.”

Though some whose greatnesse thousands had o're-  
thrown,  
So that their fame (trac'd by amazement) flyes,  
Are here scarce mark'd, till for confusion shown,  
When all their deeds the heavens great censor tryes;  
Yet others are then earst made better known,  
Who whil'st alive deluded credulous eyes,  
And seem'd in show, as angels once of light,  
But are the children of eternall night.

Worst at that time, these trembling troupes endure,  
Who know, yet not performe their masters will,  
Though judgements threaten, promises allure,  
To follow what is good, and flye from ill,  
Whose senses false against their soules conjure,  
That spirituall power which God inspires to kill:  
Who doe neglect, I, and despise that grace,  
Which even with angels purchase might a place.

With high disdaine of soules the soveraigne mov'd,  
A kindled count'nce, flames forth terrour then,  
At them who seem'd religion to have lov'd,  
Vile hypocrites, curst excrements of men,  
And their vast hearts (the cosening maske remov'd)  
Shew each thing that they thought, both where, and  
when:

Till much to wonder, godly men are brought,  
Who mark them monsters, whom they saints had  
thought.

That troupe on Sathans coat Gods badge which beares,  
Who hatching mischiefe, holinesse pretend,  
With whoorish sighs, and with adulterous teares,  
Their actions all to court opinion tend ;  
Weigh'd words, school'd looks, squar'd steps, fain'd  
griefes, and fears,  
As others earst betray themselves in end :  
    " All judgements then from errours maze redeem'd,  
    " Do see things as they were, not as they seem'd."

Can any minde conceive their great distresse,  
Who (whilst ambition at vaine ends doth ayme)  
As wit rul'd all, or that all went by guesse,  
So for their course a faction strong to frame,  
Have no religion, any do professe,  
A lump of wax, a show, an idle name ;  
They then shall finde though once not trusting it,  
Slight craft but folly, simple goodnesse wit.

Some (too secure) do ballance justice light,  
And some with dreames (whilst desp'rate) mercies  
range,  
But such disseemblers mounting mischiefes height,  
Then both these two bred blasphemie more strange :  
They mock Gods wisedome, providence, and might,  
As who not knows, not cares, or may not venge :  
    Christ of the worst the worst sort to define,  
    Their portion did with hypocrites assigne.

As colours (when compar'd) best knowne appeare,  
 The truth of all exactly to disclose,  
 So some may make (when they are matched here)  
 On more sure grounds the judgement to repose :  
 We see God doth (that things may be made cleare)  
 To persons persons, sinne to sinne oppose,  
 That crimes found monstrous though of lesse degree,  
 May make the more abominable be.

That queene whose name heavens register still beares,  
 What king they had the *Hebrews* so to teach,  
 Who came from farre (neglecting vulgar feares)  
 A mortals sight, and temporall ends to reach,  
 And as most happy envy did their eares,  
 Who might enjoy the treasures of his speech,  
 She (whil'st wits wonders did her minde amaze)  
 Damn'd liberall fame as niggard of his praise.

She may that day be parallell'd with some,  
 When humaniz'd our Saviour did remaine,  
 Who one (more great then *Solomon*) at home,  
 Not sought, not heard, but did when found disdaine :  
 What monstrous madnesse did their minds o're-come,  
 Who had, like swine, such pearles expos'd in vaine ?  
 An *Ethnicke* thus may damne the *Hebrews* then,  
 A stranger natives, and a woman men.

Wo to *Bethsaida*, and *Corazin* burst,  
 Whom *Tyrus* straight, and *Sidon* may appall ;  
 They (had they seene thy sights no more accurst)  
 In dust with sackcloth had lamented all ;

And *Capernaum*, who mock mercy durst,  
Though high as heaven, low downe to hell shall fall;  
That which thou saw'st had filthy *Sodom* seene,  
It long a city crown'd with bayes had beene.

That stately towne whence fame at first did sound,  
Whose greatnesse once all nations did admire,  
When her the Lord had threatned to confound,  
Straight prostrated to pacifie his ire,  
All (wrapt in sackcloth) grovelings on the ground,  
Who humbled soone a pardon did acquire.

She may condemne a number of this age,  
Who, when rebuk'd for sinne, not grieve but rage.

Those who of old without the law did live,  
And (to themselves a law) lov'd good, loath'd ill;  
May for more blisse, at least lesse torment strive,  
With those who had it, yet contemn'd it still:  
For them fraile glory, or plaine good, did drive,  
Where these a hop'd reward, paine fear'd, knowgne will:  
Then muse some of the *Gentiles* deeds burst forth,  
Till Christians blush who come behinde in worth.

Though God, nor what he crav'd was then not knowgne,  
Yet of religion a degener'd seed,  
Industrious nature in each heart had sownen,  
Which fruits (though wilde) did in abundance breed,  
And their great zeale which was to idols shewen,  
Shall damne their coldnesse who the Scriptures reade:  
They left did stray, who call'd were truth neglect,  
These foolish are, they wicked in effect.

Learn'd *Athens* glory, wisedome-lovers light,  
 Did utter things which angels tongues might deck,  
 Though sure to scape Gods scourge, each creatures  
     sight,  
 Yet, he would vice (loath'd for it selfe) reject,  
 And as his *Dæmon* did direct him right;  
 Last, when accus'd, a martyr in effect,  
     Lifes race well runne, glad innocent to dye,  
     Did (idols damn'd) all Gods (save one) deny.

His scholar next for vertues treasure lov'd,  
 By all the world divine was justly call'd:  
 Whil'st nought by faith, by nature too much mov'd,  
 The third (his master who all *Asia* thrall'd)  
 Who thought of God, much said, but little prov'd,  
 For all his knowledge, said as quite appall'd,  
     With paine he ranne, with doubt did end his race,  
     Then did the thing of things entreat for grace.

By speculation of a pregnant minde,  
 With nature wrestling, though by her o'rethrowne,  
 Those did of force by dumbe perswasions finde  
 A power supreame, by speaking works oft showne;  
 Whom they (though thus in time and state borne  
     blinde)  
 Did seek not call'd, did reverence though not knowne:  
     Not seeking heaven, the way to it they trac'd,  
     And (faithlesse trusting) what not reach'd, embrac'd.

May not such men damne many thousands now,  
 Who fall confounded in so great a light?

Though learn'd in all which reason doth allow,  
They have Gods will, heavens way, directed right,  
Yet worse then these that to base idols bow,  
What grip't not feele, not see what is in sight,  
But *Atheists* vile abhominable die,  
Whose hearts, whose deeds the Deity do deny.

These excrements of th'earth, the heavens refuse,  
Of mankinde monsters, natures utter staine,  
Who do religion as a garment use,  
And think both heaven and hell names which some  
faine,  
O when they finde (who now of this doth muse?)  
A court, a iudge, a devill, a place of paine;  
Since neither faith, nor arguments could move,  
The demonstration terrible shall prove.

The soules of such impiety more spoils,  
Then following idols *Laban* who did stray;  
Then fugitives who (fled from sundry soils)  
Their Gods as goods did beare with them away;  
Then that sackt towne whose foe (to mock their foils)  
Said, let their angry gods with them still stay:  
Such superstitions, *Atheists* are prophane,  
They grant no God, and these too many faine.

The idols prelats who long earnest stood,  
Bath'd th'earth with teares, did th'aire with sighs  
condense;  
And call'd on *Baal* all deform'd with blood,  
As like their idols having lost all sense:

They may upbraid a troupe of *Levies* brood,  
 Who (wanting zeale) with ought but paines dispense:  
   Then whil'st (though vow'd to heaven) they earth  
     embrace,  
 But for meere forme do coldly use their place.

You who of God the will reveal'd neglect,  
 And do his law not labour to fulfill,  
 Mark how the *Ethnicks* idols did affect,  
 In dangerous times depending on their will,  
 And did of them the answers much respect,  
 Though ænigmatick, and ambiguous still.

In th' end whose fraud, or ignorance appear'd,  
 Which save th' events no commentary clear'd.

What trust from men had that horn'd devill procur'd,  
 Whose oracle (renown'd through many lands)  
 By labour huge, paine, heat, and thirst endur'd,  
 Made many haunt his solitary sands,  
 And ere his harme by him could be procur'd,  
 Did quite confound *Cambyses* and his bands;  
   Whom he ador'd who that kings kingdome rest,  
     Whom *Cato* scorn'd, and unconsulted left.

Who hath not heard by fame strange tales oft told,  
 Of him to whom at *Delphos* troupes did throng,  
 Who finely could æquivocate of old,  
 Abomination of all nations long,  
 Whom to accuse the *Lydian* king was bold  
 As false, ingrate, and having done him wrong?  
   Though he them all deceiv'd who him ador'd,  
     Yet was his temple with rich treasures stor'd.

To smooth those mindes which were of light depriv'd,  
Them through all parts who (still triumphing) went,  
(Whil'st hels black hosts to guard their altars striv'd)  
Storms, thunders, earth-quakes, swallow'd, bruis'd and  
rent,

And them (as theirs) to *Stygian* darknesse driv'd,  
Who good design'd, but of an ill intent :

“ Thus sacrilege is plagu'd as worst of evils,

“ Let none rob churches, though they be the devils.”

Not onely these two celebrated be,  
To whom strange shapes, and names, as soils, they gave,  
But from a number what heaven did decree,  
The simple people credulous did crave :  
Who did not trust the *Dodonæan* tree,  
And how that *Apis* food did take, or leave ?

Though *Plutoes* name no oracle would chuse,  
Till at Christs birth all fail'd, he all did use.

The famous *Sibylls* (admirable thought)  
By times and places which distinguish'd were,  
Of which ones books twice scorn'd, thrice valu'd,  
    bought,  
*Rome* strictly kept with a religious care,  
From which her fates she long with reverence sought,  
As all charactred mystically there.

The great regard which to their books was borne,  
May justly damne them who the Scriptures scorne.

These sonnes of *Rechab* who did wine contemne,  
So to obey their earthly father still,

If that obedience (eminent in them)  
 Check'd who despis'd their sprituall parents will ;  
 May not they once the stubbornnesse condemne,  
 Of carelesse Christians prone to nought save ill ?

Who not like them fraile pleasures do forbeare,  
 But even Christs easie yoke do irke to beare ?

They who did trust all that which was divin'd,  
 By raving augures drunk with sacred boules,  
 Each circumstance commenting to their minde,  
 Of eatings, intrails, cryes, and flights of fowlz :  
 Ecclipses, thundrings, meteors of each kinde,  
 As sure presages thought, poore simple soules,  
 Their testimony may a number grieve,  
 Who what great prophets told would not beleeve.

Some *Gentiles* once whose knowledge was not cleare,  
 Who to religion blindly did aspire,  
 By treasures, toils, and what they thought most deare,  
 Of idols sought to pacifie the ire :  
 And lesse then naturall, heavenly to appeare,  
 Did offer up their children in the fire :

Thus as we should (though in the ground they err'd)  
 What they thought God to all things they preferr'd.

For *Phrigian* warre the *Grecian* generall bent,  
 By windes adverse whil'st stay'd on *Aulis* cost,  
 (As his advice the rigorous augur lent)  
 To expiate his crime, and free the host,  
 He (in a sacrifice) before he went,  
 To get a whore his virgin-daughter lost,

And did (in show) as much to scape a storme,  
As *Abraham* aym'd or *Ipthee* did performe.

No man can think, and not for horror start,  
What sacrifice some barbarous *Indians* us'd,  
Whil'st oft of men bow'd back on stones by art,  
(A meanes to bend the breast, and belly chus'd)  
The smoaking entrails, and the panting heart,  
They in their zeale most barbarously abus'd.

Whose ugly priest his lord resembled right,  
In colour, forme, and minde, a monstrous sight.

Religions reverence when in soules infus'd,  
(Though with false grounds) doth absolutely sway,  
*Romes* second king for this a *Nymphes* name us'd,  
And *Africks* victor oft alone did stay;  
Long with his hind *Sertorius* troupes abus'd,  
And *Mahomet* his *Dove* did trust betray:

Where shows prepost'rous did prevaile so much,  
What would the truth reveal'd have done with such?

That for his glory which God did direct,  
Who do deny, abstract, or who impaires,  
And his adopted day (prophane) neglect,  
Who made all dayes, wrought six, and numbers theirs,  
Then unto them he justly may object,  
How *Gentiles* long with superstitious cares  
Their idols feasts solemnly did observe,  
And though in forme, not in intent did swerve.

What thousands did to *Joves* Olympicks throng,  
Which (kept precisely) times great count did found;

The *Pythian* sports their patron prais'd as strong,  
 Who the great serpent, did a lesse confound:  
 Old *Saturn* (Sathan) he was honour'd long,  
 Where slaves like lords, both did like beasts abound;  
 His feast was grac'd by mutuall gifts and gaines,  
 Who had two faces, and so many names.

The *Isthmian* playes which *Theseus* first began,  
 To honour *Neptune* numbers did afford;  
 In naked troupes the *Lupercalianes* ranne  
 With leathern thongs for beating others stor'd;  
 With mysteries which commons could not scanne,  
 (For *Dis* a dowry) *Ceres* was ador'd,  
 And *Romes* good goddesse, author of much ill,  
 Though *Clodius* was disclos'd, did cloake such still.

With old *Sileneus* staggering in a trance,  
 For *Thebes* great drunkard feasts they did decree,  
 Whil'st first a victor, then a god by chance,  
 His fierie breeding never quench'd could be;  
 Troupes of all sorts transported in a dance,  
 At his strange orgies howling went to see.  
 With *Ivie* darts of women madding still,  
 One her own sonne, a band did *Clio's* kill.

You who with slack desires not hot, nor cold,  
 Each sacred thought when scarce conceiv'd do kill,  
 Mark them who were to their owne fancies sold,  
 How that their zeale (though blinde) was fervent still:  
 Whose altars, feasts, and oracles of old,  
 They reverenc'd more then you the great Gods will.

Their angurs they observed with much respect,  
You prophets and evangelists neglect.

With works of worth (good in a high degree)  
Some infidels did such perfections show,  
That by our best they hardly match'd can be,  
Whil'st we admire their strength, our weaknesse  
know,

And if my Makers will not govern'd me  
To aske no reason where I reverence ow.

Oft would I grieve, and even strange thoughts  
embrace,  
That such good natures should have had no grace.

These *Persian* kings whom prophets pennes renowne,  
What *Ashur* took did to Gods flock restore,  
And edicts made to build their church, and towne,  
Both rendring theirs, and aiding them with more,  
Of them two brothers (striving for the crowne)  
With mutuall gifts kept kindnesse as before,  
Yea, he who raign'd, the other grac't, and rais'd ;  
A rare example, never match'd, oft prais'd.

Straight when one nam'd a message from the Lord,  
The wicked *Eglon* rose (all pride suppress)  
And (as he dream'd) with sacred robes decor'd,  
When *Greeks* great monarch saw the *Jews* great priest,  
Their God (ere knowne) with reverence he ador'd,  
And (as they crav'd) did leave their realme in rest :  
Such kings who God and his did thus respect,  
May damne who God do know, yet him neglect.

Who parents honour more then *Gentiles* sought?  
 All *Sparta*'s youth to reverence th' ancients us'd;  
 That so his syre from bondage might be brought,  
 The gallant *Cimon* fetters not refus'd;  
 These two by *Solon* who were happy thought,  
 Did draw their mothers coach as horses chus'd:  
 Though (as was promis'd) not long life to try,  
 They in the temple (well employ'd) did dye.

More of their children *Romans* did exact,  
 Then God commands, or nature doth admit;  
 He from himselfe whom freedome did distract,  
 Did (his two sonnes accus'd) in judgement sit;  
 (Vnhappy he who ever prais'd the fact)  
 And them to death austerey did commit:  
 This, as their crime, *Romes* state, his credit urg'd,  
 By some of force, best by himselfe was purg'd.

That valorous youth who strict command receiv'd,  
 (His father absent) for no fight to presse,  
 By courage flatter'd, and by th' enemies brav'd,  
 That for a battell did himselfe addresse;  
 His syre return'd, would no way have him sav'd,  
 But since his will, warres right, he durst transgresse:  
 Both as a victor, and a rebell made,  
 Caus'd first to crowne, and then strike off his head.

Thus (whil'st admir'd) *Romes* liberties first lampe,  
 And her sterne captaine, daunting nature farre,  
 Th' one in the towne, the other in the campe,  
 Left rare examples both for peace and warre,

Which eminent in every minde did stampe  
The reverence due to them that rulers are;  
“ Too fond on fame, or in their course sincere,  
“ Good citizens, but fathers too severe.”

Though this strict course which parents thus did take  
To grace their charge, did but from rigour flow,  
All (though they may not spoile, what God doth make)  
May boldly use what they so much doe owe;  
Some Ethnickes children, if we doe looke backe,  
By piety did admirable grow:  
“ And onely then when just affections shine,  
“ By being naturall, men doe prove divine.”

Rude *Corialanus*, (high disdaine conceiv'd)  
Wrong'd by a part of *Rome*, reveng'd on all,  
When left by friends, by foes with joy receiv'd,  
He made them quake who did the world appall;  
And when no hope was how they might be sav'd,  
“(Loe, nought save kindenesse can make courage  
thrall)”

His mothers teares to melt his rigour serv'd,  
Who lost himselfe that his might be preserv'd.

The weaker sexe, to piety more prone,  
By rare examples, oft have beene renown'd,  
When many murthers were bewail'd by none,  
An isles whole men in bloud by women drown'd,  
The aged *Thoas* (stolne out from his throne)  
His daughter sav'd, though next him to be crown'd,  
Whose lord (though milde) one cruell did acquire,  
Who kill'd her children, where she sav'd her sire.

Where all were ill, that lady onely good,  
 Who though she had (of worth what wonders rife?)  
 Incestuous parents, brothers stain'd with bloud,  
 Time, state, sexe, race, oppos'd, with all at strife,  
 Blinde father led, griev'd mothers comfort stood,  
 Her brothers funerals urg'd with ventred life:

In *Thebis* she altars more deserv'd to have,  
 Then one to wine, to lust another slave.

The heavens great monarch with such favour fram'd  
 His law to nature, nature to his law,  
 That even in parts where he was never nam'd,  
 At least his precepts where they never saw,  
 To bragge of good, of evill to be asham'd,  
 A borne instinct, depth in each brest did draw:  
 As some from vice, strict statutes did restraine,  
 Some freely vertuous, did great glory gaine.

Those two brave princes first for worth and place,  
 The glory of the Greeke and Persian states,  
 And of *Romes* brood, the best for warre, or peace,  
 Who (*Carthage* conquering) stablish'd floting fates,  
 Those three (at fortunes height, whom youth did  
     grace,)  
 Had captives noble, gallant, fayre, great baits:  
 Yet them not wrong'd, though won, and from their  
     foes,  
 But sav'd their honour, and asswag'd their woes.

That hunter stout, the forc'd Amazons sonne,  
 Though tempted oft by most unlawfull lust,

He not by threatnings, nor allurements wonne,  
Liv'd godlesse, godly, where no law was, just,  
Yet one (Buls sister right) enraged runne,  
To worke his death, abus'd his fathers trust:

Till him fierce horses, rent, not tainted still,  
A martyrs image for not doing ill.

He who was sav'd when lost, and lost when sav'd,  
Who did his father kill, and mother wed,  
Was still (thoughts pure) not guilty, but deceiv'd,  
For, when he knew where error had him led,  
(His eyes pull'd out, no comfort more receiv'd,)  
A greater grieve repentance never bred:  
As kings from law, free (as unknowne) from shame,  
Yet (his owne judge) he no excuse would frame.

That powerfull speaker, who did *Lais* leave,  
And scorn'd to buy remorse at such a rate,  
Last may to plead against those Christians crave,  
Sold to their owne, and others lusts of late,  
In sinnes exchange, who filthy traffique have,  
(Save what she gave, they sell) vile *Sodomes* mate:  
But those are worse, by an imposed price,  
Who farme Gods statutes, and doe value vice.

As onely jewell which doth it array,  
Shames crimson ensignes, beauties credit save;  
The vestall virgins who from fame did stray,  
(Straight buried quicke) to thousands terroure gave;  
These who still pure, in their first state did stay,  
Were carried, crown'd, in triumph to the grave:

Then valour, shamefastnesse more praise deserves,  
That doth force others, this it selfe preserves.

That second sexe, if as the first, as free,  
To burst out all which bashfull thoughts restraine,  
For contynency in a high degree,  
The Gentiles scroules a number would containe;  
But women all in this unhappy be,  
None knowes, save one, what praise they sometime  
gaine,  
Who, with his vice, their vertue keepes unknowne,  
And onely they get fame when quite o'rethrowne.

If scaping *Tarquin*, *Lucrece* quite obscure,  
Would have conceal'd the foule attempt for shame,  
And, loth more harme or scandall to procure,  
Had had (if chast) for chastity no fame,  
But when deflowr'd to prove her selfe still pure.  
So to prevent an ignominious name:  
Steele onely help'd, shame gave the wound indeed,  
The modest matron did but blush, not bleed.

What women have their mates more dearely lov'd,  
Then she whose death redeeme'd *Admetus* life?  
Then she whose part the burning embers prov'd;  
Then pale *Paulina*, in a generous strife?  
Then she (high courage by affection mov'd)  
Who said (when having tried the fatall knife)?  
Have have, deare *Pætus* this gives me no paine,  
But when thou wound'st thy selfe, then am I  
slaine.

What course for chastnesse can more glory claime,  
Then thrall'd Virginia's, virgin still to stand,  
On honours altar, offred up to fame,  
Forc'd for affection, by the fathers hand,  
Who chus'd no childe to have, ere one with shame,  
As courage, rage, and vertue did command:  
Syre, lover, luster, childe, whose part was chiefe,  
For kindenesse, madnesse, high disdaine, and grieve?

The Gentiles mindes with lofty fancies great,  
Though violent, and subject oft to change,  
They did encroach by strength on every state,  
Whil'st bent for conquest, glory, or revenge,  
Yet loath'd they gaines, which grew by base deceit,  
With *Spartans* onely stealing was not strange:  
But, though too sharpe their youth o're-look'd a  
space,  
All when surpris'd, were punish'd with disgrace.

Of sinnes discharg'd, though theft the least would  
seeme,  
Not against God, but men, scarce that indeed,  
Not life, nor honour, what they may redeeme,  
Perchance superfluous, and anothers need,  
Yet then to kill, scorne parents, lust, blaspheme,  
This both more danger, and disgrace doth breed:  
Ah earthly drosse, the greatest care imparts!  
Theeves, but mens goods, their goods doe steale  
their hearts.

Some Ethnickes were so farre from robbing ought,  
Or coveting what was anothers right,

That what they had by birth, by gift, or bought,  
 They spar'd to spend for pleasure as they might.  
 But (whil'st their lives were vertues mirrours thought)  
 They by rare temperance reach'd perfections height:  
     Whil'st bodies needs, mindes treasures they pursu'd,  
     They first themselves, and then the world subdu'd.

That famous *Thales*, one of seven, thought wise,  
 The golden badge who each to other gave,  
 When some him scorn'd, who riches did despise,  
 As what himselfe not able was to have,  
 His pregnant sprite new traffique did devise,  
 Which (when enrich'd) he straight, as loath'd, did leave:  
     To shew good wits, might such things quickly gaine,  
     But should their strength for greater treasures straine.

That city sack't, whereas his wealth was thought,  
 Then *Cræsus*, or then *Crassus* richer he,  
 Who said, when ask'd if he were rob'd of ought,  
 By one who purpos'd it restor'd should be,  
 Of fortunes some, of minde, he could rob nougnt,  
 My treasure where I goe is still with me:  
     Such goods indeed divine should wit bewitch,  
     Which (th' owners not more poore) make others rich.

The worlds great conquerour, conquer'd did remaine,  
 By him who was within his tub retir'd,  
 Since holding nougnt of him, as in disdaine,  
 To let the sunne shine free, who him requir'd;  
 Whil'st those about scarce could their wrath restraine,  
 The king cry'd out, as who his course admir'd:

If *Alexander* not, this so moves me,  
That I, no doubt, *Diogenes* would be.

This shew'd the greatnessse of that monarchs minde;  
They must be all philosophers or kings,  
Who would the world to serve their humour binde,  
So to contemne, or to command all things;  
As few the one, all may the other finde,  
And what first had the most contentment brings:  
Great conquests trouble, where contempt may please,  
The one yeelds glory, and the other ease.

Who *Greece* did grace, the best man whom she bred,  
To worke his friends content, his enemies harmes,  
Who made the *Thebans* of their neighbours dread,  
By active studies, philosophicke armes,  
Who left for children, conquests where he led,  
And dy'd victorious, compast with alarms:  
He was though still in charge, and honoured most,  
(As poore) when dead entomb'd at common cost.

O natures glory, fortunes Phoenix, stay!  
I must admire that which I seldom see,  
Though (when once rais'd) thy vertue might make  
way,  
How could'st thou, poore, grow great, great, not rich  
be?  
Heaven to the world this wonder would bewray,  
That poverty and greatnessse might agree:  
But though thy worth, the time, the state conspir'd,  
So poore a magistrate might be admir'd.

In trust with money, *Cato's* care was such,  
 That he himself, not onely did no wrong,  
 But in his shadow would let no man touch,  
 What any way did to the state belong;  
 This mans integrity renown'd so much,  
 Then *Cæsar* (as more just) esteem'd more strong:

It many thousands may one day accuse,  
 Who (questors) did their charge corruptly use.

*Romes* ancient consuls from the plough retir'd,  
 To fight great kings, and conquer forraine states,  
 In food and garments meane, for minde admir'd,  
 Did scorne gold offred, loath corruptions baits,  
 Where some (though knowing God) to wealth aspir'd,  
 By treason, usury, and all deceits:

If the first *Cato* doth in hell remaine,  
 He may be censor to appoint their paine.

Bloud was so odious in each Ethnickes sight,  
 That who did kill (as iuhumane) none lov'd,  
 Save when just warre, or law, whil'st ballanc'd right,  
 Did kindle courage, or the judgement mov'd;  
 The wise *Pericles*, though long great, he might  
 As foe, or judge, have fierce, or rigorous prov'd,  
 He bragg'd when dying, that in *Athens* towne,  
 None, by his meanes, had worne a mourning gowne.

Farre from tast-pleasing charmes which harme us must,  
 (So as more simple, I doe thinke lesse bad)  
 They who of soules did transmigrations trust,  
 All cruelty in such a horrour had,

That they would neither kill for sport, nor lust,  
What moov'd, or felt, for ought which suffred, sad :  
These who abhorr'd by death, to nurse their life,  
With Lewes who grudg'd for flesh, may stand in strife.

Milde lenity in *Siciles* tyrant shin'd,  
When one (though damn'd to dye) enlarg'd a space,  
If not returning at the time assign'd,  
Did binde a friend, his danger to embrace,  
And when come backe, with a most generous minde,  
He did redeeme his pledge, and urg'd his place :  
That man (though mercillesse), a pardon gave,  
And with such two, to be a third did crave.

As if that each mans griefe had beene his owne,  
Ones death to signe, scarce *Titus* could endure ;  
The like by *Nero* (but in shewe) was showne,  
A fatall warrant when one did procure,  
Who wish'd that letters he had never knowne,  
That, as his heart, his hand might have beene pure :  
Of meekenesse thus that monster did esteeme,  
“ No nature is so bad, but good would seeme.”

They who inrag'd did tyrannize in *Rome*,  
And all who from their mindes did pitty barre,  
With that black band in judgement once may come,  
Who call'd inquisitors tormentors are,  
And may in justice plead a milder doome,  
Nor these in cruelty who pass them farre ;  
Since then strange tortures which they frame of late,  
None us'd on th' earth, nor fain'd in hell more great.

Of Christians scandall, infamie of men,  
 You sheepe in shew, but ravenous wolves indeede,  
 Whilst vow'd religious, irreligious then,  
 Who fayne devotion whilst you mischiefe breed,  
 And doe detest the persecutions ten,  
 Yet by one endlesse doe them all exceede;  
 Who make religion as an art of evills,  
 A priviledge for men to turne quite devills.

You who (breath weigh'd as winde, and blood as dust)  
 Ambiguously æquivocating rave,  
 Who vent out faith to trafficke so for trust,  
 Glose on an oath, with warrant doe deceave,  
 Then you, earst Gentiles, Barbars now more just;  
 If lesse religion, yet more faith they have;  
 Marke what of theirs may once upbraid your shame,  
 Who have no sence of sinne, nor care of fame.

To those of *Athens* once a course propos'd,  
 Which (as he told who onely heard it nam'd)  
 Great profit might afford, but if disclos'd,  
 As monstrous was as any could be dream'd,  
 They (though a multitude) all well dispos'd,  
 Ere further known, that purpose quite disclaim'd;  
 What thing so worthie as would be defrai'd,  
 By honours losse to bitter tongues betraide?

That stout *Athenian* whom great *Xerxes* fought,  
 Who (twise deluded) had his death design'd,  
 And long the same would with great summes have  
     bought,  
 (His memory did so torment his mind,)

Yet came to him though warranted by nought  
Save that he thought a generous foe to find;  
Not like to them who from faith given have swerv'd,  
Who trusted him (though hated) he preserv'd.

Those two whose rigour first did *Rome* displease,  
Who long great captaines, last great tyrants grew,  
Whilst bent what way to murther with most ease,  
By papers one, by signes another slew;  
Of those one once, on whom foes sought to seaze,  
Fled to his rivall danger did eschew;  
And he though cruell, false, and his chiefe foe,  
Yet would when trusted, not take vengeance soe.

*Fabricius* did his enemy advise,  
That his phisitian poyson did intend,  
And with great scorne his judgement did despise,  
Who had foes just, a traytour to his friend;  
And this to doe nought else did him entise,  
But that no crime might his reproach pretend;  
This man all treason did abhorre soe much,  
That even suspition could his fame not touch.

*Romes* second founder, who *Gaules* rage did stay,  
When by assult, a citty bent to take,  
A schoole-master his students did betray,  
Their parents soe all supplicants to make;  
He who did loath to vanquish such a way,  
Him naked straight, them stor'd with rods, sent back,  
That they his stripes with interest might restore,  
All beating him, who did beate them before.

When *Zamaes* field had chang'd *Italian* fates,  
 Whilst there conferr'd (not fear'd to be deceav'd)  
 The two great leaders of the rivall states,  
 Of warres chiefe chiefes the *Carthaginian* crav'd,  
 He plac't himselfe next two of former dates,  
 Whilst though not nam'd, his foe more praise receav'd,  
 To whom he told if not o're-com'd by thee,  
 Then I had thought, my selfe first of the three.

A law too popular bent to have crost,  
 Whilst all the senate was conjur'd in one,  
 When *Marius* fail'd, in whom they trusted most,  
 That all with him from their first course were gone,  
 Then brave *Metellus* not his courage lost,  
 But us'de those words, not yeelding when alone,  
 "A pilots part in calmes can not be spi'd,  
 "In dangerous times true worth is onely tri'd."

To part the world those who did first agree,  
 When in his shippe for nought save feasting stor'd,  
 One offered was by seising upon three;  
 Of all their empires to bee onely lord;  
 But weighing duty in a high degree,  
 To stray from faith that infidell abhor'd;  
 And (though thus tempted) from his faith not fell;  
 In this, this *Pompey, Cæsar* did excell.

A number such as I have marked here,  
 Of vertue zealous, jealous of their fame,  
 Who held both faith, and mutuall duties deere,  
 Did treason loath, and all what fraude did frame,

At last in judgment boldly may compeere;  
Those who more knowledge had the more to blame,  
    What men did con'nant, what God did command,  
Both humane, divine, who brake every band.

He who chang'd natures course, did nations daunt,  
Who made great hostes to flie, the sunne to stay,  
He even to those whom purpos'd to supplant,  
Like to provoke who did him first betray,  
Did firmly keepe what he did rashly graunt:  
“ None can his owne, by others faults defray :  
    “ To violate an oath all should forbear,  
    “ And thinke (though not to whom) by whom they  
        swearre.”

O what great losse did Christians once receave!  
By *Ladislaus*, urg'd to be perjur'd,  
Whilst Turkes from Christ for vengeance due did  
    crave,  
Since he (by him prophan'd) had beene injur'd?  
Was he not false who freed one to deceave?  
But though his pardon, Gods was not procur'd;  
    “ Those who with strangers upright not remaine,  
    “ Do both themselves and their religion staine.”

Then shall the maske from monsters be remoov'd,  
Who keepe whilst cruell piety in show,  
And false to friends, to princes traitors prov'd,  
The bonds of nature (vipers vile) o'rethrow,  
With fire in darknesse ominously lov'd,  
Who (*Nero's* wish) would kill all with one blow;

Like rebels bent to cloake rebellion still,  
Who faining God to serve, his servants kill.

That which can reach to heaven, and God embrace,  
The soules chiefe treasure whilst kept free from  
staine,

On earth a vertue, and in heaven a grace,  
Which flow'd from God, we fixe on him againe,  
Religions oracle, the ground of peace,  
Which onely serves all trust to entertaine;  
“ If wanting faith, of good exhausted then,  
“ None can converse with God, nor yet with men.”

That pretious pledge, that voluntary band,  
Both heavenly, earthly, necessarily us'd,  
Which can the key of hearts, of heavens command,  
A beautious virgin, vile when once abus'd,  
Who prostituted now in every land,  
For feare of fraud, when offered, is refus'd,  
Since she corrupted serv'd to snare the just;  
Wrong'd confidence more harmes, then cold dis-  
trust.

Base avarice, matcht with ambition blind,  
(Faith forfeiting) have so ennobled art,  
That in this age the differing two might find,  
Fit cause for each of them to act his part,  
He who still laugh'd, yet nothing did allow,  
He who still weeping at each thing repin'd;

If th' one scorn'd folly, th' other evills would waile,  
For both of them fitt objects would not faile.

Ah save those two what can the world afford !  
One would still sway, the other sinke the mind,  
Yet who mockes all with most delight is stor'd,  
No moments pleasure can the other find ;  
Who laughes, he lives, as if of all things lord ;  
Who weepes, himselfe a slave to all doth bind ;  
    “ But follies all to miseries doe turne,  
    “ And he shall hence have joy, who heere doth  
        mourne.”

These Gentiles thus who great examples gave,  
And though not godly, given to vertue liv'd,  
Though aynd at oft, could not the centre have,  
Hoys'd all their sailes, but at no port arriv'd,  
Their deeds damne others, but themselves not save,  
For their owne glory, not for Gods, who striv'd ;  
    And (as they hop'd) the world did give them fame,  
    But since not sought, they can no further claime.

They who on earth did with great pleasure passe,  
That time and course which fates (they thought) de-  
creed,  
And when death did dissolve this mortall masse,  
Would guesse, or else dispute, what should succeed,  
Whil'st (as first shining) breaking last like glasse,  
If soules immortall were, they doubts did breed :  
    Yet by their fancies freed themselves from paines,  
    To walke with joy along' st th' Elysian plaines.

What cold amazement then their mindes confounds,  
Whil'st from his tombe each one astonish'd starts,

And heares strange trumpets (thundring forth dread sounds)

Cite naked bodies, yea with naked hearts,  
The flying serjeants circling flaming rounds,  
So to assemble people from all parts;

At that tribunall which with terrour shines,  
To give account of all their soules designes.

Yet when they heare who liv'd in light accus'd,  
Of crimes more odious then they did commit,  
And that their deeds, as arguments are us'd  
To damne them more, who worse did use their wit,  
In hope their ignorance should be excus'd,  
By that great Judge (who lightning flames) doth sit:

It seemes (whil'st this some comfort first implices)  
A little courage from despaire doth rise.

They by all shifts doe seeke themselves to cleare,  
Whom nought from errour offred to reclaime,  
Had we (say they) O Lord but chanc'd to heare,  
As *Ninive* a prophet in thy name,  
No doubt (disdaining what we hold most deare)  
Thy word had serv'd rules for our deeds to frame:  
As they with sack-cloth, humbled in the dust,  
We griev'd for sinne, had fix'd in thee our trust.

Of thee what people could more knowledge have,  
Then by thy selfe had at the first been showne?  
Who could give backe more then they did receive?  
Or honour thee whom they had never known?  
Ah how could we the light of nature leave,  
Or whil'st thy will was hid, but use our owne?

Shall we be judg'd by lawes, not given to us,  
What not commanded, violating thus?

That looke which can cure some, wound others too,  
As *Peters* comfort, doth breed their despaires;  
They finde that what their rebell syre did doe,  
Had forfeited himselfe, and all his heires,  
A prince when wrong'd should not vile traitours  
woe,  
But when entreated (hearkning to their cares)  
Is (if he grant of grace, that they may live)  
Milde if he doe forgive, just not to give.

Of our first father, of grosse earth the sonne,  
(Fruits of forbidden fruits which all concerne)  
As did the crime, the costly knowledge wonne,  
Went to his race, which without booke all learne,  
So that thenceforth bright wisdome was begunne,  
Which of all things with judgement might discerne,  
And (rotten branches of a poison'd root)  
Each soule doth hatch some seeds of that blacke  
fruit.

The fatall heires of knowing ill and good,  
Ere statutes grav'd in stone were set in sight,  
How God was pleas'd, or griev'd, they understood,  
As the first errorr did direct them right,  
So that all those who were before the floud,  
Were damn'd, or sav'd, judg'd by innated light:  
That science rob'd, which natures law did prove,  
Of ignorance all colour did remove.

O! how the Ethnickes then with grievous moanes,  
For desp'rate anguish roaring horrour howle  
A heavy murmur with rebounding groanes,  
Doth breath abroad the burthen of each soule ;  
Some who of late had been enstall'd in thrones,  
Are then abhorrd, as stygian monsters foule :

O what strange change is at an instant wrought!  
Most wretched they, who had been happy thought.





## DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The sixth Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Some who themselves prophanelly did defile,  
And gave to creatures what to God was due;  
Some whom with bloud, ambition did beguile,  
Who honour sought where horrour did ensue,  
Doe here with witches meet, and strangely vile,  
Some parricides and traitours in a crue,  
Who wanting all that unto grace belong'd,  
Most vainely God, man violently wrong'd.*

Some who below with pomp their progresse past,  
Of what they once claim'd all, no part possesse;  
Who (scarce confin'd by all this compasse vast)  
As straited, strugling for more roome did presse,  
They now not strive for state, all would be last,  
By ruine levell'd, equall in distresse:  
Who usher'd oft with guards, did gorgeous stand,  
Are (naked now) throng'd in a vulgar band.

Two troupes great terroure cannot be conceiv'd,  
Which (as in sinne) in judgement joyn'd remaine;  
In image this, in essence that God brav'd,  
His honour given away, his servants slaine;  
Th' one (furious) rag'd, and th' other (foolish) rav'd,  
Prophanely cruell, cruelly prophane:

None thought in all so many to have seene,  
As murth'rers and idolaters have beene.

Of monstrous bands, I know not whom to name,  
For labours past, who then receive their wage,  
As stain'd with bloud, or wrapt in guilty shame,  
Whil'st loos'd in lust, or bended up by rage,  
Not knowne to me by sight, no, not by fame,  
There numbers come, drawne out of every age:

Yet some most eminent may be exprest,  
To make the world conjecture of the rest.

I see that churle (a godly stockes first staine)  
Whose avarice no limits had allow'd,  
His daughters bawd, both prostitute for gaine,  
To coosned *Jacob* sold, but not endow'd;  
He, though with him Gods prophet did remaine,  
Who to dumb blockes abominably bow'd:  
Shall then behold his throne with state erect'd,  
Whom all his race had serv'd, and he neglect'd.

Those with long lives in contemplation still,  
Who first did study starres, and measure heaven,  
As of some learning, authors of much ill,  
On natures course to dote, too fondly given,

From whom he fled (as was his fathers will)  
Whose faith (a patterne) th' earth could never eaven:  
    Not that he fear'd by them, infect'd to be,  
    No, no, he loath'd what God dislik't to see.

These curious braines that search'd heavens hidden  
    store,  
(Superiour powers for strange effects admir'd)  
For the Creator, creatures did adore,  
And in all formes, as fancies fits inspir'd;  
A trembling troupe they now howle-howling roare,  
All that abhor'd to which they once aspir'd:  
    And idols which for them no voice could use,  
    Though powerlesse then, have power now to accuse.

That land voluptuous, which had beene so long,  
By different soveraignes absolutely sway'd,  
Yeelds dolorous troupes which durst to God doe  
    wrong,  
And more then him their follies dreames obey'd,  
In true worth faint, in superstition strong,  
Who bow'd to basenesse, and to weakenesse pray'd:  
    Who to vile creatures, deities did allow,  
    A crocodile ador'd, an oxe, a cow.

These who by habite, Hebrew-haters grew,  
And with his arke durst God in triumph leade,  
Who them when victors captive did subue,  
In *Gath*, and *Ashdod*, thousands falling dead,  
Their abject idole damnes that heathnish crue,  
Who falne before Gods tent, low homage made:

Where, then that blocke, more blockish they remain'd,  
 The place ador'd, which his crush'd carcasse stain'd.

There are *Bells* priests who for themselves to shift,  
 Would needs their god a monstrous glutton prove,  
 Till *Daniel* did disclose their fraudfull drift,  
 And (as his bargaine was) did them remove,  
 Then, these for God who did a dragon lift,  
 Which without force he forc'd, such to disprove ;  
 And many thousands bursting forth deepe groanes,  
 Who prostituted soules to stockes and stones.

What millions, loe, pale, quaking, cry despair'd,  
 Which always sinn'd, yet never mercy claim'd,  
 And whilst that they for heavens great God not car'd,  
 Did dote on that which they themselves had fram'd,  
 By *Dagon*, *Baal*, and *Ashtaroth* snar'd,  
 By *Milcom*, *Molech*, *Nisroch* deities dream'd ;  
 Which could not raise themselves when once they  
 fell,  
 Yet could who them ador'd cast down to hell.

There stand two soveraignes of the worlds first state ;  
 The first is he who so prophanelly rail'd,  
 Whose host an angell plagu'd with slaughter great,  
 Till forc'd to flie, his high designes all fail'd,  
 Loath'd as a monster ; safe in no retreat,  
 Not altars right, nor fathers name avail'd ;  
 But by his sonnes, before his god, kill'd there,  
 Idolatry and blood both venged were.

The next is he who that huge statue fram'd,  
To be ador'd at every trumpets sound,  
To whom the prophet twise told what he dream'd,  
First of great empires, last what would confound,  
Who with a haughty heart (fond foole) proclaim'd,  
Is not this *Babel*, which my hands did found?

Then did abash'd with beastes a beaste abide,  
Type of Gods judgements, spectacle of pride.

What mighty monarchs follow after those,  
With whom lights throne so great regard had wonne,  
That of their empire purpos'd to dispose,  
All met before daies progresse was begunne,  
Then vow'd their judgements should on him repose,  
Whose coursers ney did first salute the sunne;

A gallant coosnage, one the crowne did gaine,  
Whose horse, or foote-groome, had more right to  
raigne.

The Greekes, though subtle, raving in this sort,  
With idoles earst defil'd, were last o'rethrowne;  
From their high wittes bright nature did extort,  
That some great god rul'd all things as his own;  
Yea, some farre gone (though of the end still short)  
Rais'd altars up unto a god unknown;

Yet by the multitude their state was borne,  
Though those dumbe deities some durst clearely  
scorne.

One, who not fear'd that they themselves could venge,  
Once with such taunts, as none but blockes could  
beare,

With *Joves* of gold, his cloake of cloth did change,  
 For winter warme, for summer light to weare,  
 Then since his sire had none, as in him strange,  
 From *Æsculapius* his long beard did teare;  
 Thus he himselfe with spoiles of gods did fraught,  
 They impotent, he impudent, both naught.

What thinke those senatours when Christ they see,  
 Who whilst inform'd what fame of him was runne;  
 Of mortall ends that from suspition free,  
 He by great wonders confidence had wonne;  
 Since they to him no temples would decree,  
 Whose God-head without them had beene begunne;  
 O how they quake that he their course must try,  
 Whose deity they did trust, yet durst deny!

*Rome* coin'd (heavens rivall) deities as thought best,  
 And temples did, (as judge of gods) allow,  
 To fortune one; by fortune all the rest,  
 For flattery, bravery, or a doubtfull vow;  
 What thing esteem'd had not some altar dress'd,  
 Save fatall money which made all to bow?  
 But (still dissemlers) they the truth abhorrd,  
 It (though no god profess'd) was most ador'd.

March forth you gallants greedy of respect,  
 Who did not rightly wooe, but ravish fame,  
 (Though seeming vertuous) vicious in effect,  
 To court fraile echoes of a dying name,  
 And ere the world such errors could detect,  
 Though thrown in hell, did heavenly honours clame,

Marke what vaine pompes and deities do availe,  
Which first your selves, then thousands made to  
faile.

You, who of old did *Candies* king adore,  
As who might all the hosts of heaven command,  
Where millions now upbraiding him do roare,  
Loe, how the naked wretch doth quivering stand,  
(Then all the rest condemn'd for mischiefe more)  
Whil'st thought heavens God, hels guide in every  
land,  
He fathers state, and sisters shame did reave,  
A parricide, incestuous, lusts vile slave.

Loe, his adultrous brood, *Amphitrio's* scorne,  
Right fathers heire, ador'd for doing ill,  
Whose fame, by fabulous deeds, aloft was borne,  
Yet by great robber, did lesse robbers kill,  
Till by a poyson'd shirt, last justly torne,  
As whil'st alive by lusts vile harpies still:  
Now he who once was fain'd to force the hell,  
There damn'd to darknesse may for ever dwell.

He trembleth now who spurning still at peace,  
With brags, the ayre, with blows did beat the ground,  
And she with whom whil'st bent to sport a space,  
He who brav'd others did lye basely bound;  
Then that lame dolt who prov'd his owne disgrace,  
With him (their like) by whom the fraud was found.

What godly gods? what worth with titles even,  
Thus seeking hell, to stumble upon heaven.

These do not scape who first for vertue knowne,  
Rais'd from *Loves* thigh, or head, dress'd wines, and  
oyles,

Nor she by whom for food first corne was sown,  
To furnish fields with autumns pretious spoils,  
Nor none of them by whom prais'd arts were shown,  
To barre vice-breeding sloth by needfull toils :

Since they usurp'd what did to God belong,  
And were, whil'st doing right, intending wrong.

Not onely *Gentiles* who prophanelly rav'd,  
Do now curse those by whom they were beguil'd,  
And *Indes* new world, ere borne, in sinne conceiv'd,  
From whom the light of God was farre exil'd,  
But even these *Jews* whose soules the truth perceiv'd,  
(With spirituall whoredome publickly defil'd)

They who ingrate, great benefits abus'd,  
Loe, quite confounded, can not be excus'd.

O wretched troupe which did so grosly stray,  
When God with you (as friends) did freely treat,  
Who even whil'st *Moses* in ambassage lay,  
In place of him a senselesse calfe did seat ;  
This, what you parting robb'd, did thus repay,  
When turn'd to such an use, as *Ægypt*s fate ;

Were his great works forgot who did you leade,  
And you such fools to trust in what you made ?

Next them stand these when in *Canaan* plac'd,  
And all perform'd what promis'd was before ;  
Who their appointed way no longer trac'd,  
Gods law, and wonders, not remembred more,

Who barbarous customes where they came embrac'd,  
And did the idols of the land adore,  
Yea, whil'st set free, when God had heard them  
mourne,  
Who to their vomit did like dogges returne.

The *Jews* first king, first mark'd who did begin,  
By loath'd selfe-slaughter to prevent world's shame;  
Though glory glos'd upon a ground of sinne,  
Whil'st *Gentiles* sought to justifie their fame,  
Feare but prevayl'd where courage came not in;  
They weaknesse shew, did of true worth but dreame:  
*Saul's* end for soules is the most dangerous crime,  
Which for repentance doth not leave a time.

From seeking asses he was rais'd to raigne,  
And when enstall'd soone forfeited his right;  
Once prophecied amongst the prophets traine,  
Then hunted was with sprits which loath'd the light;  
Spar'd heathnish *Agag* whom he should have slaine,  
And kill'd Gods priests, though precious in his sight;  
He ever abject was, or did insult,  
Did first with God, last with the devill consult.

He who made *Israel* sinne, forc'd, and entis'd,  
O what huge anguish in his soule doth sit!  
Who with religion policy disguis'd,  
In heavenly things of too much worldly wit,  
Whose hand stretch'd forth to strike, even then surpris'd,  
Was hurt, and heal'd, by him whom bent to hit:

The altar rent, as was his heart with feares,  
The ashes falne, as should have done his teares.

Vp hatefull *Achab*, horrour of thy race,  
Whose heart, then hands durst do, more mischiefe  
thought,  
When quaking to behold *Christs* flaming face,  
The cheape vine-garden shall be dearly bought;  
O bitter grapes, hard to digest, on grace,  
When thy tumultuous minde to light is brought;  
And for his cause whose life thou thus did'st  
reave,  
Dogges did thy bloud, devils do thy soule receave.

You sisters faire whom God did love so much,  
Both basely humbled did dishonour'd range;  
He (abject rivals) jealous made of such,  
Whose vilenesse did exmpt them from revenge:  
Mouth dumbe, eares deafe, eyes blind, hands could  
not touch,  
What monstrous madnesse could procure this change?  
Law, wonders, prophets, promise, nought could  
move,  
For infinite deserts, a gratefull love.

Some kings of *Iuda* idols did imbrace,  
As he whose sonne through fire polluted went,  
That hatefull *Ahaz*, *Achabs* steps did trace,  
Next whom one more did sinne, but did repent;  
And one before link'd with the loathsome race,  
With him did perish, whom to follow bent.

"From them who make bad leagues the Lord removes,"  
And often-times the friendship fatall proves.

Of *Israels* monarchs to worke mischiefe sold,  
When nearly mark'd I scarce misse any one,  
Save it be *Iehu* killing (as God would)  
His hated rivals to attaine a throne,  
Who (though the course of *Dan* was not controul'd)  
Of foure heires crown'd succeeded was when gone:  
The rest with idols filthily defil'd,  
Do finde how farre their judgement was beguil'd.

With *Ahab* match'd as fit to be his mate,  
He stands, who both Gods grace, mens love abus'd,  
Who to be worse then worst did prove ingrate,  
More evill then all whom God before refus'd :  
His feare (as fault) not comes in my conceit ;  
When justly thus by Gods great priest accus'd,  
Was this (vile monster) a reward to me ?  
And couldst thou kill his sonne who did save thee ?

With these now nam'd of idoll-serving bands,  
What number loe (time past) their folly findes ?  
Some dead, some yet alive, whom in all lands,  
Opinion clouds, or ignorance quite blindes ;  
Whilst humbled to the worke of mortall hands,  
Some simplie trust, some would comment their  
mindes :

But that command beares no exception now,  
Which before images discharg'd to bow.

O what dread troupe doth with strange aspects rise !  
 I think their eyes flame fire, their hands drop blood :  
 Those whose proud hearts did all the world despise,  
 That at their power abus'd astonish'd stood,  
 Did murther, robbery, sacrilege disguise,  
 With shows of valour, which their brags made good :  
 Where is that courage vaunted of so oft ?  
 Whil'st crush'd with fears they dare not look aloft.

When as Gods sonnes did with mens daughters lye,  
 Of the first world behold a bloudy traine ;  
 But chiefly two most eminent I spie,  
 A barbarous murtherer, and a bragger vain :  
 He who to God durst with disdaine reply,  
 When for his brother ask'd (whom he had slain)  
 Am I his keeper ? and I think he thought  
 Take up his offering, help'd thy favour ought ?

This moth of minds, base spite, selfe-torturing gall,  
 Made devils to lose what he them once had given,  
 Then bent to be like God made man to fall,  
 Himselfe from *Eden*, and his sonne from heaven,  
 To which all children still by nature thrall,  
 (Though for their harme) with others would be even :  
 A childish vice which onely weaknesse beares,  
 " One what he wants, in others hates, or feares."

With him who first confusion did conspire,  
 The swaggerers patron next in ranke is rang'd,  
 If seven-fold vengeance *Cain* did require,  
 Times seventy seven who vow'd to be reveng'd ;

And told his wives that (insolent in ire)  
He wounds for words, and death for wounds exchang'd.  
But who thus rioting did burden eares,  
(With terror freez'd) is all benumm'd with fears.

That hairy hunter given to sport with blond,  
Ere borne contentious, in the wombe prophane,  
Who (as estrang'd from knowing what was good)  
His birth-right sold, some pottage so to gaine:  
Who further likewise gave, allur'd by food,  
That which once scorn'd, was after beg'd in vaine:  
This man still foolish findes his fault too late,  
Whil'st being nam'd with them whom God doth  
hate.

These mighty monarchs whom rash fame call'd great,  
Who once (worlds idols) thousands made to bow,  
Whil'st gorgeous courts with a prodigious state,  
Too superstitiously did pompe allow;  
O how farre chang'd! from what they were of late,  
Them who brav'd hosts, a look makes tremble now;  
Quench'd are these fires which once their breasts  
did burne,  
And majesty to misery doth turne.

There he whom first a diademe did fraught,  
That famous hunter founding *Ashurs* throne,  
Whose sport was glory, when he kingdomes caught,  
The hounds halfe-men whose liberty was gone:  
Worlds first example, who by practise taught,  
That many thousands might be rul'd by one.

With terrour numbers *Nimrods* name did strike,  
When thundring down all where he went alike.

Next comes his heire who first by right did claime,  
That which anothers violence did take,  
Yet then the father worthy of more blame,  
Who bondage would hereditary make;  
And to great *Niniveh* did give the name,  
Which turn'd Gods threatening by repentance back.

Lord where no right was, where just Lord a slave,  
Who suffred ruine by the power he gave.

With prais'd *Sesostris* whom vaine pride did snare,  
Despis'd *Pelusium* yeelds a bloudy band,  
What *Pharoes*, *Ptolomies* and *Sultanes* there,  
(Though once thought terrible) do trembling stand?  
And well it seemes that valour then was rare,  
When easie conquest grac'd so soft a land.

What seem'd their glory then, doth prove their shame,  
Who quench'd with bloud what kindled was for  
fame.

O! what sterne troupes I with *Vexores* see,  
Whose courage was not (like their climate) cold,  
But bent themselves extreamely to be free,  
Oft by their strength encroaching states control'd;  
Of barbarous squadrons monstrous numbers be,  
Who did great acts which fame doth not unfold,  
O! had they had as happy pennes as swords,  
How many might have match'd with *Romes* chief  
lords?

To daunt the *Medes* that prince who first aspir'd,  
Where wading long, at last was drown'd in bloud;  
One fondly charg'd, and with disgrace retir'd,  
Where losse did harme, to gaine had done no good;  
And he who *Attick* figges to have acquir'd,  
Would tosse a hill, force winde, drink up a flood;  
With those stand stayn'd with bloud all *Persia's* kings,  
Save some to follow lust who left all things.

What quaking squadrons do together throng,  
Whom (arts great nursery) pregnant *Greece*, brought  
forth,  
Whose fame their funerals doth survive so long,  
First sounded south, still echo'd in the north,  
Whom flattering pennes did praise for doing wrong,  
Whil'st mindes abus'd did dote on shows of worth:  
Who thought grave pride a modest minde disclos'd,  
And valour vertue, though to ill dispos'd.

Learn'd *Athens* founder, fabulously great,  
(Both sexes slaughtered) gain'd a glorious name,  
And by much mischiefe mounting up a state,  
Did drinke of death, whil'st thirsting but for fame;  
Some virgins gain'd by force, some by deceit,  
The devill scarce scap'd from his adulterous ayme,  
Who by vile murther, rapes, and fraud made  
knowne,  
Broke first his fathers necke, and then his owne.

These of their times who were esteem'd the best,  
And with strict laws did what they pleas'd allow,

*Licurgus, Minos, Solon, and the rest,*  
 Then all their mates, more paine attends them now,  
 Who heavenly wits to worldly wayes did wrest,  
 And but to nature, not to God did bow;  
 They (save politick) all religion scorn'd,  
 And what they fain'd (as com'd from God) adorn'd.

Two who agreed to enterchange their raigne,  
 With griev'd *Adrastus* mutually do mone,  
 Who forty nine alone (one fled) had slaine,  
 He dare not now behold the face of one;  
 Where is that valour vaunted of in vaine,  
 By that great bragger at the *Argive* throne?  
 Whil'st quite confounded these do quivering stand,  
 The cruell *Creon* last comes to their band.

What then avails (though prais'd so much of late)  
 When neere swolne *Ilion* death threw famous darts;  
 Old *Priams* pompe, proud *Agamemnons* state,  
*Achilles* swift foot; *Hectors* hand, and heart,  
*Vlysses* shifts, the valour of his mate,  
 Old *Nestors* speech, or *Ajax* his mad part:  
 All vagabonds, or violently dy'd,  
 And what did manhood seeme, is murther try'd.

Then yeelds that towne which laws whil'st kept did save,  
 The crafty *Ephor*, and the halting king;  
 One captaine greedy, two that were too brave,  
 Whom famous ruines both to death did bring;  
 Last him who place to none in courage gave,  
 From whom when dead a serpent forth did spring.

Who to strict laws love out of time had shoune,  
And offered freedome where it was not knowne.

From *Pallas* towne there flows a famous brood,  
Who first foil'd *Persians*, with his gallant sonne;  
He who by stratagems victorious stood,  
And he whose gravenesse great regard had wonne;  
He who both eminent in ill, and good,  
All fortunes wayes had resolutely runne:  
With numbers more whom former glory grieves,  
And then from shame, nor paine, them not re-  
lieves.

Few *Thebes* gives that were renown'd in armes,  
Two fain'd great gods, two found great friends I see;  
Then, that *Corinthian* bent for tyrants harmes,  
Who kill'd his brother, *Syracuse* set free;  
Who brav'd *Romes* consul famous for alarmes;  
Last *Grecian* great-man rank'd in this degree:  
Who for some drudge when farre mistaken said,  
He for deformity a pittance paid.

Neare those great *Greeks* their neighbour doth arise,  
First forraine prince who them to bondage brought,  
Who did great things, but did farre more devise,  
And laid the ground where the great builder wrought:  
Yet was much taxed by that age precise,  
For faults which moderne times not strange have  
thought;  
That mightie father farre more fame had wonne,  
If not but *Vsher* to so great a sonne.

He who in one all kingdomes would combine,  
 And more perform'd then others dar'd to vaunt,  
 Who wish'd more worlds, whom this could not confine,  
 Whose fulnesse famine, wealth gave sense of want;  
 With fortune drunk (not as was thought with wine)  
 Who all without him, nought within did daunt:

Who, from so many life and state did take,  
 O what large count must that great monarch make!

By *Persias* fall who did his empire found,  
 Is back'd by them whom he with fame did place,  
 One kill'd in *Ægypt*, and another crown'd,  
 Whose following heires were compass'd with disgrace,  
 And all the rest for mischiefe most renown'd,  
 In *Greece* or *Syria* who did raise their race.

Whose Lord (made childlesse) prov'd a stocke of  
 kings,  
 Of whom when dead each feather turn'd to wings.

Next *Macedons*, *Epirus* prince doth come,  
 Whose state so oft at fortunes dice was throwne,  
 Who but *Levinius*, did not *Rome* o're-come,  
 And onely was by victory o're-throwne;  
 How *Alexander* might have match'd with *Rome*,  
 By whom (a sparke falne from his power) was shown:

To whom he shew whose tongue such wonders  
 wrought,  
 That ease with ease which with such toile he sought.

O what huge troupe of *Tibers* brood I see,  
 Whose glory shame, whose conquest proves no gaine;

Who were thought happie, then most wretched be,  
And wish for flight their *Eagles* wings in vaine;  
A smoking dungeon heavens for all decree,  
At severall times whom th' earth could not containe;  
With shadows clad they in strict bounds do dwell,  
Who spoil'd the world, scorn'd heavens, and conquer'd hell.

There *Romes* first king his deitie dearely buies,  
Who bred with wolves did leave a ravenous broode;  
And he for peace who coin'd religious lies,  
His forg'd devotion now can doe no good;  
This judgement straight those haughty princes tries,  
Who famishing for fame, were drunk with blood;  
Till bended pride long procreating hate,  
Last, loos'd in lust, did alter all the state.

Of *Rome* (when free) whom fame from death redeemes,  
The worldly worth what volume could record?  
Huge *Livies* worke imaginary seemes,  
An epick poem with perfection stor'd,  
Where numbers are whose parts time more esteemes,  
Then all whom poets pennes with dreames decor'd,  
But though quick nature quint-essenc'd the mind,  
The soules, in senses wrapt, continued blind.

He who alone did brave the *Thuscan* band  
On *Tibers* bridge, and did the towne maintaine;  
Five kill'd, *Romes* champion, who did onely stand,  
Till sisters slaughter did his triumph staine;

In raging flames, who freely rush'd his hand,  
 Which for the chiefe had but a second slaine;  
 Where (*Fabians*) force you me? and *Scipio's* brave?  
 What famous families remembrance crave?

These two when barr'd from hope of lifes delights,  
 The sire, and sonne, whom no man else would even,  
 In fearefull formes, who with prodigious rites,  
 Mens horrour here (how monstrous then to heaven?)  
 Where fatall offerings to th' infernall sprites,  
 With soule and bodie prodigally given:  
 Though once much prais'd, all now their folly tell,  
 Who hurl'd of purpose headlong unto hell.

Now *Pompeies* triumphes more torment his minde,  
 Then when *Pharsalia* crush'd him with despaires;  
 That æmulous old man (*Parthia's* prey) did finde,  
 With avarice ambition hardly shares;  
 First, to fierce warre, last, to soft ease inclin'd,  
*Lucullus* here for both condemn'd repaires;  
 That *Triumvir* stands with this troupe annoid,  
 Who first the state, and then himselfe destroïd.

*Rome* many had who made her empire great,  
 Whilst they but praise, and statues striv'd to gaine,  
 Two *Cato's* onely studied for'the state,  
 And with strict lawes would liberty retaine;  
 But when expir'd to prorogate her date,  
 Two *Brutes* more brave her ruines would maintaine;  
 Yet were their aimes and ends in th' end not eaven,  
 Whose glory was their god, and *Rome* their heaven.

Thou whose high heart boil'd in ambition soe,  
(As pride had thee) to have the world surpris'd,  
Who weigh'd but whither, not what way to goe,  
(What ow'd to frends, or state, all bands despis'd)  
Where bound ingrate, not francke but to thy foe,  
The first of th' emperors, and then all more pris'd;  
Thou for thy faults not onely charg'd may be,  
But for all theirs who had their power from thee.

His heire (lesse stout, more strong) the way prepar'd,  
What this man courted, bravely to embrace,  
Tooke from these two with whom the world was shar'd,  
By fraud the ones, by force the others place,  
Yet was (high hope must some way be impair'd)  
Infortunate in family, and race;  
How could his state, and wife, in peace be left,  
Since from just owners both before were reft?

Then *Varro's* losse, or *Julia's* fame forlorne,  
A greater grieve doth racke his guilty minde;  
That deep dissemler fomie *Capreas* scorne,  
(His heart pour'd forth) must now unmask his minde;  
That cruell prince who in the camp was borne,  
A servant good, a master bad designed;  
The stupid dolt drawn by the heeles to raigne,  
Their pleasure past all must repay with paine.

Though once too fierce, O how that squadron faints!  
(Which make heart's quake, and haires for horrour rise)  
Who durst prophanelly persecute Gods saints,  
With greater paines then paper can comprise,

Who not regarding groanes, nor just complaints,  
(More hard than flint) all pitty did despise ;  
They now in vaine from Christ compassion claime,  
Whom in his members they so oft did maime.

Unnaturall *Nero*, monster more then strange,  
With-all to rage, who reasons reynes resign'd,  
And through the world, as wolves for bloud did range,  
As sakelesse soules by them, they now are pin'd,  
That brave man scapes not, who did something  
change,  
When *Plinies* letters mollified his minde :  
Those ten whom nought can cleare, no, not excuse,  
Of martyrs millions cheerfully accuse.

There throng great emperours, peoples idols once,  
All bright with steele, whom armies did attend,  
Whil'st ancient kings fell downe before their thrones,  
That them as vassals they would but defend ;  
Soules shak'd (brests earth-quakes) do rebound with  
groans,  
Whil'st grieve doth breake what pride so long did  
bend :  
Who judging kings, gave lawes to every land,  
Poore, naked, base, in judgement trembling stand.

Ere through twelve roomes the sunne had run his  
race,  
Three quickly rais'd, and ruin'd, did remaine,  
(That to the grave he might not goe in peace)  
A wretched old man forc'd by fates to raigne ;

Who liv'd too soft, did stoutly death embrace,  
That damnes him most, which greatest praise did gaine :  
Then he who had no sense, save onely taste,  
By chance an emperour, should have beene a beast.

He who the state when thus distress'd, restor'd,  
Whom first for emperour, easterne parts did know,  
The best and worst that nature could afford,  
Whose sonnes (farre differing) at the height did show,  
And these whose raignes, adoptions course decor'd,  
Who all to worth, would fortune nothing owe,  
Till unto him, whose vertue fame had wonne,  
A serpent-wife did beare a tigrish sonne.

When once of state that mystery was knowne,  
How emperours might for private mens regards,  
Be made abroad, the senates will not shown,  
By forraine armies, or Prætorian guards,  
Then (worth not weigh'd) all order quite o'rethrown,  
The world was bought with promised rewards :  
Such bent to please, or (scorn'd) to fury mov'd,  
They slavish still, or then tyrannicke prov'd.

Yet from that height of foule confusions rage,  
When every province, emperours did proclaime,  
Some raign'd, whose acts of state did grace the stage,  
By rebels ruines, strangers put to shame,  
Which might have match'd the best of any age,  
If they had beene as fortunate to fame :

But barbarous times for great things grosly touch,  
*Aurelian, Claudius, Probus*, and some such.

Huge numbers now my wandring thoughts amaze,  
 Of barbarous parts which did for state contest;  
*Romes* greatest rivall, sunne-parch'd peoples praise,  
 The reall rare bird, fables all the rest,  
 Which to fames zenith did her glory raise,  
 Then fell in ashes, none, when not the best:

That haughty towne, whose worth her foe preferres,  
 She *Africkes Phoenix, Hannibal* was hers.

He whom oft victor Roman troupes did see,  
 Whose campe of many sorts still calme did prove,  
 The worlds third captaine, scarce scap'd first to be,  
 Men, cities, Alpes, all opposites above,  
 (When *Carthage* rendred, onely living free)  
 To warre for him, who did great monarchs move:  
 He whil'st alive, though banish'd, poore and old,  
 Still jealous *Rome* in feare of him did hold.

That queene of nations, absolutely great,  
 When crush'd by those whom she so oft did wound,  
 Though she deserv'd what could be hatch'd by hate,  
 Yet these rude bands which did her pride confound,  
 Like tempests still encroaching on each state,  
 Till *Europes* beauties all in bloud were drown'd:  
 As actors first shall suffer once in ire,  
 Like unregarded rods thrown in the fire.

*Romes* emulous sister, easterne empires height,  
 Who did by parting dissipate her power,  
 (Though Christians call'd) barbarians brings to light,  
 Whose lust to raigne did all things else devoure,

Who others oft (all dayes to them turn'd night)  
When eyelesse made, entomb'd within a tower:  
Bloud, friendship, duty wrong'd, with shamefull  
wounds,  
Who plagu'd with darknesse, darknesse them con-  
founds.

That stately towne selected to command,  
To scepters happy, great against her will,  
Who (though the emperour fell) did empresse stand,  
Divorc'd, not widow'd, match'd with monarchs still,  
She renders, joyn'd, a sometime differing band,  
Of Ethnickes, Christians, Turkes, all damn'd for ill:  
Huge is the troupe which doth from that part, part,  
No turban hides the head, nor art the heart.

A savage troupe, the divels in order range,  
Which lavish of mens lives their ends to gaine,  
As natures bastards, quite from kinde to change,  
Had (for first act of state) their brethren slaine,  
That after it no murther might seeme strange;  
An ominous entry to a bloody raigne:  
And well it may be said, he much commands,  
Who, when he likes, mens lives, and still their lands.

That Turke who boldly past the bordering floud,  
In *Adrians* towne a barbarous throne to raise,  
He brings a band of *Ottomans* sterne brood,  
Yet yeelds to one, who did the world amaze,  
Whil'st in *Bizantium* he victorious stood,  
And Roman power did absolutely raze:

For soules, and bodies, mischieves worst to frame,  
Curs'd Mahomet, damn'd be that fatall name.

Proud *Selimus*, who with a monstrous spleene,  
Thy fathers ruine labour'dst long to worke,  
And gladly would'st a parricide have beene,  
A tyrant, I, what can be worse? a Turke,  
Though once ostentive, curious to be seene,  
Thou in some corner now would'st wish to lurke:  
    The Soldan slayne, and Mamaluckles o'rethrown,  
    Who then sought'st all, thou now art not thine own.

*Rhodes* conquer'd quite, all *Hungarie* o're-runne,  
He, who caus'd place upon *Vienna's* height  
His gaping moone, not fill'd with kingdomes wonne,  
Though but a badge of change, portending night,  
Lest Europe's empire had a hazard runne,  
When two great armies were afraid to fight:  
    Great *Soliman*, sole-man by Turkes thought still,  
    Whom could he spare, who his own sonne did kill?

'Twixt Turkes and Christians now no trumpets sound,  
(Their warres of late transferr'd to other lands;)  
The Persian doth the Turkish conquest bound,  
Of too much weight, and borne with borrow'd hands,  
Which their supporters threaten to confound:  
As Mamaluckles, and the Praetorian bands,  
    Did *Egypt's* prince, and *Romes*, chuse in times past,  
    The Ianisaries may make Turkes at last.

Of cold Muscovians, and of scorched Mores,  
From differing tropickes now the troupes are great;

That stout Numidian (*Scipio's friend*) deplores  
That long he liv'd, and yet had learn'd too late;  
Fierce *Saladine* whose fame each story stores,  
Whose fatal badge upbraids each mortals state,  
    That Sultane, loe, doth lead a tawny trayne,  
    Who *Iuda* spoil'd, bragg'd *France*, and conquer'd  
    *Spaine*.

With men whose fame was registered with bloud,  
Who from true worth to reach vaine dreames enclin'd,  
Some women come who had (made milde, grown  
    rude)  
A female face, too masculine a minde,  
Who though first fram'd to propagate mens brood,  
(From nature stray'd) toyld to destroy their kinde:  
    By differing meanes both sexes grace their state,  
    I scorne mens coynesse, womens stoutnesse hate.

There *Ashurs* empresse, who disguis'd did raigne,  
Till (as by her his syre) slaine by her sonne;  
The Scythian queene who scoff'd with high disdaine,  
At *Cyrus* head, when toss'd within a tunne:  
She who by emperours spoiles did glory gaine,  
*Zenobia* chast, who did no danger shunne:  
    That which they bragg'd of once, they now bemone,  
    The Amazons all tremble at this throne.

There quaking squadrons (press'd with feares) con-  
veene,  
Who monsters of their sexe, to nature strange,  
In warre not onely violent were seene,

Whil'st spurr'd by hate, ambition, or revenge,  
But brigants fierce, and homicides have beene,  
Even where most bound to love, when bent to change:

Such when once stray'd in mischiefs depth they  
dive,

What thing so bad which they dare not contrive?

With aspects fierce, O what a cruell crew!  
Milde natures horrour, worse then can be deem'd,  
Who barbarous, yea, abhominable grew,  
And wrought their wreake whom they should have  
redeem'd,

Who with kinde bloud, did unkinde hands imbrue,  
For vile revenges, monsters mad esteem'd:

Whose rage did reach to such a height of evils,  
That humane malice did exceed the divels.

There *Media's* monarch, ruine of the state,  
Whose nephewes saver when for death forth borne,  
Had for reward from him, his sonne for meat,  
And (that his soule might be in pieces torne)  
The head was brought while he the rest did eate,  
A high disdaine, dissolv'd in bitter scorne:

Who can but thinke what grieve he did conceive,  
Sonnes murtherer, mourner, bearer, beere, and  
grave.

Then he whose part oft *Athens* stage did tell,  
Who by his brother drest like food did finde,  
Whil'st boyling rage (pent up) last high did swell,  
And bursted out in a most barbarous kinde;

Though both (not jealous) may inhabite hell,  
Yet vengeance still doth so possesse his minde :

That, if of ease he any thought attaines,  
It onely is to see his brothers paines.

Those two so neare (yet farre estrang'd) in bloud,  
Though Greeks, yet barbarous, quite from nature  
stray'd,

To make his brother swallow his owne brood,  
(So farre that fury of revenge him sway'd)  
Of which, the one did dresse (prodigious food)  
A childe, his nephew, innocent, betray'd :

Now in one dungeon, they together dwell,  
No jealousie nor envy stings in hell.

'Twixt *Pandions* daughters, wretched *Tereus* stands,  
Of which the one (by double wrong abus'd)  
With tongue restor'd, the vengeance due demands,  
For brutish lust, and barbarous rigour us'd,  
As having stain'd his stomacke, and her hands,  
By him the other is as much accus'd :

A sister kinde, or with all love at strife,  
A monstrous mother, an outragious wife.

She grieves, whom long distract'd, strange thoughts  
did move,  
To venge her brother, or her sonne to slay,  
A sister, mother, doubtfull which to prove,  
Till tender kindenesse to strong rage gave way,  
Proud of mens praise, and of a ladies love,  
Whil'st his, the boare, he *Atalanta's* prey :

Thus even whil'st fortune fawn'd, fates did destroy,  
 "O what small bounds abide 'twixt griefe and joy!"

Of queenes accurst, whose names may horrour breed,  
 There *Iuda, Israel*, each of them gives one,  
 The Tigris who destroy'd the royall seed,  
 And even too dearely purchased a throne,  
 Yet one preserv'd, did to the state succeed,  
 And, justly guerdon'd was her rigour gone:

As from Gods favour, from his temple driv'd,  
 That murtherers ruine quickly was contriv'd.

That hatefull Hebrew queene of *Sidons* race,  
 Who durst attempt a warre against the Lord,  
 And prophets kill'd, or them farre off did chase,  
 Yet *Baals* temples with abundance stor'd,  
 That prostituted trunke, and painted face  
 Were head-longes hurl'd, by dogges to be devour'd:

Yet did that judgement but to her remaine,  
 An earnest penny of eternall paine.

That great enchauntresse, magickes power o're-thrown,  
 Who, then the bull she tam'd, more mad did prove,  
 Whil'st she (his babes all torne in pieces sowne)  
 From following her, her father did remove;  
 What cruell wonder hath like this beene knowne?  
 One of the sexe most mild, fierce when in love:

No doubt the divell did rule both heart and hands,  
 For witchcraft, murther, his by double bands.

From dungeons darke, blacke squadrons part a space,  
 (That they for ever sentenc'd may returne)

By covenant the divels peculiar race,  
Who hyr'd by him, against the heavens did spurne,  
And, when detected, dying with disgrace,  
(As martyrs) did for their profession burne:

This ominous end presaging more distresse,  
They here began their portion to possesse.

She, who at *Endor*, by her king secur'd,  
Long murmuring charmes, a monstrous masse did  
stand,

Then did attest, protest, curs'd, and conjur'd,  
Till she (hels slave) her master did command,  
And (if not *Samuel*) one like him procur'd,  
To rise and tell all that they did demand,  
That witch the honour hath with many such,  
To live with him whom she did love so much.

Some who (all magickes mysteries well known)  
For temporall toyes, eternity have lost,  
And did but mocke the eyes (false wonders shown)  
Like him who would have bought the holy ghost;  
Their lord at last with rigour urg'd his owne,  
And all that cosening skill too dearely cost,

Their mangled members dasht against the stones,  
Whil'st he to search their soules, crush'd all their  
bones.

Some subtle sorcerers, whom the world commends,  
This horrid art to such perfection bring,  
That slaves can sell their lords for severall ends,  
By magickes meanes imprison'd in a ring,

Whose owners with their lord (as his deare friends)  
 May by this pledge, advise of every thing:  
 So that such sprites were entertain'd for spies,  
 Which told some truth, to purchase trust for lyes.

There some who first (not stray'd from natures ground)  
 Were bent to know what fates in clouds obscur'd,  
 Whom (when march'd neare) no limits more could  
 bound,  
 But they would have all what could be procur'd;  
 And by wrong spies, Gods secrets sought to sound,  
 As (magickes band) astrologie allur'd:  
 When in heavens garden once allow'd to be,  
 Who tempted were to the forbidden tree.

Of that base sort a multitude doth swarme,  
 Which (though not curious) simple, or in want,  
 Did (when themselves abus'd) abuse, and charme,  
 Then sprites impure, to practise ill did hant;  
 Could doe themselves no good, did others harme,  
 Rais'd divels, and tempests, but could nothing dant:  
 When damn'd at last, they this advantage gaine,  
 That with their masters, they are mates in paine.

So many sorts of wicked men design'd,  
 Worse then the worst, what troupe doe I perceive?  
 Muse, though thou loath that I should presse my  
 minde  
 With passive thoughts, such monsters to conceive,  
 Yet let the end for such vile soules assign'd,  
 In every heart a burd'nosus horrour leave:

Which is so farre estrang'd from my conceit,  
I feare to lessen what I would dilate.

What barbarous traitours, execrable bands,  
From breasts depth earth-quakes cast up swelling  
groanes?

Vile *Assasines*, who durst with impious hands,  
Rise up against the Lords annointed ones,  
And all neglect, that heaven, or th' earth commands,  
The sword not fear'd, no reverence unto thrones:  
Whom so to mischiefe, satan head-long roules,  
That for anothers life they give their soules.

O! how they quake with a dejected face,  
Who sought (heavens horrour) for their soveraignes  
end,  
Some (as next kinsmen ayming at his place)  
Swift natures course impatient to attend,  
Some having purchas'd power, by warre or peace,  
(All right contemn'd) who would by force ascend:  
As troupes who knew not God, this squadron fill,  
There want not others who did know his will.

There *Absalom* so absolutely faire,  
Who would embosom'd be by proud base arts,  
Yet fell himselfe his father bent to snare,  
And lost his whole in stealing others hearts;  
He farre puff'd up, dy'd wavering in the ayre,  
The shamefull forme upbraiding vaunted parts:  
A growing gallowes, grasping tumide hope,  
The winde was hang-man, and his haires the rope.

Ah! must I staine the purenesse of my rymes,  
 With such as we from mindes should quite seclude?  
 Damn'd be their memory, unknowne their crymes;  
 Of acts so ill examples are not good,  
 And yet have we not seene even in our times,  
 How th' earth abus'd, beares a prodigious brood:  
 Who fayning godlinesse, from God rebell,  
 And will seeke heaven even in the depths of hell.

Up hypocrite ingrate, who wast entic'd  
 To kill that king, who did your feet advance,  
 By strangers lov'd, at home by all despis'd,  
 From whom when stolne from *Pole*, one neere stole  
*France*,  
 Had he not falne even there where they devis'd,  
 The monstrous massacre! great God what chance?  
 Else was he urg'd, all dignity put downe,  
 To quite his kingdome for a naked crowne.

That villaine vile whom all the world abhorrd,  
 To kill that king who durst lend death a dart,  
 Who oft had scap'd the cannon and the sword,  
 And banish'd had the authors of base art,  
 Since not his tooth, why was their state restor'd?  
 Who tooke but it, in earnest of the heart:  
 Blinde zeale, soules frenzy, now makes many rave;  
 Can mischiefe merit, or can murther save?

Yet those vile crimes (though with amazement nam'd)  
 Seeme common slaughters when I them compare,  
 With that strange treason through the world proclaim'd,  
 Which bragg'd to blow all *Britaine* in the ayre;

Of this damn'd plot, the divell may be ashame'd,  
Which had no patterne, and can have no heire:  
Both prince and peeres, it threatning straight t' o're-  
throw,  
(Like *Neroes* wish) had kill'd all at one blow.

When Stygian states in dungeons darke conspir'd,  
All *Albions* o'rethow, *Britaines* utter end,  
To be dispatch'd as paper spent when fir'd,  
Which mysticke bragge, when none could comprehend,  
Our *Salomon* (no doubt by God inspir'd)  
Did straight conjecture what it did intend:

Great prince, great poet, all divine, what three?  
With whom on earth was God, if not with thee?

Hels emissaries with confusion stor'd,  
Whose damn'd devices, none enough can hate,  
Though they should be by all the world abhor'd,  
As natures scandall, vipers of a state,  
Yet are they prais'd of some, yea, and ador'd,  
Since by religion justifi'd of late:  
Some miracles were fain'd, one true is wrought,  
That monsters martyrs, murtherers saints are thought.

Who can but burst those moderne times to touch,  
Whilst bloudy hearts, and hands, can smooth their  
breath?  
When some (though Christians) are commended much  
For suffering, no, even for inflicting death?  
It may indeed be justly said of such,  
They burne in zeale, worke wonders out of faith,

Who fire whole kingdome for religions love,  
And to seeme holy, homicides will prove.

Next those great men whose fame so glorious flyes,  
Who rag'd with fury, or for folly rav'd,  
And bended up with pride, or slack't with lyes,  
Idolatry, or murther, still conceiv'd,  
A dastard troupe stands with dejected eyes,  
Whose tainted life, worlds shame, heavens judgment  
crav'd :  
Heards of such hearts, hels hounds, with horrour  
chase,  
Who basely wicked, wickedly were base.





# DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The seventh Houre.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*To vice abandon'd, those who basely liv'd,  
And sold their soules to be the slaves of lust;  
Blasphemers, drunkards, gluttons, all who striv'd  
To pamper flesh, and did to frailty trust,  
False Judges, witnesses, who fraud contriv'd,  
Or were in that which they profess'd unjust:  
All learned men who have their gifts abus'd,  
But chiefly church-men are at last accus'd.*

Loe, some whom fortune like her selfe made blinde,  
Who sacred greatnesse did most grosly staine,  
Involv'd in vices, and of such a kinde,  
That them to taxe, even Gentiles did attaine,  
Though not thought sin, nor by no law declin'd,  
Whose facts (as filthy) nature did disdaine:  
Who (following sense) from reason did rebell,  
Long loath'd on th' earth still tortur'd in the hell.

*Assyria's* king (no king before depriv'd)  
 (Though others barbarous) first who beastly prov'd,  
 Who (faint for lust) effeminately liv'd,  
 Till by despaire to seeme couragious mov'd,  
 He, (when he knew his ruine was contriv'd)  
 Did with himselfe burne all things which he lov'd :  
 This act was bad, yet praised for his best,  
 O who can thinke how hatfull were the rest !

*Romes* ugly lord (power hatefull for his sake)  
 Whose vile desires could never be asswag'd,  
 Who (natures horrour) man to wife did take,  
 All whole to lust and gluttony engag'd,  
 Who did profusely feasts prodigious make,  
 A death disastrous (as his due) presag'd :  
 He it (though ill) all meanes prepar'd to grace,  
 Yet (alwaies foule) dy'd in a filthy place.

There stand worlds great ones, who vaine joy enjoy'd,  
 While boundlesse lust still strange desires did breed,  
 Though gelded keepers jealously convoy'd  
 A female troupe, for fancy, not for need,  
 Vast appetite, weake power, much wish'd, soone cloy'd,  
 A longing first, straight loathing did succeed :  
 That sinne so sweet, which nature most desires,  
 Doth here breed temporall, hence eternall fires.

The infant world great freedome did allow,  
 To those delights which people did the ground,  
 At least strict lawes did punish none as now,  
 For any fault that did not wedlocke wound,

And chastnesse then had beene a foolish vow,  
When parents praise a populous offspring crown'd.  
Men then were forc'd with all degrees to wed,  
Till some discents more lawfull limits bred.

That which God first in *Eden* did ordaine,  
And with a wonder Christ confirmed too,  
By which both sexes fortified remaine,  
Two doubled ones, and a contracted two,  
That sacred league who ever vow in vaine,  
Although they thinke all secret what they doe:  
It is a sinne which God so highly hates,  
He markes it still with ruines of estates.

Amongst the Iewes where God most clearely wrought,  
All women deem'd their husbands to deceive,  
Straight by the priest to publicke tryall brought,  
If guilty dyed, not guilty, did conceive;  
Love and faith wrong'd, this crime so foule was  
thought,  
That when for sinne God would his people leave,  
The prophets all adultery did name,  
(Iust bands dissolv'd) which did divorce with  
shame.

What raving madnesse doth enflame the minde  
With curiosnesse, another's course to know?  
When one the like by lawfull meanes may finde,  
Why should he seeke to steale what others owe?  
Which is (when reach'd) not such as was design'd  
By fond conceits imaginary show:

What (had with care) feare keeps, shame checks,  
woe ends,  
Man wrong'd, God griev'd, damnation last attends.

Though by like law both sexes bounded be,  
Yet to the stronger, lesse restraint was showne,  
Who (others wives not touch'd) did else seeme free,  
Where for each scape, a woman was o'rethrowne;  
And forward fame (too partiall) as we see,  
More damnes them, if suspect, then men when  
knowne:

He, this way stray'd, to some more gallant seemes,  
Where her (once stayn'd) the world no more es-  
teemes.

From wives so farre their fellowes to preferre,  
The generall judgement diverse reasons move;  
If from their honour any way they erre,  
Some may them use, though never truely love;  
As him her fault, the husbands shames not her,  
Whose treacherous part may more pernitious prove:

He but affords, and she receives disgrace,  
He but augments, she falsifies the race.

A womans worth, which nature deckes, not art,  
Opinion values, favour doth procure,  
Whose glory is the conquest of a heart,  
Which vertue doth, not vanity allure,  
Where beauty, wit, and each respected part,  
Are sham'd by her, but honour not a whore:  
When false, or faint, men are disgrac'd two wayes,  
A woman onely when from fame she strayes.

They who (all burning with voluptuous fires)  
Did dandle lust as a delightfull guest,  
And (making beauty bawd to base desires)  
Did buy their colour so to sell the rest,  
Loe, painted, false, or stolne, face, minde, attires,  
All is beli'd, and badnesse is their best;  
Deare proves the pleasure, bitter is the gaine,  
Which black disgrace upbraides with endlesse paine.

There, beauties goddesse with these dainty Greekes,  
Who did endeere the treasure of a face,  
And (fond of that which idle fancy seekes)  
Would kisse like doves, like ivie did embrace,  
Red lippes, white hands, black eyes, curl'd haire,  
smooth cheeke,  
Which flattering smiles, and flaming looke did grace,  
That once forc'd favour, but now hatred moves:  
Then for *Adonis* greater grieve she proves.

With daughters two *Loves Leda* weepes in vaine,  
(One by base sport transported for a space,)  
Who kill'd her husband, by her sonne was slaine:  
Next, that great beauty which the Greekes would grace,  
But by more lustre doe betray a staine,  
Troys fatall plague, the fable of each place,  
Much courted once, she now detasted stands,  
(As kill'd for her) accus'd by murmuring bands.

Lascivious *Lais* much in Corinth knowne,  
Who sold deare pleasure, pretious but by price;  
That dame of goods ill gain'd for franknesse showne,  
Whom *Rome* made goddesse that way never nice,

Brave chiefeſ for whores who thousands have o're-  
throwne,  
Though ſtriking hearts with horroure of that vice;  
Lust breeds a plague of late which all doe loath,  
As which ſtill shame, death ſometime, oft yeelds  
both.

That pompoſe queene admir'd ſo muſh for ſtate,  
When daunting them whose fame did hostes appall,  
(Worlds conquerours conquer'd) who (then both more  
great)

Made Cesar flie, and Antony to fall,  
Rare courage! rais'd with a declining fate,  
Who di'd triumphing, when design'd a thrall;  
But for theſe faults which numbers did confound,  
Then *Aspicks* gave, ſhee feeles a deeper wound.

*Romes* wanton dame doth thrust amidſt this throng,  
(Soe ſparkling lust empofion'd had her heart)  
Who from the ſtewes when exercized long,  
Made weary oft, nor ſatisfi'd did part;  
Yet match'd with *Silius* (made the vulgar ſong)  
She forc'd groſſe *Claudius* drowsily to ſtart;  
Who though that hee had cauſe to take her life,  
Yet (ſtrangely ſtupid) asked for his wife.

You who below have forfeited your fame,  
And from their God ſo many doe divorce,  
Who ſcarce can bluſh, though but a badge of shame,  
Loe, what is all that you ſo much enforce!  
A little flash, an extasie, a dreame,  
Which loath'd when done, doth quickly leave remorse:

What fooles are these who for a fact so foule,  
Lose fame, and goods, the body and the soule?

To force them further who were else their owne,  
(Things faire when neare, fall foule when once they  
touch)

More love nor reason, but no favour showne,  
Some loos'd just int'rest urging it too much;  
*Lots* daughters this, and *Tamars* rape hath showne,  
*Iocasta, Myrrha, Canace*, and such;  
Incestuous matches make a monstrous brood,  
Loath'd are they now who tainted thus their blood.

O fatall ill, which man-kinde may bemone!  
Must things unlawfull most affected be?  
All Edens fruits were freely given save one,  
Yet Evah long'd for the forbidden tree,  
Man o're all creatures plac'd (as in a throne)  
Hath thrall'd himselfe, and in a base degree;  
Vaine appetites, and an enormous lust,  
Have brought him back more low then to the dust.

The Stygian tyrant nothing can asswage,  
When ravishers upbraid th' intended wrong;  
There *Tereus, Nessus*, all shall have their wage;  
These guests ingrate, who for the bride did throng:  
Then *Shechem, Amnon, Tarquin*, by lusts rage,  
Who were to force infortunately strong;  
Blood quenching lust, death venging honours  
wound,  
Euen in this world wrath did all those confound.

Such faults though great, match'd with more great,  
seeme lesse,

Those whom to pleasure weaknesse did betray,

They but the law, not nature did transgresse,

The sexe observ'd, in sort did onely stray:

Where some more vile then any can expresse,

Both God and nature in such horrour have;

That if their sinne were not in Scripture seene,

I should not thinke that it had ever beene.

That towne which was consum'd with showers of fire,

Where men first men, then angels striv'd to staine,

O fearfull type of memorable ire!

Whose bounds still ugly like their sinne remaine,

Of which the worlds great Iudge shall now enquire,

And for the same appoint some speciall paine:

That fault too foule not fit to be but nam'd,

Let good men thinke that it cannot be dream'd.

Woe now to them who from all bounds did swerve,

And (still intemp'rate) liv'd like abject beasts,

As wholly given their appetites to serve,

Whose pleasure did depend upon their tasts,

And whil'st the poore (for famine faint) did sterve,

With food superfluous rioted in feasts:

With *Dives* now tormented they remaine,

And envy beggars whom they did disdaine.

That proud *Chaldean* banqueting in state,

As bragging of Gods spoils, puff'd up in heart,

Who drunke in minde, and surfeiting of meat,

To serve his use church-vessels did convert;

Till this was seene his courage to abate,  
Lo, thou art weigh'd, found light, thy kingdomes part:  
Who with his hand whil'st writing thus, did wound,  
Must with his whole in judgement quite confound.

He with brave troupes who bragg'd *Bethulian* walls,  
Whose breast for bloud, or wine, still raging boil'd,  
Drinke forcing his, his sword a numbers falls,  
Who men of lives, of honour women spoil'd;  
He, then when threatning all the world as thralls,  
Whil'st most secure, eternally was foil'd;  
By sleep, by drink, by death, thrice senselesse made,  
No wonder though a woman stole his head.

This filthy vice enfeebling natures force,  
Though other faults (foule in an high degree)  
Make men like beasts, it onely makes them worse,  
Since to be drunk beasts not so base can be;  
From reason onely madnesse doth divorce  
It both from sense, and reason, as we see:  
A murtherer but procures the bodies fall,  
Where drunkennesse with it, soules, fames, and all.

When sinnes so much were cropt, this budded first,  
And who stood safe on seas, by land made sinke,  
The father scorn'd, the sonne became accurst,  
Deaths frighted remnant did for horror shrinke;  
He who was never mov'd with *Sodomes* worst,  
When scap't from flames was all enflam'd with drinke,  
And of those two so singular for grace,  
Th' one lost a part, the other all his race.

That in this sort which made such men to fall,  
 Of piety though speciall patterns nam'd,  
 No doubt it cannot but confound them all,  
 Who in this kinde have such contentment dream'd,  
 That (to the same vow'd voluntary thrall)  
 They brag when fresh, where they should be asham'd;  
 Such onely when growne worst, least please the  
 devill,  
 Since then as dead, not able to do evill.

Though to be drunke one did no sinne commit,  
 Yet it is grosse, and ugly every way,  
 As that which spoils the grace, the strength, the wit,  
 The feet made stumble, and the tongue to stray;  
 And where a vertue is, quite smothering it,  
 Each weaknesse that one hath doth straight betray;  
 What vice like this, which all ills else includes,  
 Since sinfull, shamefull, hurting health and goods?

That race of Satan like himselfe in lyes,  
 Must then tell truth to him who all things knows,  
 Of circling fraud who soone the centre tryes,  
 And doth perceive all their deceiving shows,  
 Whose promises (like spiders webs for flyes)  
 A subtle snare the better sort o're-throws.  
 Who vainly vaunt amid'st their flying joyes,  
 That men with oaths, and babes are trap'd with  
 toyes.

O now they spie how ill they play'd their parts,  
 When they revive abandoning the dust!

Plaine, and transparant are their hollow hearts,  
Which did delude the world, betraying trust;  
Though subtle thought, then simple prove these arts,  
Which onely serve to circumvent the just:

Such (venting soules) base trifles bent to gaine,  
Were first to shame, and last expos'd to paine.

As many meane men muster in this band,  
By avarice made false, or forc'd by want,  
There others are who kingdomes did command,  
And save themselves striv'd every thing to daunt;  
To rise ambitious, jealous how to stand,  
By policy who thousands did supplant,  
And all the world imbrac'd within their minde,  
Till at the last by some few foots confin'd.

Kings joyn'd with subjects to be judg'd come in ;  
No deputies, in person all compeere ;  
No greatnesse guilds their guilt, no guards guard  
sinne ;  
No majestie save one breeds reverence here ;  
For treacherous treaties they in vaine begin,  
By blam'd ambassadours themselves to cleare :  
Power serves not now to count'nance crimes with  
might,  
Nor policy to cloke their course with slight.

That gorgeous king who kill'd *Cassanders* sonne,  
By him prevented onely by one day,  
With mutuall feasts, and curtesies begun,  
Both faining love, when purpos'd to betray :

These finde withall who have such courses runne,  
 That generous plainnesse proves the better way;  
     No men more wretched then some greatest kings,  
     Both for omitting, and committing things.

They at this time not onely are accus'd,  
 For all which they directly did affect,  
 But even for others cannot be excus'd,  
 Whom they did raise, approve, or not correct;  
 Save greater torment when not rightly us'd,  
 Now soveraigne power doth purchase no respect:  
     “ Of high imployments great accounts are crav'd,  
     “ And they must render most, who most receiv'd.”

Faith (if once broke) doth so displease each minde,  
 That it not kept (even to an *Ethnicke* king)  
 The last in *Juda*'s throne (his crowne resign'd)  
 All charg'd with chaines to bondage base did bring;  
 Who saw his sonnes first kill'd, then was made blinde,  
 What more mishap a heart with griefe could sting?  
     He wretched was, not that his eyes were reft,  
     But to see ill that they too long were left.

Pale stand they now, who took Gods name in vaine,  
 And have their souls for trifling ends forsworne;  
 Who hearts still straight, as simple did disdaine,  
 Whose wit could glose on vice, and vertue scorne,  
 Who thun'dring oaths the very ayre did staine;  
 O how they curse the houre that they were borne!  
     Such oft the devill have call'd, and God refus'd,  
     With imprecations, execrations us'd.

Of all these false ones which this time doth try,  
With greatest wrath the Lord doth them pursue,  
Who (forcing faith) were bold to sell a lye,  
Affirming freely what they never knew:

With these vile hirelings which made *Nabal* dye,  
A number more damn'd for this fault I view,  
Which witnesses to try, no witnesse needs,  
Their guilty conscience large confession breeds.

Troups which for spite durst urge a false complaint,  
That tyrants might the saints of God commit,  
With palenesse now their faces feare doth paint,  
To witnesse wrong who did extend their wit:  
Whilst they behold those whom they striv'd to taint,  
With angels rank'd (in judging them) to sit:

The great accuser doth against them plead,  
Whom once he pleas'd, that he them thence may  
leade.

Loe, as their bodies, naked are their minds,  
(That maske remov'd which did them long disguise)  
Whose vows, and oaths, but breath, went with the  
winds,

Not to secure, given onely to entice,  
These nets of fraud, weav'd in so many kinds,  
Whence poys'rous snakes did (hid with flowers) sur-  
prise,

All at an instant now is brought to light,  
Which deep dissemlers had wrapt up in night.

The chiefe of such whom here abhor'd I view,  
Is he whose words as oracles were thought;

Who by two councells did his king pursue,  
 Whose shame the one, whose life the other sought,  
 Not wise, though wittie, false whil'st speaking true,  
 When all his plots were to confusion brought:

Who witnesse, partie, judge and hangman too,  
 Damn'd by himselfe, left now the lesse to doe.

That great arch-patron of such cunning parts,  
 Is back'd by many drawne from southerne climes,  
 Who first to tongues driv'd honestie from hearts,  
 And bent to prosper car'd not by what crimes,  
 The *Florentine* made famous by these arts,  
 Hath tainted numbers even of moderne times:

Till subtilty is to such credit rais'd,  
 That falsehood (when call'd policy) is prais'd.

Ah! this of zeale the sacred ardour cools,  
 And doth of *Atheists* great abundance make,  
 Philosophers, physitians, lights of schools,  
 First causes hunting, do the second take,  
 By learning ignorant, by wit made fools,  
 O how their knowledge makes them now to quake!

Who wrong'd Gods glory, and provok'd his wrath,  
 By forcing reason, and neglecting faith.

Who (natures slaves no grounds save hers would touch)  
 Still studying th' earth, not what did heaven concerne,  
 They wish they had knowne more, else not so much,  
 Had had no light, else judgement to discerne,  
*Diagoras, Democritus*, and such  
 Voluptuous epicures, and stoicks sterne:

This narrow search which all their soules must  
sift,  
No subtle wit by sophistry can shift.

Though to all those whom sinne hath made to sinke,  
(If pale repentance not by teares do purge)  
This court yeelds feares, even more then men can  
thinke,  
Of all his laws when God a count doth urge,  
Yet chiefly they whose doomes made others shrinke,  
If once accus'd, they cannot scape a scourge;  
    Of such below who should his place supplie,  
    The Lord (as jealous) all the wayes doth try.

They who were judges judgement must attend,  
Whose hearts with conscience have no longer truce,  
Whom bribes, hate, love, or other partiall end,  
Did buy, wrest, bow, or any way seduce;  
No law, nor practick can them now defend;  
There is no hope this processe to reduce:  
    His sentences whose words are all of weight,  
    (Whence scarce pronounc'd) are executed straight.

He who to death did damne the Lord of life,  
Vnhappy man how hatefull in his part?  
When griev'd in minde, and warned by his wife,  
He wash'd his hands, but would not purge his heart;  
Yet for lesse paine with some he stands at strife,  
Who give wrong doomes, yet not so much as smart:  
    But men to please since he the Lord contemn'd,  
    He must be judg'd by him whom he condemn'd.

Ones monstrous crimes with torments how to match,  
 The devils do all concurre for vengeance great,  
 Who (when at sacred food) did mischiefe hatch,  
 A traitor, theefe, apostate, and ingrate,  
 Who made (when he his Lord to trap did watch)  
 A kisse (though loves chiefe signe) the badge of hate;  
 He sought his wreake who came the world to save,  
 What greater crime could all hells hosts conceive?

They who of late did at poore suiters grudge,  
 Yet for more rich men reasons could contrive,  
 (Though there were hope that gifts could calme this  
 judge)

They naked are, and nothing have to give,  
 O what strange furies in their bosomes lodge!  
 Who wish to dye, and yet of force must live:  
 These who from others plaints had barr'd their eares,  
 Smoke sighs in vaine, and raine downe flouds of  
 teares.

Ye judges, ye, who with a little breath,  
 Can ruine fortunes, and disgrace inflict,  
 Yea, sit, securely (whilst denouncing death)  
 In lives (though pretious) as but toyes, not strict;  
 Ye must be judged, and in a time of wrath,  
 When Christ himselfe to justice doth addict:  
 To rigour fierce then give not rashly place,  
 For if you scape, it onely is by grace.

All those whom power doth arme, and glory decke,  
 Not onely are for their owne faults disprovd,

But for all theirs whom they were bound to checke,  
Yet where they ow'd just hate, not loath'd, but lov'd:  
His sonnes both kill'd, old *Eli* broke his necke,  
Whom he (though tax'd) not mended, nor remov'd.

“Who punish may, and yet comport with sinne,  
“They lose themselves where they should others  
winne.”

Some who would mocke the world, appearing pure,  
So with fraile colours frailty to disguise,  
Whil'st privately some person they procure  
To execute the ill that they devise,  
Though (shadow'd thus) they dreame themselves secure,  
Whil'st gaine to them, to others hate doth rise:

Who indirectly thus a fault commit,  
Are found more guilty by dissembling it.

That *Edomite* in hels black depths involv'd,  
Whil'st he revenge, else guerdon did attend,  
Who even in church, the priests o're-throw resolv'd,  
And at devotion mischiefe did intend:  
(With heaven and earth at once all bands dissolv'd)  
Vile *Doeg*, dogge, both false to God, and friend:  
Though true his words, the sense was wrong annex'd,  
And now he finds what glose betrai'd the text.

Those base informers who (by envy led)  
Three *Hebreus* ruine did with fraud conspire,  
Then was the fornace when with flames made red,  
More fierce they find the rage of sparkling ire,  
And (neare that forme by which their eyes were fed)  
They enter must, not be consum'd with fire:

Yet differ thus, these scap't, not touch'd againe,  
Where they must alwayes burne with endlesse paine.

These leacherous judges, infamie of age,  
Who (for *Susanna* in an ambush plac'd)  
Did runne (enflam'd with a voluptuous rage)  
And living snows (all freez'd with feare) embrac'd,  
Which treason did 'twixt two great straits engage,  
To sinne in secret, or to dye disgrac'd;

They curse their course which so impetuous prov'd,  
Twixt passions toss'd whil'st hating whom they lov'd.

That froth of envy, bubble of base pride,  
Who for ones cause a nation would o're-throw,  
His whole in hazard, or he would abide  
The triviall want of an externall show;  
Yet had what he for others did provide,  
A rare example of vaine height brought low;  
Who of the man whom he did most disdaine,  
The bridle led, most abject of the traine.

When sometime match'd by emulating strife,  
Black calumnie (swolne hate, and envies childe)  
Damnes him with others (false records are rife)  
By whom *Apelles* was from men exil'd,  
Who (animating colours) colour'd life,  
Till (by their eyes) men joy'd to be beguil'd:  
Whil'st drawn by him an admirable peece,  
It (as a treasure) was engross'd in *Greece*.

No vice below fraughts *Pluto* with more spoils  
Than avarice; which nothing can controule;

(The heart with cares, the body tyr'd with toils)  
Whil'st it (a tyrant) doth oppresse the soule,  
And all the buds of rising vertue foils,  
Too grosly base, and miserably foule;

Then it can never scape a generall hate,  
Which one to found would ruine every state.

Not onely wretches all the world would wrong,  
But even themselves defraud of what is due ;  
From all their treasures travell'd for so long,  
Which they but owe, not use, not owe, but view,  
Them fortune oft, death still to part is strong,  
Who of all sinners have most cause to rue :

They lose themselves that doubtfull heires may gaine  
The pleasures want of sinne, have but the paine.

By misery to finde his folly mov'd,  
When fortunes dreames were vanish'd all away,  
That *Lydian* king who *Solon's* speech approv'd,  
Did clearly tell how greatnesse did betray,  
And highly loath'd what he too much had lov'd ;  
Thoughts which for treasures, no, for trifles stray :

What even when pleasant he did then disdaine,  
O how he hates it now when cause of paine !

That Roman who but such did rich esteeme,  
As furnish might an hoast, yet want not feare,  
When his sonnes head (whose hopes so great did  
seeme)

With horrour crown'd a bragging *Parthians* speare,  
Then all his wealth could not himselfe redeeme,  
Kill'd oft ere dead, barbarians scoffes to beare ;

Thus he who long below so rich did dwell,  
Rob'd fortune, fame, and life, went poore to hell.

She whose base mind they whom it pleas'd did scorne,  
(Vile avarice so poison'd had her heart)

Whilst charg'd with all which foes left armes had  
borne,

Did nothing get, yet they too much impart,  
The words were kept, but not the sence was sworne,  
The which, (though their deceit) was her desart;

But though that monstrous weight bruis'd all her  
bones,

A greater now doth crush her all at once.

Of him whose touch made gold, when rich at will,  
That ancient tale each misers state hath showne,  
Who steale from others, rob themselves, poore still,  
As borne to envy wealth, though even their owne;  
Gold did his chests, but not his stomach fill,  
Starv'd by abundance, by his wish o'rethrawne;

He but in cares, such always asses be,  
Since still in toile from burdens never free.

Then avarice that painfull guide to paine,  
With greater troupes no sinne triumphes in hell,  
What fettered captives charg'd with guilty gaine;  
Prey of their prey, their wreake by winning tell?  
That glue of soules must them from heaven restraine,  
Who ti'd to it, on th' earth would always dwell:

Such jealous fooles, they not enjoy, though match,  
But build a nest where others are to hatch.

Of all those hearts which this curst hag doth stitch,  
Though by the world they are detasted most,  
Who are like him whom stealing did bewitch,  
With gold, and garments, tainting *Iosuas* host,  
Yet many are by farre worse meanes made rich,  
Who more doe sinne, yet of their sinne dare boast ;  
Theeves oft (like him with Christ) get life by death,  
Where such are onely kept for endlesse wrath.

They by their place who should all faults redresse,  
And guard the weake against encroaching wrong,  
If of their greatnesse they the ground transgresse,  
(As for inflicting harme made only strong,)  
Though they a space by power the poore oppresse,  
O ! they shall find with grieve ere it be long,  
How much it had imported to their state,  
That they had striv'd to be more good then great.

Thou who rais'd high, should'st help the humble sort,  
Yet, whilst thy pride all law, and reason foiles,  
The entrailes, yea, their marrow dost extort,  
Bath'd by their sweat, annointed with their toiles,  
Dost urge more then they owe, or can support,  
Deare is thy state when purchas'd by such spoiles ;  
Though theft be much detasted at this time,  
Oppression then shall prove the greater crime.

He who inferiours thus to ruine brings,  
Who neither may resist nor dare complaine,  
Though lawes approve, and custome cloke such  
things,  
His course at last doth all unmask'd remaine ;

Who late were lords, and kept a court like kings,  
 Of them whome once they rul'd no vantage gaine;  
 No bragges, nor bribes, no care nor friendship  
     aides,  
 The judge in wrath with frownes their faults up-  
     braides.

Though lofty tyrants first much mischiefe breed,  
 Their ravenous course whilst nothing can appease,  
 Yet others are who on their fall doe feed,  
 Whom so to humble it the lord doth please,  
 Whose summes for interest principalls exceed,  
 A cosening favour, ruining with ease ;  
 But Christ at last a jubilee doth sound,  
 His free from bands, who did them bind, are bound.

Then robbers, theeves, oppressours, usurers there,  
 One sort at least the Lord farre more doth hate,  
 His temple spoiling, who himselfe not spare,  
 Take what zeale gave, the fat of offerings eate,  
 What was allow'd the Levites for their share,  
 Prophanely us'd to found a private state :  
 They must thinke God lesse then the devill to be,  
 Who thousands kill'd to keepe his altars free.

What leaden weight the soules of them doth lode, •  
 (Like those in waters, bubbles but of breath,)  
 With words outragious, who contest with God,  
 Though oft even here made spectacles of wrath,  
 By ruines axe, not by corrections rod,  
 But are for ever tortur'd after death :

What they must suffer cannot be devis'd,  
When judg'd by him whom they so long despis'd.

He thundring vaunts, who did his pride proclame,  
And bright with brasse, like *Rhodes* great statue shin'd  
With launce more grosse then any weavers beame,  
The masse most monstrous of the gyants kinde,  
Whil'st braving God, by seeking *Israels* shame,  
He first amaz'd, then fill'd with feare each minde :  
An oxe in strength, and death, lesse in the last,  
A small stone fell'd him which a boy did cast.

That moving mount of earth with others dread,  
Who (trusting their owne strength) did God despise ;  
That king of *Bashan* (from his iron bed)  
Who to oppugne Gods people did arise ;  
Some who like wolves, with flesh of men were fed,  
As he whose eye *Vlysses* did surprise :  
Though huge, they quake, whil'st feare their pride  
restraines,  
And with their strength, proportion'd are their  
paines.

With those who rail'd on God with horrour nam'd,  
Stands *Rabsache*, whose breath the ayre defil'd,  
And one who answer'd was when he exclaim'd,  
Tell of the carpenter what doth the childe,  
That he for him a fatall coffin fram'd,  
Whom death soone seizing from the world exil'd :  
Such did pursue, where nothing could be wonne,  
Like foolish dogges that barke against the sunne.

There Christ must make that barbarous king afraid,  
 From whose fierce rage for him, babes were not free,  
 That with just scorne, the great *Augustus* said,  
 It better was his sow then sonne to be:  
 One durst Gods praise usurpe, till quite dismaid,  
 His flattering troupes a judgement rare did see,  
 Whil'st him who swolne with pride, so much presum'd,  
 A loathsome death by meanes most vile cosum'd.

Great is the wrath which doth all them pursue,  
 That from the Sabbath did prophanelly stray,  
 Gave man too much, to God not what was due,  
 Where all was ow'd, who nothing would repay;  
 Whose course ingrate, oft guerdon'd thus we view,  
 Their yeares are curs'd, who scorn'd to keep one day:  
 Nor doth his rage lesse flames against them raise,  
 Who seeke by it their sport, and not his praise.

Of those the grieve no soule save theirs conceives,  
 Who parents scorne, like nothing but their states;  
 By *Chams* eternall curse, who not perceives  
 How much the Lord rebellious children hates?  
 Since all his race (hereditary slaves)  
 Are sold like beasts, and at more easie rates:  
 A monstrous merchandise, unnaturall gaine,  
 But thirst of gold, what dost thou not constraine?

Those soules which once enlightened were with grace,  
 Yet in heavens way abandon'd had their guide,  
 This present world (like *Demas*) to embrace,  
 Yea, worse, did fiercely fall, not weakely slide,

What fooles were they who did give over their race,  
For falsenesse, faintnesse, or preposterous pride?

Since like their lord, they needs would fall from  
light,

With him darke dungeons they deserve of right.

The man most mark'd amidst this damned traine,  
Whose soule defection, numbers did annoy,  
Is he from schooles who Christians did restraine,  
By ignorance the truth bent to destroy;  
With him (well match'd) his master doth remaine,  
Who fondly did too deepe a wit employ:

Vile *Porphyry*, how wretched is thy state,  
Who bought thy learning at too deare a rate?

Yet even then these, whose falles were marked most,  
A number now are farre more guilty found,  
These but themselves, they many thousands lost;  
These seene were shunn'd, they seeming friends, did  
wound,  
And where made captaines, did betray the host,  
Not forward march'd, did but the trumpet sound:  
Such teachers false, high indignation move,  
Who plac'd for lampes, did rockes of ruine prove.

They (whilst their faith for worldly causes faints)  
Who were made shepheards, do undo their sheep,  
Religions casks, church dregges, dissembled saints,  
Where trusted watch-men who fall first asleep;  
O with what palenesse feare their faces paints,  
For loosing them whom they were bound to keep!

Such pastors now stand for all those dismaid,  
By their example, or neglect, who strai'd.

He (even as spurning at a wall of brasse)  
Who (though Gods priest) his people would mis-  
guid,  
Where bound to blesse, who there to curse did passe,  
Seem'd to consult, yet God to tempt but tri'd,  
Who forc'd (when left) him to obey his asse,  
Then it more grosse which first the angel spi'd ;  
Deare proves his counsell when their plaints begin,  
Whom he by beauty did betray to sinne.

With *Balaam* now this age a troupe doth match,  
Who (flattering *sirens*) some with pleasure charme,  
Whil'st they like tradesmen do their taske dispatch,  
Since neither hot, nor cold, spu'd forth luke-warme,  
Whose scandalous life choaks what their words do  
hatch ;  
What profit precepts, whil'st examples harme ?  
“ Of tainted fountains all do flie the streames :  
“ As bright the sunne, most pure are all his beames.”

What great perfection can *Theologues* reach,  
Who learne their science as an art to gaine,  
And, farre from practise, onely strive to preach ?  
Such wanting salt would season soules in vaine,  
In actions earthly, spirituall but in speech,  
Who buy promotions, sell heavens goods againe :  
Their money curs'd, detasted may they dye,  
Who, what none value can, would basely buy.

There are some priests whom foolish pride made rave,  
(Like *Isis* asse whose burden was ador'd)  
Who of their parts too great opinion have,  
And more affect than reason can afford ;  
Where humblenesse her chiefe abode should have,  
A haughty minde must justly be abhor'd ;  
Vile avarice, and pride, from heaven accurst,  
In all are ill, but in a church-man worst.

Sinne sinfull still, and vice is vile in all,  
But most abhor'd by guides of soules when done,  
Whose faults seeme ugly, though they be but small,  
As stains in crystall, darknesse in the moone ;  
They when they stumble, make a number fall ;  
Where laws scarce urge, example leads us soone ;  
Woe to those shepheards who their flocks betray,  
Whose trusted steps make all their followers stray.

Next comes a company then these more bad,  
Who in some sort made eminent to be,  
Did poyson draw, where others honey had,  
Blinde by sinnes beams who could it selfe not see,  
By curiousnesse grown grosse, by learning mad,  
Where *Adam* rob'd the fruits, who rent the tree :  
Confusions slaves, whose course all union wrongs,  
They part mens hearts, where *Babel* but the tongues.

Those soules impostours, rocks of ruine borne,  
Who what they fancied did too much esteeme,  
And of religion held true grounds in scorne,  
By strange opinions singular to seeme ;

They who the Church did teare, their hearts are torne,  
 Whose spirituall errours nothing could redeeme;  
 Then all those *Atheists* who the light deny'd,  
 Strai'd hereticks are more pernicious try'd.

Their vaine divisions have much mischiefe wrought,  
 Christs coat still torne, for lots (yet question'd) set,  
 The figures literall, letters figures thought,  
 Whil'st forging reasons, they the sense forget,  
 And catching all within their compasse brought,  
 Like poysnous spiders fram'd in aiery net;

Yet that the world might spie their damned state,  
 Still jarr'd amongst themselves, did others hate.

None gives religion a more dangerous wound,  
 (Of which firme union is a certaine signe)  
 Then *Schismaticks* whose dreames would truth con-  
 found,

And do divide what faith should fast combine;  
 When learned doctors do dispute the ground,  
 How can weake vulgars but from light decline?

Whil'st parts are question'd, all the whole in doubt,  
 First heresie, then atheisme doth burst out.

Whil'st false conceptions do abuse the braine,  
 Oft monstrous broods have all the world appall'd,  
 Even when apostles did themselves explaine,  
 Some strangely strai'd, yet scorn'd to be recall'd,  
 Whil'st grosly subtle, learnedly prophane,  
 To sp'rituall bondage voluntarily thrall'd:

Instruction loath'd, they shamelesse in offence,  
 Of living authors did pervert the sense.

Ere from mens mindes the gospels purenesse past,  
That vaunting sect which holy *John* did hate,  
With drunkards sober, liv'd with wantons chast,  
And bragg'd by strength temptations to abate,  
Till falne by standing, them their strength did cast,  
Whil'st stumbling blocks had fram'd for sinne a bait:

Then faults they fled farre greater did them staine,  
Presumption devillish, weaknessse is humane.

From fountains pure what tainted streames did fall,  
By which made drunke huge troupes strange dreames  
conceiv'd,

*Nestorians, Arrians* to grosse errors thrall,  
The *Montanists* and *Donatists* deceiv'd;  
The *Manicheans*, and *Pelagians* all,  
With millions else who admirably rav'd:

And when they once abandon'd had the light,  
Thought all the world was wrong, they onely right.

These viproous broods whose course no reason rain'd,  
Did when first borne their mothers belly teare,  
Bred by contention, and by bloud maintain'd,  
Who rent the Church, pretending it to reare,  
Then, with themselves, all who would trust them  
stain'd,

And them to hell led headlong by the eare:

But who for patrons prais'd such once as saints,  
They curse them now with multipli'd complaints.

Of all the gifts that garnish mortals here,  
Though for perfection learning most imparts,

And to the Deity draws her followers neare,  
 Scarce lesse then angels, more then men for parts,  
 Yet their accounts some scholars worst can cleare,  
 Who lodg'd their knowledge in corrupted hearts:

Whil'st lengthning life by memorable lines,  
 In spite of death extending bad designes.

Ah, of that troupe who can the torments dreame,  
 Of all hels hosts which with most horrour howls,  
 The scorne of knowledge, and the muses shame,  
 Who with vaine pleasures do empoyson soules,  
 And (reaching ruine) whil'st they toil for fame,  
 Do vomit volumes of contagious scrouls,  
 Which bent for glory (though vaine thoughts they  
     take)  
 Do but their sinnes, not them immortall make?

When dead to sinnne, to ruine from the grave,  
 Though hid in th' earth infecting still the ayre !  
 What greater mischiefe could the devill conceive,  
 Then like himselfe make men? what authors rare?  
 That they with life can wickednesse not leave,  
 Whil'st bounded in one place, o're all a snare,  
 That course doth never end which they begin:  
 Death but their dayes, scarce doomsday bounds  
     their sinne.

Of each divine who thoughts to time commits,  
 (Whil'st cosening conscience) racking reasons bounds,  
 With subtle logicke intricating wits,  
 (Sophisticating truth) which faith confounds,

Whose aguous fancies with infective fits,  
The world abus'd, abusing sacred grounds;  
Their writs which (wresting words) much mischiefe  
wrought,  
To damne the author are in judgement brought.

Of these brave sprits (neglecting vulgar dates)  
The tongues of time, interpreting the dead,  
Who entertaine intelligence 'twixt states  
By registering all what was famous made,  
Of them I heare too many curse their fates,  
(When trusted guides) who others wrong did leade;  
And partially a lye for truth gave forth,  
To colour vice, or derogate from worth.

And therefore muse, thy purenesse do not spill,  
(Though grieve do make thee passionate to prove)  
Loath them to taxe whom thou do'st reverence still,  
But passe not publicke wrongs for private love,  
And whil'st such faults all minds with feare do fill,  
This them who live to change their course may move;  
Ah that heavens lampe might still direct our wayes,  
Whom starres should crowne, and not terrestriall  
bayes.

That sweet *Mæonian*, minion of each minde,  
Who first (creating fame) with time contract'd;  
Then where he pleas'd, for favour it assign'd,  
Made gods, and men, till, what he fain'd, seem'd act'd,  
All ey'd within, of force without quite blinde,  
Whose contemplation never was distract'd;

Seven townes in vaine would hide him in their  
ground,  
Whom all the world not at this time can bound.

Ah! this blinde guide made numbers walke astray,  
By dreams and fables forcing them to fall,  
Who now in darknesse do detaste the day,  
And him (as chiefe) most tortur'd of them all;  
The devill could never purchase such a prey,  
As those rare sprits, when once to him made thrall;  
Since they to hell made many thousands rinne,  
With pleasant colours, masking ugly sinne.

Ye dainty wits admir'd for rich conceits,  
Which (heavens chiefe sparks) should mortals farre  
transcend,  
For beauties fraile which time with moments dates,  
Eternall treasures do not fondly spend;  
Thinke of those angels (forfeiting their states)  
Who from lights height to darknesse did descend:  
Rise, rise (bright souls) and for true glory strive,  
Ere here dissolv'd we may at heaven arrive.

Though these great minds by Satan soone were snar'd,  
As pride, ambition, vanity, revenge,  
Of loftie thoughts the small repose impair'd,  
Which forcing fame engendred monsters strange;  
Huge numbers are (base if with those compar'd)  
Who act'd, or aym'd much ill, and borne for change.  
By divers wayes to severall sinnes were led,  
Which all by drinke or avarice were bred.

Of many merchants none is then accus'd,  
For ten-fold gaines (as partiall spite informes)  
That by their hazards justly is excus'd,  
Both day and night since toss'd by many stormes ;  
They onely smart who have the world abus'd,  
Whil'st seeking substance, fraudfull in the formes ;

False weights and measures do procure their paine,  
Not for how much, but by what meanes they gaine.

There artizans (for too much art convict'd)  
Who falsifi'd the trade that they profess'd,  
For abject lucre to foule fraud addict'd,  
In forme, or matter, trusted grounds transgress'd,  
Not fearing shame, nor what could be inflict'd,  
So for the time they some small gaines possess'd :

And when once tax'd, as quite estrang'd from troth,  
Of minde to purge, they damn'd themselves by oath.

Of this base sort another squadron stands,  
Which others lesse, but more themselves did wrong,  
Who by their belly did exhaust their hands,  
Then they to gaine, a masse to waste more strong,  
Who still contentious (staines to civill lands)  
To all disorders did confus'dly throng :

Whil'st alwayes drunke they from no fault were free,  
Till last by beggery that they bounded be.

Though base, not pass'd even beggars here are rife,  
Who with procur'd, or counterfeited sores,  
That they might live, did lose all use of life,  
Not entring churches, begg'd but at the doores,

Urg'd charity, and yet were still at strife,  
 By hand who helps them, them in heart abhorrs:  
     Adultrers, theives, blasphemers, and ingrate,  
     The sinks of sinne, as poore in soules, as state.

Now mustring pride, no pompe, nor power protects,  
 Whil'st none so great as dares (when damn'd) reply,  
 Nor none so low whom this great Judge neglects,  
 Lifes strict accounts when come in wrath to try;  
 Contempt, nor reverence, worke no such effects:  
 Mysts, whence they rose return'd, vaine vapours dye:  
     For state or birth, all duties due time frees,  
     (Save parting paines) no difference in degrees.

Not onely soules for deeds are damn'd to fire,  
 Whose witness'd wrongs were from all colours free,  
 But even intentions, wishes, and desire,  
 Which (though none else) yet God himselfe did see;  
 The heart advanc'd, what member can retire?  
 The author it, the rest but actors be:  
     These bent for ill, whom casuall lets did bound,  
     Then some who acted are more guilty found.

Not onely now all these to paine must part,  
 Who harmfull deeds well witness'd do accuse,  
 And who not seene (corrupted in the heart)  
 Were big with thoughts which Satan did infuse:  
 No, no, with them a number more must smart,  
 Who had more treasure then they daign'd to use:  
     This judgement generall all to triall brings,  
     Both for committed, and omitted things.

These wealthie ones whose steps the poore did trace,  
Not help'd, not mark'd, not seene from such a height;  
These who had power, and eminent in place,  
Yet had no pitty when support they might;  
These who had knowledge, and some seeds of grace,  
Yet would with none communicate their light:  
Woe, woe to them with whom God ventred most,  
Whose talents hid (since not encreas'd) were lost.

They who by riches nought save pleasure sought,  
And griev'd for nothing but when forc'd to dye,  
To heaven (poore soules) as hardly can be brought,  
As cable-ropes come through a needle eye:  
O what huge hosts even more than can be thought,  
With shaking joynts, and chattering teeth I spie!

What fertile ages brought so many forth?  
Yet most in number are the least in worth.

Hels wayes are large, heavens strict, I would proceed,  
But words are weake to shew what I conceive;  
The squadrons damn'd so high a horroure breed,  
To look on them that I of force must leave;  
My muse which melts with grieve doth comfort need,  
Which save from heaven, I no where else can have:  
Lord cleare mine eyes, and let me see that band,  
(The world all conquer'd) which in triumph stand.





## DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The eighth Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The patriarchs, kings, and prophets most renown'd,  
Who came with God by conference friends to be,  
And (whil'st his law was of their lives the ground)  
By him from wants and dangers were made free,  
And in all temporall blessings did abound,  
Yet did but Christ by types and figures see:  
O how they joy now to behold his face,  
Whom they by faith did whil'st they liv'd imbrace!*

What sudden lightning cleares my cloudie brow,  
And bends faint hopes to follow forth their aimes?  
At Christs right hand a bad more bright doth bow,  
Then summers sun when mustring all his beams;  
The prospect of my thoughts is pleasant now;  
Joy doth disperse all melancholy dreames;  
Hence, hence all ye whose sprits are still prophane,  
This sacred ground no vulgar foot must staine.

The first of them that throng about the throne,  
Is he, save God, who once no fellow had;  
Of all the syre, and yet a sonne to none,  
Was rich when naked, never poore till clad;  
Long'd not, nor loath'd, nor griev'd, when as alone,  
What could displease, where he was best, none bad?

Though never childe what childishnesse more  
strange,  
Who for an apple paradise did change?

To that brave garden with all pleasure stor'd,  
When banish'd *Adam* heavily look'd back,  
As griev'd to thinke of what he had beene lord,  
Whil'st every object anguish more did make;  
An angry angel bragg'd him with a sword,  
God threatned had, how could he comfort take?

A prince depriv'd, forc'd servile works to try,  
So tortur'd first, and then condemn'd to dye.

But that short grieve, to endlesse joy is chang'd,  
He lives more happy, that he once was dead,  
The promis'd seed (so *Eovah* was reveng'd)  
Sting'd in the heele, did bruise the serpents head;  
O monstrous worke, from reason far estrang'd!  
What harm'd him most, hath him more happy made:  
    He lives (where first he was in feare to fall)  
    (Free from restrictions) to no danger thrall.

Two doe succeed to this great sonne of slime,  
(Though one was elder) eldest borne to light,  
Who heard their father sigh forth many time  
His fall, wifes weakenesse, and the serpents slight,

Not for the losse, griev'd onely for his crime,  
 And so much more, that it had wrong'd their right:  
     While as they him, and he his Maker lov'd,  
     His wail'd rebellion their obedience mov'd.

Loe, (next to *Edens*) *Adams* greatest losse,  
 That faithfull sheepheard, whom no staine could taint.  
 First gold refin'd (all upright) free from drosse,  
 In whom (it seemes) heaven piety would paint,  
 Since first (thus goodnesse mischiefe straight must  
     tosse)  
 Whom persecution did designe a saint:  
     An innocent for gratefull offring slaine,  
     Whose suffring did a martyrs glory gaine.

The old mans griefe with comfort to asswage  
 (Gods owne when weake are strengthened still by  
     grace)  
 I here see *Seth*, who after *Cains* rage,  
 (A pledge of favour) fill'd his brothers place,  
 With other ancients of that infant age,  
 Most part of whom from him deriv'd their race:  
     In his sonnes time (whil'st vice had flow'd ov'r all)  
     On God againe, who then began to call.

He most is mark'd amidst this glorious traine,  
 Who walk'd with God, when here, as wholly his,  
 And such perfection did below attaine,  
 That death not tooke him as the custome is,  
 But, as secur'd by priviledge from paine;  
 The fabulous Grecians fondly glaunc'd at this,

Yet fail'd in forme, and did pervert the sense,  
No eagle, no, but angels bare him hence.

The time of *Adam* first much knowledge bred,  
Who told heavens will, and warn'd how Satan rag'd,  
For all were learn'd, though bookes they never read.  
Whil'st many ages could not make one ag'd;  
But when Gods sonnes did with mens daughters wed,  
(Though giants, weake) all were to vice engag'd:  
And since all those were never purg'd till drown'd,  
That time yeelds few for piety renown'd.

Most happy he who first (though scorn'd a space)  
To preach repentance, eminently stood,  
Both threatning judgement, and yet offring grace,  
As he was made, to make the world grow good;  
Then (all else lost) did save some of his race,  
Their soules from sinne, their bodies from the floud:  
And last (worlds victor) even by angels prais'd,  
His arke triumphall to the clouds was rais'd.

Whil'st widow'd fields which seem'd their guests to  
waile,  
(As all distill'd in teares) could not be dry'd;  
The drooping flowers with hanging heads grown pale,  
Did seeme to mourne, that thus all creatures dy'd,  
Lest th' earth (thus spoil'd) to bring forth fruits might  
faile,  
Industrious *Noah*, husbandry first try'd:  
For which to him, fond ancients, altars fram'd,

Whil'st *Saturne*, *Ianus*, and *Ogyges* nam'd.

O! what strange things by deare experience past,  
 Could this man tell, amazement to constraine?  
 Who saw the world first full, then all turn'd waste,  
 Yet liv'd himselfe to people it againe,  
 Till from his race great kings did rise at last,  
 Who him for syre not knew, or did disdaine:

Whil'st old (and poore perchance) with toyle and  
 strife,  
 Glad (by his labour) to maintaine his life.

There are two sonnes whom anguish did entrance,  
 To heare the third, their fathers scorne proclame,  
 Who forward, backward, blindely did advance,  
 Even from themselves to hide their fathers shame,  
 Lest that their eyes had guilty beene by chance,  
 As sure their hearts could no such horrour dreame:

The fathers blessing hath effectuall prov'd,  
 We see how *Cham* was curs'd, they truely lov'd.

*Shem*, fathers heire, a lampe of light design'd,  
*Melchisedech*, a mighty prince, or priest,  
 With whom God did communicate his minde,  
 A speciall labourer after *Noahs* rest,  
 I see with him some others of his kinde,  
 Till *Abram* rose, who follow'd him for best:  
*Arpashad, Shelah, Eber, Pelag* stand,  
*Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah* in one band.

Of *Japhets* race at first, some forward throng,  
 (The rest (turn'd Gentiles) godlinesse did leave)  
 Who surfetting on natures pleasures long,  
 At last (quite stumbling) drunke with vice did rave,

And when once stray'd, still more and more went wrong,

Till last recall'd, the Lord their seed did save:

In tents of *Shem*, since *Japhet* came to dwell,  
His numbers now doe all the rest excell.

Who shines so bright? I must to marke him stay,  
The Churches stocke, from whom it did descend,  
The first cleare lampe who did direct heavens way,  
Perfections patterne, imitations end,  
Whom righteousnesse did as a robe array,  
Who eat with angels, was profess'd Gods friend:

Of all the faithfull, call'd the father still,  
Whose pleasure was to doe his Makers will.

A straying stranger, he (whil'st poore he seem'd)  
Gave *Lot* his choice of lands, so peace to bring,  
And him when captive by the sword redeem'd,  
Both liberall, valorous, yet a greater thing,  
His friend once free, no treasure more esteem'd,  
Who scorn'd to be beholding to a king:

Was onely weake when he disclaim'd his wife,  
Not firme with God, or else too fond on life.

When *Sodomes* ruine justly was design'd,  
God to this man whom he so dearely lov'd,  
Would (ere effected) justifie his minde,  
By his applause, as glad to be approv'd,  
Who durst contest, but could ten good not finde  
Else by his meanes, heavens army was remov'd,  
In league with God by sacrament receiv'd,  
Who true religion, heretable leav'd.

His lifted hand had aym'd the fatall wound,  
 (A course most strange, which thoughts can scarce  
     embrace)

Yet not distracted, but in judgement sound,  
 To kill his sonne, and all the promis'd race;  
 (Whil'st faith triumph'd, both sense and reason bound)  
 Till him an angell stayd (O wondrous case!)

“Her birth, who barren was, an offring made,  
 “Had beene by natures course, not borne, nor  
     dead.”

He in whose bosome, saints have had their rest,  
 Who was for God from friends and soile estrang'd,  
 Hath still his nephew neere (a wandring guest)  
 On fields too faire, his roving flockes who rang'd,  
 Which he at last, as ugly, did detest,  
 His wife transform'd, himselfe deform'd, both chang'd:

He, though not burn'd, yet smoak'd, had *Sodomes*  
     smell,  
 Whil'st fled from flames, when safe, as choak'd, he  
     fell.

That sacrifice (though offered) who not dy'd;  
 First type of Christ, his suffering who presag'd,  
 For whom God did (when famine was) provide,  
 And for dig'd fountaines budding broyles asswag'd,  
 Yea, was for fathers cause, his guard and guide,  
 Till at his wealth for envy, heathens rag'd:

Though substance thought, that but a shadow  
     darke,

Scarce of his riches pointed at a sparke.

There that great wrestler, halfe of one times brood,  
Who was ere borne against his brother bent,  
And last us'd fraud, when force could doe no good,  
(The meanes were bad, though happy the event)  
But with heavens monarch bravely struggling stood,  
Till blest by force, he thence a victor went:

To dreame of angels, who on th' earth did lye,  
A stone his pillow, curtain'd by the skye.

He thus whom God nor man could not appall,  
(By beauty onely to turne captive mov'd)  
Twice seven years sold, was made a wretches thrall,  
And yet the time seem'd short because he lov'd;  
Still when high thoughts his hopes to minde did call,  
Rough blasts seem'd smooth, even suffrings pleasant  
prov'd:

No storme him mov'd, save onely *Rachels* frowne,  
Whose leavy garland did his labours crowne.

O happy shepheard! flattning but his flocke,  
In minde a monarch, but more free from toyles,  
Whose crowne an ivy wreath, whose throne some  
rocke,

His staffe a scepter, lord of many soiles,  
At night the stars, all day the sunne his clocke,  
He fed his sheep, they him, proud of their spoiles:

And whil'st corrivall'd by encroaching beames,  
Her eyes his glasse, and hers some crystall stremes.

Whil'st poore, thus pleas'd, nought could occurre save  
good,  
But straight when rich, he tortur'd did remaine,

His daughter ravish'd, sonnes involv'd in bloud,  
 The best belov'd (as he imagin'd) slaine,  
 When old and weake, forc'd farre to shift for food,  
 Whence (save his bones) nought was brought back  
 againe:

“ His dayes both few and evill, he last confest,  
 “ Not wealth nor honour, death yeelds onely rest.

But what rare beauties ravish now mine eyes,  
 Of which I thinke her one, who grosly fail'd.  
 By whom first man was borne, all mankinde dyes,  
 Whose errorr still her ruin'd race hath wail'd?  
 But (rack'd with pangs which all her sexe oft tryes)  
 No doubt repentance many times prevaile:  
 Whil'st breeding more to plant the world withall,  
 In place of one, whom she had made to fall.

She, whose great beauty, kings in vaine did crave,  
 First of her sexe, whom sacred pennes applaud,  
 Who yong, still barren, did when old conceive,  
 Yet (fondly curious) did her selfe defraud,  
 And made a mayd her equall of a slave,  
 Her rivals raiser, her owne husbands bawd:  
 For which due paine, she justly did abide,  
 “ Of slaves preferr'd, none can endure the pride.”

From drawing water, an attending mayd,  
 Whil'st nobly humble, honourably kinde,  
 Straight (highly match'd) with gorgeous robes ar-  
 ray'd,  
 By struggling twins, a mother was design'd,

Of which for one (as franke affection sway'd)  
She boldly ventred, though her mate was blinde,  
Whom she beguil'd, not wrong'd, and (calme in  
strife)  
Though alwaies faithfull, was a cunning wife.

Of rivall sisters emulous in love,  
The Churches mothers, *Jacobs* joyes surmis'd,  
The ones weake eyes, now bright as starres doe move,  
Whom God would grace, when man too much despis'd;  
She though least faire, yet did most fertile prove,  
Whose mate loves oddes, found by opinion pris'd:  
In minde, and armes, two brides at once embrac'd,  
Whil'st sense and fancy, severall circuits trac'd.

Long after death, she who to waile was spy'd,  
When from compassion, *Herod* quite did swerve,  
Not mercenarily match'd, whom for a bryde,  
Twice seven years service scarcely could deserve;  
Yet (stain'd by breeding whil'st her syre was guide)  
Imbezled idols, did with fraud preserve:

Long long'd to beare, yet by her wish was griev'd,  
First known, whose death made *Evahs* curse be-  
leev'd.

Her mother neere, that ravish'd daughter stayes,  
Whose curiousnesse much mischiefe did procure;  
A gorgeous beauty whil'st it guardlesse strayes,  
If not inviting, doth at least allure;  
O what huge evils, a moments sport repayes,  
Her brothers murtherers, and her selfe a whore?

Here lust by bloud, and shame was purg'd by teares,  
.Such bitter fruits a womans wandring beares.

The old arch-fathers chiefe whom Iewes renowne,  
Their names by tribes distinguish did their race,  
His fathers strength who might have claym'd the  
crown,  
Had not his glory melted in disgrace,  
Like water (when rais'd high) which must fall downe,  
For pleasure foule, had forfeited his place,  
Yet when his brothers would their brother kill,  
Then, onely kinde, he stay'd th' intended ill.

Hearts big with vengeance, whil'st for bloud they  
long'd,  
Two worst of twelve, in mischiefe, brothers sworne,  
Mans sacred match, Gods covenant, both wrong'd,  
The mocke of marriage, circumcisions scorne,  
To murther numbers by base treason throng'd,  
Till for their fault, (with inward anguish torne :)  
Their holy father, horrours height conceiv'd,  
But though their wrath was curs'd, themselves were  
sav'd.

He who himselfe with courage should acquite,  
Still like a lyon, fighting for his prey,  
Stor'd with abundance, dandled with delight,  
Whom all his brothers freely should obey,  
With bloud of grapes made red, with milke made  
white,  
Till *Shiloh* came, who did the sceptre sway;

From him did spring the Author of our peace,  
The height of goodnesse, and the ground of grace.

But yet at home he was unhappy long,  
His eldest sonne (high hopes defrauding) dead,  
The next (too grosly working nature wrong)  
Had straight Gods judgement pour'd upon his head :  
The third held backe from whom he did belong,  
He (though their syre) to breed them heires was  
made,  
A whore-like widow tempting him to lust,  
Whom first he damn'd, but (bound by signes) held  
just.

Here are the rest of fertile *Leahs* brood,  
And of the mayds for birth, who with her striv'd,  
Not stayn'd as ill, nor yet much prais'd for good,  
Who sheepheards still in vaguing lodgings liv'd,  
Did sell their brother, brought their father food,  
And highly griev'd for former harme contriv'd,  
With them comes *Rachels* last and dearest boy,  
On whom his father doted oft for joy.

But then all these, one more transports me now,  
Who did of dreames the mysteries unfold,  
To whom sunne, moone, and starres eleven did bow,  
As for their *Atlas*, who should them uphold ;  
“ But envies basenesse cannot worth allow : ”  
For, brag'd by death, he for a slave was sold :  
Yet wrought they good, who mischiefe did intend,  
A bad beginning, for so brave an end.

In fortunes favour, and in strength for age,  
 To taste stayn'd pleasure, him by all their charmes,  
 Not beauty (grace'd by greatnessse) could engage,  
 Though offered, and alone, and in his armes ;  
 Whil'st love to lust, and lust all turn'd to rage,  
 His chastnesse blame, his goodnesse bred him harmes :  
 The syre for love afflicted did remaine,  
 And onely he because of his disdaine.

He whom for state, affliction had prepar'd,  
 Whil'st from a prison to a palace brought,  
 Where sold a slave, was straight a prince declar'd,  
 Clad with rich robes, the chiefe by suiters sought,  
 In time of plenty, who for famine car'd,  
 Sav'd all the subjects, yet the kingdome bought :  
 Both rich and godly, O how rare a thing !  
 Of God the prophet, minion of the king.

Not proud, when prosp'ring (as when rais'd o're-  
 throwne)  
 His heart grew humble, when his fortune great,  
 Where some for shame had not his brothers showne,  
 Whose scorned basenesse might his fame abate,  
 He (tenderly disposed to his owne,)  
 Did from distresse redeeme their wretched state :  
 And, where (unnaturall) they had him betray'd,  
 Their cruelty with courtesie repay'd.

Thrice happy man, as high in worth as place,  
 Whose fortunes course did strangely ebbe and flow,  
 From murther, bondage, ruine, and disgrace,  
 In Pharo's kingdome, greatest prince to grow,

In whom true vertue garnish'd was with grace,  
To gaine industrious, liberall to bestow:

And yet in this his chiefe contentment stood,  
That he had liv'd to doe his father good.

Though fail'd in earthly, sharpe in spirituall sight,  
When *Joseph* thought that *Jacob* was beguil'd,  
Who (straight whil'st crossing) seeming wrong, went  
right,

Here are his sonnes from whom two tribes were stil'd :  
In scattred *Levies* roome, one rose in might,  
What father knowes how God will blesse a childe?  
Whil'st God his good, by his owne vertue breeds,  
The yongest thus the eldest oft exceeds.

When raging malice had put off her maske,  
All kindenesse, duty, and compassion gone,  
The straw abstracted, doubling still their taske,  
Even mid-wives, murtherers, birth and death made one,  
Here sundry are, who helpe from God did aske,  
And under burdens heavily did grone :

“ But though affliction force devotions teares,  
“ Curs'd are those workes which such oppression  
reares.”

From murther scap'd, by flouds for death confin'd,  
He when scarce borne, whom God did strangely keepe ;  
Of reeds his cradle, rocking with the winde,  
As lulling him, the softly sounding deepe,  
Did seeme to sing (with kisses cold too kinde)  
Hence monsters, hence, doe not disturbe his sleepe :

Who makes our nymphs all passionate to prove,  
Whil'st *Egypt's* princesse comes to court his love.

Yet with his race he rather choos'd to smart,  
Then to be held for *Pharoh's* daughters brood,  
And with an Hebrew boldly taking part,  
Kill'd one of *Egypt* who against him stood ;  
How could base envy poyson so a heart ?  
He guerdon'd was with ill for doing good,  
Till in exile farre from his friends remov'd,  
Great *Pharoh's* nursling *Iethro's* shepheard prov'd.

Though low below, yet much esteem'd above,  
He straight was choos'd a legate for the Lord,  
And did to bragge a king heavens herald prove,  
By sounds from flames with rare instructions stor'd ;  
His sacred message wonders did approve,  
That it confirm'd, he boldly might record :

The hand soone leprous, was as quickly pure,  
Which drugges, nor charmes, did not procure, nor  
cure.

His staffe, though stiffe, in bending circles turn'd,  
Left frothy furrowes, where it till'd the ground ;  
Eyes, flamie globes (as sparkling poyson) burn'd,  
Still stretch'd to strike, else threatning in a round,  
Then arch'd at th' earth (all rais'd in rain-bowes)  
spurn'd,  
Whil'st waving colours did with feare confound :  
Whose swelling horrour bragg'd some storme to be,  
Both bow and shaft, an animated tree.

Who wonders not what wonders then were wrought,  
Whil'st bent for God, each element tooke armes?  
Flouds turn'd to bloud, forth croaking squadrons  
brought,  
Th' earth, (pride to curbe) from dust rais'd abject  
swarmes,  
(Th' ayre glooming darke) black clouds of flies long  
fought;  
Plagues, thunder, tempests, all inflicted harmes:  
Till that the kingdome was with anguish fill'd,  
Whil'st in each house the hop'd-for heire was kill'd.

The parted depths, that God might gaine renowne,  
(Though liquid firme,) with waves empall'd a way,  
Till in one drop they all at once fell downe,  
As which for *Pharoh*, in an ambush lay,  
And (even whil'st walking dry) did thousands drowne,  
Iewes state a time, still Egypts tombe to stay:  
What slaughter huge? and yet no bloud was spill'd?  
No striker seene, all by one blow were kill'd.

He dry'd the sea, from rockes a floud did draw,  
Chiefe wonder-worker, wonderfull in all,  
And yet a farre *Canaan* onely saw,  
Since stumbling once, though free from any fall,  
Heavens oracle, the organ of the law;  
When last (sinnes curse) his corps to death was thrall,  
An angell it to hide from Satan reft,  
That superstition had no relict left.

His brother first did gorgeous garments weare,  
With robes in state, a consecrated priest,

And names of tribes in pretious stones did reare,  
 With gold and silke embroydered on his brest,  
 Whose long worne staffe did straight ripe almonds  
 beare,

And in the Church a monument did rest:

He though he grudg'd, and Iewes first idoll made,  
 Was grac'd alive, and glorifi'd when dead.

Their sister *Miriam*, mirror of her kinde,  
 With flaming ardour, ravish'd up above,  
 To sing Gods praise, she with true zeale inclin'd,  
 Scorn'd mortall matches, courting still his love,  
 Yet, envy once so tainted had her minde,  
 Her bodies beauties all did leprous prove:

Till he whose harme she studied to contrive,  
 Her pardon sought, the meekest man alive

He who from *Israel* forc'd the plague to part,  
 The bravest impe of that annoynted brood,  
 No thirst of praise, nor hatred in his heart,  
 Whose act seem'd ill, but his intent was good;  
 O happy man, how strange was his desert,  
 By murther saving, blest for shedding bloud!

“A godly zeale, which nothing can controule,  
 “As pretious incense, offers up the soule.”

Neere *Moses* stands that valorous brood of *Nun*,  
 By whose direction *Israel* reach'd her marke,  
 From whom for reverence, *Jordan* backe did runne,  
 As which would not presume to touch the arke;  
 He as his debtor did arrest the sunne,  
 Till foes were kill'd, that it should not grow darke:

Weake hornes for trumpets sounding downe a  
wall,  
It, even ere breach'd (as breath'd away) did fall.

That man for worth, whom all the world renownes,  
With greatest gallants rank'd by fame doth stand,  
Their match in conquering, more in scorning crownes,  
Who would but God obey, not men command,  
And (nations ruin'd) razing states and townes,  
Did not retaine, no, did but part their land :

This warriour onely held for great may be,  
From avarice, and from ambition free.

His fellow spye, who would not witnesse wrong,  
But high in minde, had gyants in contempt,  
And breathing courage, staggering troupes among,  
From abject feare, even dastards did exempt,  
When eighty sixe yeares old, both stout and strong,  
A dangerous conquest bravely did attempt :

“Mindes cleare and calme from guilty stormes  
secure,”

Make natures strength as doubled to endure.

Next him comes he who did his daughter wed,  
Who was for valour, a reward design'd,  
But in that brest, what host could feare have bred,  
Where love and courage both enflam'd the minde?  
He (first of iudges) grudging squadrons led,  
To curbe the pride of heathens haughty kinde :

Who when that *Israel* to base idols bow'd,  
To plague them suffred were, but not allow'd.

When *Moabs* monarch made Gods people grone,  
 And them from bondage no way would enlarge,  
 He who heavens legat rais'd him from his throne,  
 A fatall message boldly to discharge;  
 And he who kill'd sixe hundred all alone,  
 Against whose goade, no steele could serve for targe:

“ Those shew fraile life, a prey of every hand,  
 “ Who (theirs contemn'd) another's will command.”

I see that dame whom Hebrewes honour most,  
 The glory of her sexe, a staine to men,  
 A prophetesse, a iudge, chiefe of an host,  
 Whose parts might furnish fames most liberall pen;  
 Of such a one, no Ethnicke scroule can boast,  
 Not martiall ladies, nor sibyllaes ten:

What greater worth could any brest embrace,  
 In warre couragious, just in time of peace?

Next her comes he who did refuse to fight,  
 Unlesse her count'rance gave his courage life,  
 For which although his foes were put to flight,  
 The captaines death gave glory to a wife;  
 Which, though he much presum'd, what judgements  
 height?

Not sword, nor launce did grace, no, not a knife:  
 This did him kill, who armies did command,  
 A little naile, and in a woman's hand.

His mother said (puff'd up by former broiles)  
 What stayes my sonne? he some great matter tryes,  
 The souldiers to reward, they part the spoiles,  
 Whil'st vaunting victors scorne the captives cryes,

Some dainty lady doth defray his toyles,  
His eares drinke praises, trophies feast his eyes:  
Thus she with dreames was flattered all the space,  
Whil'st he (poore wretch) was dying with disgrace.

Who *Baal* spoil'd, his clients did deride,  
(Though of his race the man neglected most)  
From threshing wheate, which he for feare would hide,  
Did (call'd by God) come to command an host,  
Whose favour twice by severall signes was try'd,  
Whil'st staggering doubts his resolution crost:  
The fields all faire, his fleece quite drench'd did lye,  
And when all else was wet, was onely dry.

This victory, God for his owne would stampe,  
And lest that it had seem'd by numbers sway'd,  
Of every thousand ten, but kept the campe,  
The rest remov'd, and of those few who stay'd,  
Each crush'd a pitcher, and held forth a lampe,  
Brave sounds and lightning, to make men dismaid:

A barley cake most monstrous did appeare,  
The sword of *Gideon* kill'd ere it came neare.

This man when offered fled a soveraignes place,  
So modest first, and afterwards devout,  
With all the jewels which his troupes did grace,  
An ephod made (though bright) his onely blote,  
Which did procure the ruine of his race,  
By making Iewes (too superstitious) dote:

“None should serve God, but as himselfe directs,  
“A good intention may breed bad effects.”

That Gileadite, who when exil'd from home,  
 In forraine parts a martiall man excell'd,  
 Not loathing all, for being wrong'd by some,  
 Did save their states, who him from his expell'd,  
 And *Ammons* army two wayes did o'recome,  
 To yeeld by reason, and by force compell'd:

“ Men (not like beasts) should know for what they  
 fight,

“ That valour may maintaine, not make a right.”

When haughty *Ephraim* out of time too bold,  
 And basely grudging at anothers good,  
 With words outragious (arrogantly told)  
 Him to contemne whom God exalted, stood,  
 That sudden heate procur'd an endlesse cold,  
 The pride of thousands quickly quench'd with bloud,  
 First civile warre, that with the Lewes was seene,  
 Though since they oft have thus unhappy beene.

When generous *Iephte*, did with state returne,  
 The pointed object of a generall joy,  
 Whose daughters brest with longing thoughts did  
 burne,  
 Whil'st she made haste, his triumph to convoy ;  
 Can one from mirth be made so quickly mourne ?  
 Who sav'd all else, must he his owne destroy ?  
 She singing came, but straight went backe and  
 wept,  
 A vow too rash to be so strictly kept.

That Nazarite (as singular renown'd)  
 Whose heads each haire, a man in strength contain'd,

Ah then one woman, all more weake were found,  
Whose charming bosome, glories colour stain'd,  
She of his soule the mystery did sound,  
Who first by bloud, and last for gold was gain'd :

His sacred secret he to her bewray'd,  
And she him straight to all his foes betray'd.

Strange madnesse thus, did raze his judgements fort,  
What none could force that he would needs afford ;  
This gorgeous creature, curious natures sport,  
A living idoll, by blinde zeale ador'd,  
She, she triumphs upon a doting sort,  
Who will be slaves, even where there wants a lord :  
And bearing sway, no reason some can move,  
“ Those who usurpe their power, must tyrants  
prove.”

God by this man, strange wonders bent to show,  
He curious riddles, *Sphinx*-like could contrive ;  
And as his strength, that men his wit might know,  
To purchase praise by stratagems would strive ;  
Fields forc'd by fire, seem'd lightning from below,  
Whil'st those who fled, that which they fled did drive :  
This course it seemes did shew his nature right,  
The flames his force, the foxes shew his flight.

His deeds farre past the reach of their conceit,  
Who fain'd great persons, glosing on things gone ;  
He of a towne did raze the guarded gate,  
And (braving numbers) carried it alone ;  
He (bursting bands) a thousand dayes did date,  
And with no weapon, save an abject bone

Which (whil'st in flouds of sweat he all was drench'd)  
His rage with bloud, his thirst with water quench'd.

But what behold I now? how great a change?  
His haires quite raz'd, hands bound, his eyes put out,  
Gaz'd at by troupes (as if some monster strange)  
Whom once they fear'd, the flocking Pagans flout,  
Till desp'rare courage burning with revenge,  
Pull'd downe their temple, smoothering all about,  
Where thousands kill'd, life sold at no base rate,  
A famous ruine rear'd his tombe in state.

Here with the rest, who judg'd the Hebrew race,  
And them from foes, in justice did maintaine,  
Though last in number, one comes first in place,  
Whom long his mother (griev'd) had wish'd in vaine,  
By prayer purchas'd, and bred up in grace,  
Who, beg'd from God, was given him backe againe,  
By whom when but a childe, he thrice was call'd,  
A iudge, and prophet, twise in state enstall'd.

Yet when fond Israel urg'd a king to have,  
Though grieving God, this much did vex his minde,  
The danger showne of that which they did crave,  
Not onely freely he their prince design'd,  
But when in wrath the Lord did quite him leave,  
Did labour long that he might favour finde;  
This course his heart free from ambition prov'd,  
Who thus left rule, and his successour lov'd.

Two Hebrews crown'd, he kill'd one heathnish king,  
A reverent iudge who purchas'd true respect;

He all, the people did together bring,  
And boldly ask'd what person could object,  
Whose oxe or asse he tooke, or any thing  
For doing wrong, or justice to neglect;  
A glorious challenge, and a vaunt not vaine,  
To brave a state, as free from any staine.

Now marke I one, th' earth bred no other such,  
For temperance, patience, charitie, and love,  
Whom God did praise, till Satan envied much,  
And thus did tempt, that he this gold might prove;  
Thou kept'st him so that none his state could touch,  
This hirelings heart thy gifts doe onely move;  
Let him but taste of ruine and disgrace,  
And he will straight blaspheme thee to thy face.

His children feasting whil'st he pensive stands,  
What strange ill newes straight all at once arrived?  
Whilst th' asses fed, the oxen plow'd thy lands,  
*Sabæans* hence them violently drived;  
Robd are thy camels by Chaldean bands,  
Thy sheepe of life flames (sent from heaven) deprived;  
Thy sonnes are smothered by a houses fall,  
Save wee who speake, kill'd are thy servants all.

When passion first prevail'd (as one forlorne)  
Their course impetuous did him so confound,  
With head all spoild of haires, and garments torne,  
He worship'd God (fall'n groveling on the ground)  
Then said, As by my dame first naked borne,  
So naked last, dust must my body bound;

The Lord did give, the Lord doth take againe,  
Blest be his name ; I grieve, but not complaine.

With soares growne loathsome, of all wretches chiefe,  
By friends quite left, by servants not obey'd,  
Curse God and die (as desperate of reliefe)  
His wife first cri'd, that had from duty strai'd ;  
Who came to comfort, did augment his grieve,  
And thought those plagues his wickednesse bewrai'd,  
Till charg'd with anguish grudging at the rod,  
He (to debate his cause) durst chalenge God.

By golden speeches (with much power) express'd,  
How short a time man wrapt in woes did live ;  
Last humbling him till he his fault confess'd,  
The Lord did speake, as cited there to strive,  
Who check'd his friends for having truth transgress'd,  
And for his cause would only them forgive ;  
His riches doubled, multipli'd his race,  
Both old, and happie, *Job* did die in peace.

What stately troope doth dazell so my sight,  
As for their worth, so in their number rare ;  
Those all are kings, as walking in God's light,  
Who kept his law with a religious care,  
And brave lievteneants did his battels fight,  
Yea, highly griev'd, when falne in any snare ;  
They now have gain'd (all weaknesses laid downe)  
A boundlesse kingdome, an eternall crowne.

He whome the Lord to be a king design'd,  
A shepheard boy (whilst reckning all his brood)

Whoni his owne father scarce could call to mind,  
Vs'd (as a drudge) to beare his brothers food,  
He (whilst at his high sprite the rest repin'd)  
Did seale his valour with a giants blood:

And for his love expos'd to dangerous toiles,  
In dowry gave two hundred Pagans spoiles.

His thousands *Saul* ten thousands *David* kill'd;  
This envi'd praise with honour bred himi harme:  
*Saul's* troubled brest such iealous fancies fill'd,  
That man whose musick did his daemon charme,  
His blood (oft ventred) greedie to have spill'd,  
As for some conquest did great numbers arme:

And thought his state could in no safety prove,  
Whilst such a gallant kept his peoples love.

By madnesse fain'd forc'd to delude his foes,  
He whom his merits onely did betray,  
In wildernesses farre from all repose,  
Was like a partridge hunted for a prey:  
Yet twice to him God did his king expose,  
And he discharg'd that any him should slay;  
Thus of his raigne bent to abide the time,  
He for a crowne would not commit a crime.

Yea, when the tyrant (tumbled from his seat)  
By his owne hand (defrauding foes) was slaine,  
He caus'd him dye who did the news relate,  
His death to haste though vaunting but in vaine;  
And having heard the ruine of his state;  
He (straight made tender) could not teares restraine:

But us'd such griefe that it no pen can paint,  
As witnesse may his passionate complaint.

A king, a prophet, valorous, devout,  
That man to Gods owne heart, choice of a land,  
(None perfect here) him faults, even foule, did blot,  
And where he fell, let no man bragge to stand,  
By tempting beauty fondly made to dote,  
He act'd adultery, murther did command :

And all his subjects caus'd to count (though dust)  
As proud of numbers in his strength to trust.

Though these his faults repentance had defrai'd,  
The plague for them troupes did from breath seclude,  
His concubines deflowr'd, his force decay'd,  
Chas'd by his sonne, he in great danger stood;  
And was from building of the temple stai'd,  
As one whose hands polluted were with bloud :

Last (fail'd, ere old) he left a bloody will,  
That who himselfe had spar'd, his sonne should  
kill.

There walks with him one link'd in love below,  
From which not syre, nor state, his thoughts could  
bring,  
A friendship such what fabulous penne can show?  
In him save God it weigh'd downe every thing :  
He with one man an army did ore-throw,  
Both borne, and worthy, to have beene a king :  
But farre more great, he (never faulty tri'd)  
Whil'st bravely fighting, for his countrey dy'd.

He, when his wish was offred from above,  
Who not (like *Midas*) basely gap'd for gold,  
Nor yet (like *Paris*) urg'd a ladies love,  
But wish'd for wisedome, judgements height to hold,  
Which first two dames about one childe did prove,  
Whil'st who was mother kindnesse did unfold;  
    Of plants each vertue whether good or naught,  
    He from the cedar to the thistle taught.

But whil'st by riches riotously led,  
And lull'd asleep with pleasures of this life,  
He *Pharoah's* faults did with his daughter wed,  
And entertain'd the idoll of each wife;  
But last he was (when fulnesse loathing bred)  
With all the world (as vanity) at strife,  
    And of all states he did the height attaine,  
    A foole, a wise man, holy, and prophane.

There one who idols highly still abhor'd,  
And their confusion in such manner wrought,  
That he his mother when she one ador'd,  
Of state depriv'd, and to live private brought;  
And yet (afraid) he *Arams* help implor'd,  
And (when diseas'd) not God, but physick sought;  
    Yet bravely broke the *Ethiopian* bands,  
    And here by God rank'd with good princes stands.

His sonne succeeds, a king by goodnesse great,  
As just, religious, generally belov'd,  
Yet joyn'd with *Achab*, one whom God did hate,  
And by the prophet had his fault reprov'd;

But when huge armies came to raze his state,  
 His ardent zeale the Lord of hosts so mov'd:  
     That (as spectatour) he in safety stood,  
     Till all his enemies were o're-flow'd with bloud.

Now happie he who did all ill detest,  
 And godly, vertuous, singular, excell'd,  
 Not like his father striving to be priest,  
 Who from the temple leprous was expell'd,  
 But building towns, and stately works, at rest,  
 To pay him tribute strangers were compell'd,  
     “Thus prosper they who do what God directs;  
     “No danger dare approach where he protects.”

When *Ashur's* capitaine swolne with pride blasphem'd,  
 And durst our God with *Gentiles* gods compare,  
 He who (that scorne then ruine worse esteem'd)  
 (When thus distress'd) did to his strength repaire;  
 Who oft from anguish hath his owne redeem'd,  
 And then himselfe a party did declare:  
     The *Jews* miraculously were freed from toils,  
     An angell fought, they came to take the spoiles.

By sicknesse charg'd to leave this lodge of clay,  
 (This life so sweet, death is so bitter thought)  
 With teares and sighs he humbly begg'd to stay,  
 And had a lease of yeares too dearly bought:  
 Sinne took advantage of this long delay,  
 And where not tax'd before, he folly wrought:  
     By vaunted treasures foolishly spread forth,  
     To make a prince enamour'd of their worth.

The last of those who fortunately raign'd,  
Is he for first whom many would preferre,  
The law restor'd, all read what it contain'd,  
Who by his teares Gods judgement did deferre,  
By dead mens bones the heathenish altar stain'd,  
He still liv'd well, did onely (dying) erre :

Whil'st without cause he needs would go to fight,  
And by his losse did cloud all *Iuda's* light.

By God anointed comes another sort,  
His great familiars, trusted with his will,  
When sent to promise, threaten, or exhort,  
Whom heavenly thoughts with sacred rage did fill ;  
One *Davids* doome did from himselfe extort,  
Who, even when doing, yet was damning ill :

Whil'st to a king, from God, he (wisely bold)  
His stormy message figuratively told.

That *Shilonite* who (as from heaven advis'd)  
To *Ieroboam* prophesy'd a crowne,  
And told his wife (soone knowne though com'd dis-  
guis'd)  
Since falne from God (all dignity put downe)  
That (all their off-spring plagued, and despis'd)  
Her sonne should die, straight when she touch'd the  
towne :  
By death made happie to prevent disgrace ;  
None else should have a grave of all their race.

That man of God whom God did earst employ,  
To bragge the altar, for a signe all torne,

Who nam'd the man who should it quite destroy,  
 Though after that for many yeares not borne;  
 And that old prophet would him still convoy,  
 Whose cosening kindnesse did his calling scorne:  
     He freely ly'd, truth did of force preferre,  
     His doome denouncing whom he made to erre.

When lying sprits had *Achabs* trust deceiv'd,  
 To tempt him forth for ruine and disgrace,  
 One truly told (as if at hand perceiv'd)  
 As shepheardlesse how *Israel* left their place,  
 The king enrag'd (as sure he should be sav'd)  
 Cri'd, keep him fast, till I returne in peace;  
     If thou return'st in peace from mischiefe free,  
     The prophet said, then God speaks not by me.

Who clos'd the clouds, (of drought an ominous  
     threat)  
 And (fed by ravens) wonderfully liv'd,  
 Who did (by spending) multiply her meat,  
 Whose breathlesse sonne he straight, when dead,  
     reviv'd;  
 Flames swallow'd floods to shew what God was great,  
 Which *Baals* priests to follow fondly striv'd;  
     But all by him were as abusers slaine,  
     Who for their idoll strugled had in vaine.

By angels fed, for forty dayes to fast,  
 He reach'd mount *Horeb*, held for sacred ground,  
 Where first windes roar'd, next gaping earthquakes  
     past,  
 Then flames of fire his daz'led sight did bound,

A murmur soft, and quiet calme came last,  
From which God spoke, as who his friend had found :  
    And straight he told in spite of tyrants bosts,  
    How jealously he lov'd the Lord of hosts.

By bands of fiftie for his ruine sought,  
Fire at his call from heaven them twice did kill,  
Till that to him unarm'd, who never fought,  
A captaine with his troupes did yeeld, at will ;  
His cloake (as did the arke) a wonder wrought,  
When parted *Jordan*, till he past, stood still ;  
    He in his chariot did in state retire,  
    (As crown'd with glory) flashing flames of fire.

He who this great mans gift redoubled got,  
A childe procur'd, and even when dead did cure,  
Made leprous *Naman* free from any spot,  
And, in his place, his greedy man impure ;  
Made weighty iron above the water flot,  
And when *Samaria* famine did endure,  
    Did show that plenty should it soone releeve,  
    But he first dye, who would it not beleeve,

The *Syrians* counsell told to *Israels* king,  
That host in armes which bent to take him stood,  
He (quite made blinde) amid'st their foes did bring,  
Yet would not harme them, no, but gave them food ;  
Thus whil'st alive, well did he every thing,  
And (even whil'st dying) alwayes doing good :  
    By homely signes he did to *Ioash* show,  
    How *Arams* army he should thrice o're-throw.

That sonne of *Amos* here much grac'd I spie,  
 Whose princely birth all parts conforme approve,  
 His threatnings thunder, comforts flowing flie ;  
 This may sinke downe, that ravish up above,  
 No *Greeke*, nor *Ramane* penne, could soare so high ;  
 His speech (all power) may admiration move :  
     Whil'st lifting up all them in God who trust,  
     And levelling proud nations with the dust.

When God in wrath abandon'd had his owne,  
 Who not prevented, no, did ruine haste,  
 This man hath oft by sacred vision showne,  
 That straying *Gentiles* should be call'd at last ;  
 Of Christ to come as cleare a witnesse knowne,  
 As were apostles proving what was past :  
     Twixt him and them this sympathie is found,  
     That martyrdome (the Christian badge) both crown'd.

He who long mourn'd (as but to anguish borne,  
 Still passionate) with elegiack straines,  
 For *Juda*'s bondage, haughty *Babels* scorne,  
 The which (whil'st free) he oft as captive plains ;  
 For this by him upbraiding yokes were borne,  
 Still persecuted, yet despising paines :  
     He long was kept his prophesy to stay,  
     In dungeons darke, a stranger to the day.

When *Abrahams* off-spring were transported all,  
 And what they would not trust, did feeling see,  
 Their daunted courage labouring to recall,  
 He who them told what God did then decree,

And that they should but for a time be thrall,  
As confident as if they had beene free,  
Did build their temple, painting every part,  
As it at first was drawn within his heart.

He who declar'd (interpreting his dreame)  
To *Ashur's* monarch, monarchs aim'd for great;  
Whom straight for this he did a prince proclaine,  
Yet in short space, what height of partiall hate!  
A burning fornace (roaring forth a flame)  
Of him and his two friends became the seat,  
Till them an angel freed from fires vast pow'r,  
And who attended them did soone devoure.

Thus highly grac'd, and by this wonder knowne  
(Base envy onely mischiefe can asswage)  
To lyons fierce he for a prey was throwne,  
Which touch'd not him, yet rent his foes in rage;  
By strange descriptions mystically showne,  
He figur'd forth the state of every age,  
Yet did not know what he himselfe did teach,  
No wonder then though it no other reach.

A number more fill up this happy band,  
Who did their message faithfully performe,  
And scorning danger, resolutely stand,  
When raging tyrants at the truth would storme;  
They as if signets in their masters hand,  
Gave true impressions, keeping still one forme:  
Not fearing paine, nor prizing pleasure ought,  
Since onely God, and not themselves they sought.

When captiv'd *Jews* confus'dly forth did presse,  
 Though once for state distinguish'd all in ranks,  
 By bondage equall'd, fellows in distresse,  
 A rigorous marshall meriting no thanks,  
 Whil'st swelling breasts did strugling words represse,  
 Teares turn'd to flouds, they melted on the banks:  
     All melodie by misery o're-come,  
     On trembling willows harps were hanging dumbe.

Even then whil'st thus all did for Sion mourne,  
 Their scattered remnant recollect'd with paine,  
 Three at three times to *Iuda* did returne,  
 The sacred vessels bearing back againe,  
 And for God's glory with such zeale did burne,  
 That though oft hindred, and neare to be slaine:  
     (Their ruin'd temple with great toile restor'd)  
     They kept the law, what was prophanie abhorrd.

Long after borne I see with them before,  
 That valorous widow who did free her towne,  
 By beauty arm'd, which purpos'd to decore,  
 (Though rich in robes) her modestie did crowne,  
 No wretch, nor lavish, must'ring natures store,  
 To brave an army vent'ring in a gowne:  
     She kill'd a capitaine even amid'st his host,  
     And triumph'd had ere foes could know they lost.

To robeing eyes in ambush for delight,  
 (Her dainty treasures by strange fate betray'd)  
 The cheeks turn'd red, to see the rest so white,  
 Which (even when naked) shamefastnesse arrai'd,

Now pale for feare, and straight enflam'd for spite,  
Both beauties colours interchanging strai'd :

Lo, one who lov'd true honour more then fame,  
A reall goodnesse, not a studied name.

She who for fairenesse choice of all her kinde,  
Was made an empresse, yet how rare a thing !  
Though faire of face, was farre more faire in minde ;  
This did please God, that did but please a king,  
She when her race for ruine was design'd,  
Them free from harme in greater grace did bring :  
And with her uncle was for good reserv'd,  
He *Persia's* prince, she all the *Iews* preserv'd.

When heathnish tyrants insolently ill,  
(What sacred was, made to confusion thrall)  
Even on Gods altar beasts uncleane would kill,  
Abomination desolating all ;  
Then, for their law some troupes were constant still,  
And (suffring freely) did with courage fall :  
A reverent ancient by strange tortures try'd,  
And with seven sonnes a woman martyr dy'd.

At *Modin* first a worthie man did rise,  
And straight kill'd one who striv'd to be prophane,  
His sonnes all arm'd, the Pagans did despise,  
And three of them did endlesse glory gaine,  
Who oft took townes, foil'd hosts, did troupes surprise,  
Yet were at last unfortunately slaine :

One bravely fighting, did last wounds imbrace,  
And two by friends betrai'd in time of peace.

With those else nam'd here stands a number more,  
Well knowne to God, though not to fame, nor mee,  
Who lov'd his prophets, and did him adore,  
Though still devout, from superstition free,  
Of their redemption confident before,  
By faith (as com'd) who did their Saviour see:  
Dark figures then just reckonings did contrive,  
The law did damne, grace onely doth forgive.





# DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The ninth Houre.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Christs great fore-runner by him pris'd so much,  
And those who his familiars were below,  
Th' evangelists, apostles, and all such  
As did him in the flesh when mortall know:  
Then those who freely did their faith avouch,  
And for the truth true constancy did show:  
The Churches fathers, and the martyrs all,  
Glad stand they here, who for Christs cause did fall.*

The world at first against all good obdur'd,  
That sacred statutes might mens judgements sway,  
By wonders mov'd, by benefits allur'd,  
Their temporall treasures prosp'ring every way;  
By covenant who followed God secur'd,  
He, even whil'st here, their service did defray,  
As by the ancients evident appeares,  
With plenty, peace, posterity and yeares.

But when glad tidings went divulging grace,  
 And shew the ground where soules should reap their  
 good,  
 Those who the truth with ardour did imbrace,  
 And (it defending) resolutely stood,  
 Still toss'd with toiles, and in the worlds disgrace,  
 Scarce having rest, till purchas'd by their blood:  
 They were so oft expos'd to scorne, and losse,  
 That Christians long were knowne but by their  
 crosse.

Such (whilst transported with a spirituall ioy)  
 Contemplating their happinesse above,  
 (What earth could give, all but esteem'd a toy)  
 Were ravish'd up to court their makers love,  
 Those paines which oft this mortall masse annoy,  
 Contentment gave, by hasting their remove:  
 And here by them no pleasure was imbrac'd,  
 Save when for God by some great suff'ring grac'd.

Loe, he whose voice waste desarts made rebound,  
 In sprite *Elias*, and in like estate;  
 All cloth'd with haire, his loins a girdle bound;  
 With locusts joyn'd wilde hony serv'd for meat;  
 He as (Christs trumpet) ere he came did sound,  
 Repent, prepare, of men no man more great;  
 Yet did he judge himselfe (farre short indeed)  
 Too base to serve who after should succeed.

He humbly modest (as too much esteem'd)  
 When baptisme fountaine baptisme came to crave,

Since but a sinner, and to be redeem'd,  
That which was sought, wish'd rather to receave ;  
Heavens (opening straight) to crave attendance seem'd,  
From whence a voice this testimony gave ;  
(Whilst like a dove the Sprite vpon him seaz'd)  
This is my Sonne in whom I am well pleas'd.

This great ambassadour whom God did send,  
Still taxing sinne, with wickednesse at strife,  
A tyrant fierce admonish'd to amend,  
Who slept in incest with his brothers wife ;  
What bloody gift to gratifie a friend ?  
(Too prodigall of such a pretious life)  
He with his head vaine foolery did defray,  
A wantons wage, a doting dancers prey.

Those three judg'd wise whom nought from Christ  
could barre,  
Though strangely guided, yet to trauell bold,  
When having found him whom they sought so farre,  
Did frankly offer incense, myrrhe and gold ;  
His birth (enrich'd with raies) a flaming starre,  
His death the sunne (all wrapt in darkenesse) told :  
But sunne and moone bare ciphers (reckning right)  
And starres turn'd figures cannot count his light.

He who by him whom nought save faith confines,  
Had beene secur'd ere death his Lord to see,  
When in the temple knowne by sprituall signes,  
Did thus burst forth, glad in a high degree,  
The Gentils light, and *Israels* glory shines,  
Salvation comes to all who seeke it free :

Since thus thou hast perform'd the promis'd grace,  
Lord let thy servant now depart in peace.

There comes that captaine (marching with the rest)  
Who did beleieve, ere granted, well assur'd,  
(His house held base to lodge so great a guest)  
That by Christs words his servant should be cur'd ;  
Then she (when check'd) who did for crummes contest,  
And euen with dogs to be compar'd endur'd :

Thus some, (though Gentiles) have so happie beene,  
That with the Lewes no faith like theirs was seene.

That Israelite in whom no guile was founde,  
Whose minde still pure from stormy waves was free ;  
He (left that thronging troupes his sight should bound)  
To looke on Christ who mounted on a tree ;  
The devills expell'd, who were diseas'd, made sound,  
Earst wonders obiects, numbers happie be ;

First from short paines, from endlesse last secur'd,  
Whose soules and bodies both at once were cur'd.

Haile happie *Mary!* Virgin great in grace,  
Thy sexes glory, the eternalls love !  
Whom high affection freely did imbrace,  
By sacred flames o're-shadow'd from above ;  
Not bodies forme, nor colour of a face,  
To make this match did the Almighty move :

Her portion was an humble modest minde,  
For which the Lord a state in heaven design'd.

But how the deity could be joyn'd with dust,  
Some curious brains (weake reasons captives) scan :

Not like fain'd *Iove* in flames enflam'd with lust,  
Nor in a *dove*, as he came in a *swan*,  
Who would be sav'd must absolutely trust,  
No male enjoy'd, a mayd brought forth a man:

If by Gods word cold earth did life receive,  
A woman by his sprite might soone conceive.

What wonders rare do now enrich my ryme!  
Still mayd, though mother, free from mortall seed,  
Wives childe, not husbands, and yet not her cryme,  
Bigge by himselfe, who did her Maker breed;  
Eternity was limited by time;  
Small bounds did bound who doth all bounds exceed:  
How highly *Marie* shouldst thou be esteem'd,  
Since *Evah's* fault was by thy birth redeem'd?

More then all women blessed in thy bloud,  
Thou first for him, he for us all did smart,  
Who borrow'd milk, but pay'd for it his bloud,  
And what thou hadst was his, not thy desart,  
Who with the rest of death in danger stood,  
Whil'st from his crosse he did these words impart:  
Look woman on thy Sonne: then might'st thou see,  
How he (a Lambe) was offred up for thee.

She who long childlesse, last conceiv'd a sonne,  
As first an angell did to her divine,  
Still till the time that thrise three times were runne,  
Whose husbands dumbenesse prov'd a certain signe,  
Her to salute when *Mary* had begun,  
The babe for joy her wombe could scarce confine:

Whose mother prais'd the blessed Virgins state,  
A by her birth who did indeed grow great.

I see those sisters shining in this ranke,  
Whose brother Christ first wail'd, then rais'd when  
dead,  
But chiefly she who circumspectly franke,  
A precious oyntment pour'd upon his head;  
Though others grudg'd, *Christ* her for this did thank,  
And it for ever memorable made:  
Then unto her as one before held deare,  
(Pale death dispatch'd) did at the first appeare.

Thrice glorious twelve whose parts no tongue can  
tell,  
As his companions by our Lord imbrac'd,  
To binde, and loose, with power of heaven and hell,  
(Still working wonders wonderfully grac'd)  
With whom the holy Ghost did come to dwell,  
Who now with Christ to judge the world are plac'd:  
You by your suffrings conquer'd have farre more,  
Then all men else, by acts, since, or before.

True grounds neglect'd, the doting vulgar throng,  
To servile meanes do so ascribe events,  
The Gospell planting, that to scape such wrong,  
God us'd none great in power, nor rich in rents,  
But simple trades-men, neither learn'd, nor strong,  
Brought up in fishing, or in making tents,  
That thus all might their heavenly message know,  
The which to earthly helps would nothing owe.

He who did first great faith in Christ display,  
Which flesh nor bloud could not to him impart,  
Commended thus, commanded straight away,  
As turn'd a tempter taught by Satans art,  
Whose speech did tend salvations course to stay,  
Then *Judas* worse in words, though true in heart:

His pitie cruell, milde the traitours spite;  
This hasted grace, that would have barr'd it quite.

Still of that minde to fight at last he aym'd,  
And rashly did cut one of *Malchus* eares;  
But, loe, this lyon by a cock was tam'd;  
This bragger straight a mayd o'rewhelm'd with feares,  
So that remorsefull, angry, and asham'd,  
He would have hid his face with flouds of teares:

Yet, even when weeping, with more strength was  
stor'd,  
Then when he walk'd on waves, or drew his sword.

Though shaken like a reed, at length a rocke,  
In spite of tempests he was constant found,  
Whom jealously Christ trusted with his flocke,  
Who thrise deny'd him, thrise by promise bound;  
Yet of the Church (though once a stumbling block),  
A speciall pillar, not the onely ground:

He girt himselfe when yong in freedome still,  
But when grown old, was girt against his will.

That disciple stil'd by his Masters love,  
By speaking signes whom silent *Peter* pray'd,  
As one whose credit more then his could move,  
To learne by whom the Lord should be betrayd,

Whose bosome did so oft his pillow prove,  
 Who many thought till Christ return'd had stayd:  
     These words for him might great regard have wonne;  
     Man see thy mother, woman see thy Sonne.

Though Christ disprov'd their foolish strife for state,  
 If oddes there were, I this man chiefe would call,  
 Whose life so long, whose troubles were so great,  
 Two persecutions seene, and *Sions* fall;  
 This eagles flight no brightnesse could abate,  
 Whose ravish'd thoughts have comprehended all:  
     His Gospell clearely shewes things that were past,  
     His revelation what should come at last.

There he who first incredulous was found,  
 Else could not trust what he desir'd so much,  
 Still wanting faith till he had try'd the wound,  
 To see too curious, grosse when he did touch;  
 Yet last, the truth did to farre Indians sound,  
 This fault to helpe his fervent zeale was such:  
     Thus having seene and felt, beleeve he must,  
     But happy those who never saw, yet trust.

That eunuch who could reade, but not conceive,  
 Till Christs apostle taught to him a space,  
 Who as he strangely came, so did him leave,  
 In nature lesse, made more then man by grace;  
 He whom his chariot then daign'd to receive,  
 Whil'st running by, as worthy of no place,  
     Rais'd now above himselfe with reverence seene,  
     Perchance shall judge his Ethiopian queene.

Those barbarous Iewes, O how they suffer must!  
When seeing him exalted in their sight,  
Whom (though as singular entitled just)  
They hurl'd downe head-longs from a temples height,  
Then crush'd his braines, when wallowing in the dust,  
As so to quench their cities second light,  
Who of their Church rul'd the converted state,  
The first of bishops, both in time, and seat.

He for whose cause two good men jarr'd in will,  
Since falling once, not fit to suffer thought,  
Yet (never after tax'd) stood constant still,  
And was by *Venice*, for her patron sought;  
That rare physitian, whose celestiall skill  
Cur'd wounded soules by balme from *Iuda* brought:  
Those two, whose pennes seem'd drawne from  
angels wings,  
Did write two registers of sacred things.

But what rare person doth pursue my sight,  
Whom Christ of purpose came againe to call?  
Who straight grew blinde whil'st looking on the light,  
And rose more strong when bruised by a fall,  
Though none of the first twelve each way as bright,  
He travell'd, acted, suffred more then all:  
This wondrous change, what weight of words can  
paint?  
A persecutor first, and then a saint.

His speech more powerfull then could flow from art,  
Where eloquence the greatest glory had,

Caus'd learn'd philosophers, amaz'd to start,  
 (Their God unknowne best knowne, the rest prov'd  
 bad)

Made *Felix* quake, *Agrippa* neere convert,  
 Till foolish *Festus* thought he had beene mad ;  
 His voyce, harmonious angels sounds might eaven,  
 Not knowing how since ravish'd up to heaven.

That sacred vessell by the Lord elect'd,  
 From whom each soule might draw forth streames of  
 grace,  
 Who doing, suffering, never was deject'd,  
 Though beaten, bound, in prison, and disgrace,  
 He boldly did professe what he affect'd,  
 And kept the faith, till finishing his race  
 At fatall *Rome*, the mother of much ill,  
 Where with his bloud at last he seal'd his will.

I next see him who minds so much did sway,  
 That *Paul Mercurius*, he was held for *Love*,  
 Till both scarce priests, (with garlands crown'd) could  
 stay,  
 From offring buls, as to their gods above ;  
 But whil'st the truth they frankly did display,  
 What sudden chance so huge a change could move ?  
 Them whom they thus as gods would have ador'd,  
 They straight did stone, as if turn'd divels, abhorr'd.

That publican who did in scroules digest  
 Those treasures first, whose power each conscience  
 binds :

He whose few lines doe some strange things attest,  
From grounds (though true) which now no reader  
findes:

He who was choic'd by *Lot*, and all the rest  
Whose feet Christ wash'd, to humble haughty mindes,  
Which forme in vaine, some fondly would affect,  
Though bow'd in show, whil'st swelling in effect.

Then with those twelve, some happy men did haunt,  
(Heavens messengers, evangelizing peace)  
As he who watred after *Paul* did plant,  
And circumcis'd to please the Hebrew race,  
He (full of faith) who did fraile passions daunt,  
Halfe-Iew, halfe-Gentile, joyning both in grace:  
Next *Silas*, *Titus* and a troupe I spy,  
Who with th' apostles did their travals try.

She rais'd from death, and prais'd for doing well,  
Who charitablie garments made, and gave,  
That Theatirian, who did purple sell,  
But greater treasure freely did receive;  
That lady call'd elect, as to excell,  
Who hath already fame, shall glory have:  
Some of this sexe, beside with those are found,  
Whose piety, eternall pennes renown'd.

Those guiltlesse babes at *Bethel* kill'd by guesse,  
(Loe, jealous mindes each shadow doth affright)  
That martyrs were before they could professe,  
By suffring happy, ere to doe of might,  
They now in heaven a glorious state possesse,  
And from worlds toiles, by time did take their flight:

Thus falne for Christ, before at all they stood,  
Those dy'd as Christians, baptiz'd with their bloud.

There he whom *Jacobs* farre degener'd race,  
By calumnies accus'd, with partiall spite,  
The martyrs mirrour, eminent in place,  
Who sacred Scriptures did solemnly cite,  
Whil'st like an angell shining was his face,  
Not pale for feare, no, lightning forth delight:  
For, he those suffrings farre more glorious thought,  
Then all the wonders that by him were wrought.

This happy elder, first of the first seven,  
(Whil'st hem'd about by a tumultuous band)  
Did looke aloft to the iuviting heaven,  
And saw the Sonne of man at Gods right hand,  
Whose charity he onely then did even,  
To pray for them, who stoning him did stand:  
Stones bruis'd his body, but could harme no more,  
His ravish'd soule had fled to heaven before.

Whil'st ten fierce stormes the Christian state did  
tosse,  
With blasts of blasphemy, and shoures of bloud,  
They, not by signes charactring then their crosse,  
Did beare it selfe, and try'd by tortures stood;  
Of honour, fortune, friends, or life, the losse,  
Did passe (as trifles) for a greater good:  
Paine (scorn'd) but rais'd, not rack'd their soule nor  
heart,  
Who (even when suffring) act'd the bravest part.

My muse (ingenuous) gladly would burst forth,  
Their praise (when burning) who triumph'd in hearts,  
Of whom each one deserves (respecting worth)  
An epicke poeme, grac'd by all the arts;  
Would God she could translate unto the north,  
Their vertues relicts, not terrestriall parts :

Which (even in soules enshrin'd) might reverence  
claime,  
As hence in glory, living here by fame.

Those learned doctors, primitively great,  
The Churches ancients, whom account we may,  
As foster-fathers of her infant state,  
Lights set ere noone, yet lightning all the day,  
Who did Christs cause by words, by bookes debate,  
And banish'd, tortur'd, kill'd, did constant stay :

What rare examples for each following age,  
To scorne the fury of a tyrants rage?

When good *Ignatius*, (highly to be priz'd)  
Was brag'd by beasts, which roar'd with rouling eyes,  
He boldly said (their gaping jawes despis'd)  
Fine wheate for Christ this grinding now me tryes ;  
Not like that sect which was by one devis'd,  
Who had his name, whom heaven farre differing spyes :  
*Ignatiens* to inflict, not suffer fire,  
Whose too great sprits to vexe the world conspire.

There *Smyrna's* angell, whom *John* did affect,  
In stormy times who did a light appeare,  
Whom easterne Churches did to *Rome* direct,  
Of *Hesters* feast the question'd time to cleare,

His death fore-dream'd, as falling in effect,  
 (Sayd) urg'd to leave his Lord (so long held deare : )  
     Whom I for Master, fourscore yeares did try,  
     And found so good, I will his servant dye.

Like sayles with winde, fires curling waves did swell,  
 From heaven encourag'd to continue good,  
 (As gold refin'd, whose brightnesse doth excell)  
 All crown'd with flames, the reverent old man stood ;  
 (A sacrifice which did most sweetly smell,)  
 They burn'd not him, he quench'd them with his  
     bloud :  
     To hide his dust, the Pagans did accord,  
     Lest the beholders had the same ador'd.

When *Iustine* sought (as learning did direct)  
 How one might arme for death, vaine pleasures loath,  
 Whil'st Christians courage nothing could deject,  
 (Though try'd extreamely) confident in both,  
 So that their course bred vertue in effect,  
 Philosophy but superficiall froth :  
     He needs would try who did their grounds devise,  
     Whence resolution did so bravely rise.

And when baptiz'd, his braines first clouds were past,  
 The Gospels light he clearely came to know,  
 Then, what he gain'd, resolv'd to use, not wast,  
 Straight what he learn'd, did teach, Christs truth to  
     show,  
 Till (out of envy) heath'nish *Crescens* last,  
 When learning fail'd, did him by art o'rethrow :

Who added one unto the Christian feasts,  
Long toss'd by men, and torne in th' end by  
beasts.

When charg'd with yeares (to dye by nature ply'd)  
Of body weake, but vigorous in minde,  
When silver haires (with bloud in crimson dy'd,)  
Wept rubies downe, whil'st th' eyes still tearelesse  
shin'd,  
The wrinckles (raz'd by wounds) could not be spy'd,  
By scourging, scorning, torturing, threatning, pin'd :  
    Old *Photinus* and *Simeon* where long plac'd,  
*Jerusalem*, and *Lions* highly grac'd.

Then *Irenæus* after doth succeed  
To *Photinus*, in merit, and in place,  
Who, whil'st Church-rites did great contention breed,  
Would not for them disturbe the common peace;  
With him *Tertullian*, *Tullian* thrise indeed,  
For wit and skill, which learnings height did grace :  
    What pen can to their pennes afford due praise,  
    Which did afflicted faith defend and raise.

By mothers care from martyrdome restrayn'd,  
He who for death confirm'd his fathers will,  
But, though in Scriptures by long practise train'd,  
One text for chastnesse did interpret ill,  
And (even by that in which he gloried stayn'd)  
Too superstitiously disposed still :

    By offring incense, idols did adore,  
    To scape disgrace from a detested More.

Barr'd from that Church where falne he made the  
breach,

Whil'st high remorse his guilty minde did racking,  
At *Sion* urg'd some sacred part to teach,  
These words of God his ground did chance to make,  
My righteousness why should a sinner preach,  
Or in his mouth my testimony take?

Then quite confounded, leaving longing eares,  
Though words were stay'd, he talk'd with God in  
teares.

There he (though once to damned arts a prey)  
Who for true knowledge singular did prove,  
And did the Church (admir'd by *Affricke*) sway,  
Of *Romes* old rivall, when with fame in love,  
With righteousness all Christians to array,  
Who long by tongue, and still by pen doth move:  
With greater power then whilst on th' earth he stood,  
"Writs grow, when watred with the authors bloud."

With this bright troupe, Christs champion doth  
approach,  
Whose torture, no, whose triumph I must praise,  
Then earst *Elijah* in his fyery coach,  
Who did himselfe to heaven more bravely raise,  
Whil'st on his gridiron flames did fast encroach,  
Those words of his the hearers did amaze:

Now tyrant chuse, since here halfe broild I rest,  
If rosted flesh, or raw, doth please thee best.

From *Alexandria*, sundry I behold,  
Who at this meeting joyfully doe shout,

As *Athanasius* for the truth still bold,  
By *Arians* banish'd, but not brought to doubt,  
And that *Paphnutius* (happy man when old)  
Of whom the eyes Christ's en'mies had bor'd out,  
Whose seate disfigur'd, *Constantine* did kisse,  
Of faith a trophee, and a badge of blisse.

The Easterne Churches first did Christ embrace,  
And drew their faith from fountaines that were pure,  
What famous doctours, singular for grace,  
Have clear'd those parts, though at this time obscure?  
What glorious martyrs crowning there their race,  
The fyrie tryall, gold-like did endure?

To thinke of them, my soule for anguish groanes;  
Ah, that base Turkes should tread upon their bones!

But since deare muse, to grace all worth inclin'd,  
Two's fame of force, thy offring must procure,  
A modest virgin, faire of face and minde,  
Whose soule and body, all men prais'd, as pure;  
She for Christ's faith was to a stewes confin'd,  
There (worse then death) vile basenesse to endure:

Where she though chast, a strumpets name should  
gaine,  
(Though innocent) forc'd sinne to entertaine.

Oft in her cheeke, shame kindled vertues flames,  
Though in pale ashes quickly quench'd by feares;  
Yet death to force the desp'rare virgin dreames,  
And haughty fancies, stormy courage reares,  
Whose generous fury, straight religion tames,  
Yet could not calme sad sighes, nor dry salt teares:

She (as her enemy) beauty did abhorre,  
The leprous envy'd, wish'd to be a More.

Whil'st thus perplex'd, the pensive maid did sit,  
With hands a crosse, eyes lifted to the sky,  
Her fame more weigh'd then life, Christ more then it,  
Which she must leave, or him she must deny;  
There was no hope for force, nor place for wit,  
When one comes in, as if her first to try:

But in his garments bids her flye away,  
And he in hers would as a woman stay.

When *Theodora, Didymus* did leave,  
(Those names of theirs deserve to be express'd)  
His danger first he could not but conceive,  
A man soone knowne, a Christian he confess'd,  
Who could (said he) of worth but seeke to save,  
A woman's honour, a poore mayd distress'd?  
And since you her but for religion blame,  
Should thoughts so pure be cross'd by publike  
shame?

He straight was damn'd to death by partiall hate,  
Though charg'd for nothing but for doing good,  
And she who heard the danger of his state,  
Came him to free, by offring up her bloud:  
Both striv'd for death; magnanimous debate!  
Whil'st with religion, vertue emulous stood:  
They generously devout, devoutly brave,  
Taught Gentiles worth, true zeale to Christians  
gave.

A tyrant when contemn'd, more fierce doth prove,  
Much haste was us'd, that both might fall by fire;  
Bright were the flames of their immortall love,  
Which never burn'd with any base desire:  
This match contract'd below, perform'd above,  
God grac'd with angels in heavens highest quire:  
And as their ashes, soules conjoyn'd did flye,  
Whil'st each for th' other, both for Christ did dye.

Not onely men (whom courage bold doth make)  
By conscience prick'd, and by their honour bound,  
Nor women fraile, who for each terroure quake,  
And cannot see, much lesse endure a wound;  
Even children yong did resolution take,  
Of paines with parents happy partners found:  
That from low grounds may rise a glorious height,  
“God by weake meanes most magnifies his might.”

What pen can paint, or yet what heart conceive,  
When Christians first to plant the Gospell toil'd,  
To them what trouble Pagans daily gave,  
Still banish'd, scourg'd, of place, and fortunes spoil'd?  
Not suffred to have life, no, nor a grave,  
Drown'd, burn'd, beheaded, torne with beasts, and  
broil'd:  
Their ashes swallow'd, or dispers'd for spite,  
As if their being to abolish quite.

*Romes* bishops then with care did keep their flocke,  
(A sacrifice to every tyrants wrath)  
Not puffed up presuming of a rock,  
But *Peter*-like in teares, in bands, and death,

More strong then he when challeng'd by a cock,  
For forfeiting the glory of his faith:

Then *mitres* now with pompe so proudly borne,  
More glorious crownes those martyrs did adorn.

Those pastors then farre from contentious pride,  
All worldly honours did as rocks eschue,  
And onely carefull how their flocke to guide,  
Not rich, nor haughty, poore, and humble grew;  
None striv'd for place, but where to lurke not spy'd,  
Whil'st to their charge still martyrdome was due:

Kings subjects true, though subject to their wrath,  
Not torturing others, suffring for the faith.

O treacherous riches, hatching many harmes!  
The worlds corrupter, though chiefe ground of trust,  
Of peace the poysen, daunting men in armes,  
The foile of laws, a tempter to the just,  
Nurse of all vice, who can allure with charmes,  
Till even the chast (at least for thee) do lust;

The onely bawd who dost abuse each state;  
Yet for all this whom none on earth doth hate.

Thou riches, thou, thou didst deprave each part,  
By which *Romes* Church had flourish'd first so long,  
Empoysoning with pride her bishops heart,  
More weak with God, when with the world grown  
strong;

That gift which *Constantine* was said t' impart,  
If forg'd, or true, did make them first go wrong:

A wooden chalice golden priests did use,  
A golden chalice wooden priests abuse.

When once grown great, and lords of many lands,  
Church-rulers prov'd the cause of shedding bloud ;  
The *Guelphs* and *Gibilins* oft arm'd in bands,  
Till on an emperour one triumphing stood ;  
And whil'st a sword flam'd terrour in his hands,  
The scorned keyes one drown'd in *Tibers* flood :

Not to perswade, but to compell they went,  
As earst to save, then how to ruine bent.

But though smooth calmes had blunted many a minde,  
Where persecution quickened all before,  
Yet some to zeale, franke gratefulnesse did binde,  
Even in these times remisse remark'd the more ;  
And whil'st by others foils more bright they shin'd,  
Their faith by fruits did (though secure) decore :

Oft that which roaring windes could not have reft,  
Some flatter'd by the sunne have freely left.

There *Mylans* glory whom (by grace rais'd high)  
In civill charge, the Church would needs acquire,  
Not suting first, then fayning to deny,  
He not the place, the place did him require,  
Which when procur'd, he did so well supply,  
That his perfection all men did admire :

Who from his Church an emp'rour did exclude,  
Till by repentance purg'd from guiltlesse bloud.

*Bizantiums* bishop for true Christian care,  
Then all her patriarchs may more glory claime,  
For eloquence, who exquisitely rare,  
A mouth of gold made justly grace his name,

Which taxing sinne, did never person spare,  
But even in princes what was ill did blame;  
O how this all the worlds affection moves,  
When eloquence of truth the lanterne proves!

That painfull labourer in the fields of grace,  
Interpreting the truth, translating right,  
Who for his dwelling singled out the place,  
Where first our Saviour view'd this changling light;  
And of fraile thoughts disturbing fleshly peace,  
This judgement last with horrour at the height,  
Did apprehend (as marking flaming spheares)  
That still Christs trumpet thundred in his eares.

That mother, whose kinde teares with ardour shed,  
Wise *Ambrose* said could not in vaine be spent,  
Here comes her sonne whom with such care she bred  
Much for his body, for his soule more bent;  
Through errorrs maze long intricately led,  
A friend, and she oft urging to repent:  
His eare did move his eye to reade these lines,  
By which (made famous) his conversion shines.

And thus what travell huge behov'd to be,  
Ere this great person to the light was brought?  
Who still in toile, the world from harme to free,  
Then earst *Alcides*, with more monsters fought,  
Of heresies most horrible to see,  
Whose learned workes a full confusion wrought,  
And yet of them he did some faults redresse,  
Even strong in that, his weakenesse to confesse

When barbarous *Vandals* did that place besiege,  
Where this rare pastor his attendance gave,  
Not able to resist their boundlesse rage,  
Who (grosse) such parts as his could not conceive,  
To flye their force, he yeelded unto age,  
His towne (ere stayn'd) in purity to leave:

Whose happy rule still lasted with his life:  
Thus at his funerals teares of force were rife.

Whil'st emulous judgements who but fame affect,  
To praise themselves, all others would abate;  
And where familiar, leaving due respect,  
All what they reach, prize at an easie rate;  
In living men, the world doth worth neglect,  
Mark'd carelessly, by envy, or by hate:

And they when gone, are by the world admir'd,  
As he was straight when once from hence retir'd.

Thus *Hippoës* bishop, th' ornament of arts,  
Scarce free from stormes, was harbour'd in his port,  
When rancour raging in the *Arians* hearts,  
In *Affricke* made the Christians peace but short;  
Neare thousands five dispers'd in sundry parts,  
Were after kill'd by cruelties worst sort:

And some dismembred, yet enjoy'd their breath,  
Who (living martyrs) had triumph'd o're death.

A generall meeting publikely decreed,  
As to consult about the Churches state,  
Foure hundred fathers joyn'd themselves with speed,  
Where doubts did challenge, freely to debate;

Ah! can religion so much mischiefe breed,  
As under trust to shew the height of hate?

Religions shew, Gods bishops did beguile:  
Who met for peace, went parting in exile.

Then some were burn'd to terrifie the rest,  
Whose banishment their constancy decor'd,  
Till that fierce tyrant (*Affrickes* fatall pest)  
For erring *Arrians* fought against the Lord,  
And dy'd by vermine, with a stormy brest,  
Whil'st (as his minde) his body was abhorr'd:

Thus he like *Herod*, like to him did end,

“Such monsters strange, strange judgements doe  
attend.”

Loe, selfe-divisions still the Church did marre,  
Superfluous knowledge toiling clouds to cleare;  
Worse then with Turkes, with Christians, Christians  
jarre;

In levell grounds, all ruptures most appeare,  
And each small distance seemes exceeding farre,  
In them who (if not joyn'd) are naught, though neare:  
Those curious doubts which good men doe eschew,  
Make many atheists, and doe better few.

But vent'rous muse, a troupe we now must trace,  
Prais'd for their rarenesse at the higher rate,  
As eminent for parts, as in their place,  
Their peoples better each way as in state;  
Them soveraignty did show, they it did grace,  
Not by opinion, but with reason great:

Fraile diadems did earst adorne their brow,  
These everlasting are, which decke them now.

Great *Constantine*, who but commend thee must?  
Afflicting furies thou didst soone asswage,  
Whom (ere adventring) victory to trust,  
A signe in heaven for surety did engage;  
Thou quench'd in *Tibers* streames, a tyrants lust,  
Which did in *Rome* exorbitantly rage:  
And (persecution brought unto an end)  
The Christian faith didst first by armes defend.

Though great with power, a stranger still to pride,  
By warre prevailing, yet a friend to peace,  
He rul'd, not raign'd, worlds emperour, no, her guide,  
As then with men, now high with God in place;  
He for the Church (as father) did provide,  
And to be gorgeous, brought her from disgrace:  
That she who late for feare durst not be seene,  
Straight rais'd with pompe, was courted as a queene.

A brave intention, bad effects may breed,  
And things once good, may be deprav'd by time;  
This prince bent to supply the Churches need,  
Did taint that purenesse which adorn'd her prime,  
And choak'd with surfat, where he sought to feed,  
The guiltless author of a casual crime:  
That towne for Christians thus which rear'd he  
had,  
The Turkes chiefe seate, makes many a Christian  
sad.

His father once (as heath'nish) did pretend,  
That in his campe no Christian more should dwell,  
And numbers (straight lest him they should offend)  
From their profession impudently fell;  
But them who constant were, he did commend,  
And from his court the others did expell:

For those whose basenesse all men thus might view,  
Since false to God, could not to him be true.

Next comes a lady crown'd with glory forth,  
Of these first two the mother, and the wife,  
Whose birth and vertue did adorne the north,  
Where first this ile did give such goodnesse life ;  
O how great persons doe make worth more worth !  
Her zeale in thousands bred a godly strife,  
Like *Sparta's* queene for beauty, and in name,  
Not of so great, but of farre better fame.

Devotion at the height, (yet not a sinne,)  
The scorn'd extreame did come so neare to touch,  
That they who follow'd, did fall grosly in ;  
Thus superstition taught, by zeale grew such,  
Which pilgrimage and relicts did begin ;  
That crosse she found, did since crosse Christ too  
much :  
Of whose true crosse, we but by suff'ring share,  
Here but of wood, her sonnes was drawn in  
th' ayre.

That emp'rous sight doth next my thoughts invite,  
Who was by *Ambrose* from the Church restrain'd,

Whil'st once (transported with impetuous spite)  
His place in time of peace with bloud he stayn'd;  
*Romes* power by parting, who did ruine quite,  
Though his weake sonnes (when halfe) too much  
attain'd:

He dy'd in time, whil'st still held good, and great,  
Ere barbarous squadrons came to crush the state.

That ebbing time can but few emp'rous show,  
For piety, or any worth renown'd,  
Some servants rose (while as their lords fell low)  
Deserving, and desiring to be crown'd,  
As he who did *Alaricus* o'rethrow,  
Whose beaten remnant did his hoast confound,  
Though victor still, and (save him) wanting none;  
So great a moment may depend on one.

Brave *Ætius* thus a bloody praise may claime,  
Who more perform'd then emp'rous durst attempt;  
That great commander, with the martiall name,  
Who *Italy* from bondage did exempt,  
Whose trophies fill'd both th' east and west, with  
fame,  
Yet dy'd a beggar, sunke below contempt:  
That eunuch (mock'd) repaid his empresse soone,  
Who spun a web which never was undone.

I scarce can know a Christian at this hour,  
Of them who sway'd the empire of the East,  
Whose soveraignty seem'd sweet, but still prov'd soure,  
Who raign'd in state, oft ending like a beast)

Though image-breakers, foes to Papall power,  
 In whose vast minde, religions part was least:  
 Those barbarous lords whom dying *Greece* did breed,  
 Were types of Turkes that after should succeed.

Brave *Martells* sonne, great *Charles* the pride of *France*,  
 To plague the Pagans heritably borne,  
 Who over th' Alpes his ensignes did advance,  
 The *Germans* terrour, the *Italians* scorne,  
 Who from old foes begg'd helpe (what worse could  
 chance?)  
 And with new titles did a Gaule adorne:  
 Ambition here joyn'd two by mutuall hopes,  
 But since few emp'rours could agree with popes.

That dignity whose virgin flower was due,  
 To brave commanders, victory to crowne,  
 Whil'st but in name, and not in essence true,  
 A Roman relict in a Grecian towne,  
 They gave it him (as after did ensue)  
 That gratefulnesse might godlinessse presse downe:  
 Yet even when his owne tutor had the seate,  
 He oft tax'd *Rome*, which straight grew grosse, when  
 great.

The next great Christian grac'd by sacred armes,  
 A glorious plant from the same bounds did spring,  
 From infidels who backe (by fierce alarms)  
 The tombe of *Christ*, and *Davids* throne did bring;  
 His foes all vanquish'd, and the worlds base charmes,  
 When both by conquest, and by choice a king:

He would for state be onely crown'd with thorne,  
To him for glory, though given *Christ* for scorne.

Some else with him whom heavens chiefe stamp did  
seale,

And in their breasts just fury did infuse,  
Not for fraile glory, but enflam'd with zeale,  
Who for good ends, warre (mans worst meanes) did  
use,

Their praise from fame no treacherous time can steale,  
Immortalliz'd by ravish'd *Tassoes* muse,

To crowne their conquest (scorning latter broils)  
With stately trophies rear'd of *Pagans* spoils.

That towne (a garden long for heavens choice flowers)  
By baptiz'd kings commanded for a space,  
Was brought to bondage by *barbarian* powers,  
Farre from faire *Sion* when with God in grace,  
Yet once againe to free her stately towers,  
The steps of *Godfrey* sundry striv'd to trace,

With *German*, *English*, *French*, and other bands,  
But fail'd in fortune, not in hearts, nor hands.

When Purgatory gold enough not gave,  
*Croisadoes* then did holy warres pretend,  
And (cosening kingdomes) did franke zeale deceive,  
Whil'st publick aymes did maske a private end;  
Oft princes thus (that they lesse power might have)  
*Romes* powerfull threatnings did to *Syria* send,  
Who (jarring still) fear'd their abandon'd states,  
Of neighbours jealous, emulous of mates.

But what great conquest could those kings acquire,  
 To take the crosse whom crosses did constraine,  
 And not resolv'dly of their owne desire,  
 As courting glory, or expecting gaine?  
 Some (whose brave minds conceiv'd a generous ire)  
 More by their friends, then by their foes in paine,  
 With shows of vantage gladly did remove;  
 And all that warre unfortunate did prove.

That simple age (rul'd by religious feares)  
 As priests were pleas'd in every thing did deale,  
 Who did the grounds of truth from vulgar eares,  
 (To breed devotion) cunningly conceale,  
 Thus urging almes, and for each sinne true teares,  
 Whil'st want of knowledge bred prepost'rous zeale:  
 Then superstition (lavishly devout)  
 Not truly worship'd, but did grosly dote.

When minds of light base ignorance depriv'd,  
 (His beauties grac'd with many foils plac'd neare)  
 To banish darknesse godly *Bernard* striv'd,  
 A starre by night, more eminently cleare,  
 Not smelling of that age in which he liv'd,  
 His works were wonders then, and still are deare;  
 Those whom that doltish time with him brought  
 forth,  
 He makes their faults seeme worse, they grace his  
 worth.

That dainty towne, the pearle of *Arnes* rich plains,  
 A nurcery of good wits, still friend to arts,

Not mother (as one said) of haplesse swaines,  
Doth now yeeld three, all prais'd for vertuous parts;  
The first old *Dante* (swolne with just disdaines)  
To see the errours of corrupted hearts:  
Who doth their wayes (a censure) strictly trace,  
Yet more then God did make doth grant one place.

The next is one whose brows were crown'd with bayes,  
Who (chastly loving) worth did finde, or faine,  
And (never jealous but of *Phœbus* rayes)  
His lines (still pure) no sparke of lust could staine,  
When marking well of *Rome* the wandring wayes,  
Which in his soule he highly did disdaine.  
(Iust fury bursting forth, indeed divine)  
Her faults (since tax'd) first clearly did designe.

Then this great poet hath a preacher neare,  
Who when French *Charles* the eighth would *Naples*  
try,  
Did tell (if bent the Church from faults to cleare)  
He prosper should, and else unhappy dye,  
And when that king did faile (truth must appeare)  
He had a minde his errour to supply;  
But whil'st this man for heaven a passage urg'd,  
His body first fire from corruption purg'd.

Ere taught to swimme, those soules who straight did  
sinke,  
And (not set right) can scarce be said to stray,  
Farre, farre be it from any minde to thinke,  
That all were lost, who thus did lose their way:

Some seeking Christ no toile could make to shrinke,  
Though oft wrong grounds, good works, and zeale did  
sway:

They did mistake, yet what seem'd best preferr'd,  
Not in intention, but in knowledge err'd.

What troupes of late damnations number fill,  
Who (clouds remov'd) the truth did clearly know,  
And reading Scriptures, hearing sermons still,  
Had wicked hearts, were holy but in show?  
Where such are sav'd who had more faith, lesse skill,  
And gave good fruits, when none their seed did sow:  
Though once in merits too much trust they plac'd,  
Who dying theirs disclaim'd, and Christs imbrac'd.

Whil'st ignorance to blinde the world prevail'd,  
Some through her darknesse did behold the light,  
And marking how (their guide) example fail'd,  
Left shows, and sought what really was right,  
Then with true courage, by no danger quail'd,  
Did venter boldly in faiths sprituall fight,  
Sure, whil'st they liv'd, a numbers souls to save,  
And that when dead they should due guerdon have.

Last troupes at once griev'd at the Churches wrong,  
(Milde piety transform'd in sacred rage)  
As the *Waldenses* and *Albigios* long,  
Did strive against the errors of their age,  
Till *Rome* with passion, not in reason strong,  
As 'gainst the *Turks*, a generall warre did wage,  
To which the reverenc'd Crosse did armies call,  
Not to convert, but to subvert them all.

This stately isle which still for worth excell'd,  
The first great bounds which (of it selfe intire)  
Both *Paganisme*, and *Popery* quite expell'd,  
And to perfection alwayes did aspire;  
With sacred rage though first some *Germans* swell'd,  
Here rose the sparke, whence they themselves took  
fire:

Who clear'd the way to many strugling ones,  
Yet dy'd in peace, though spite did burne his bones.

Straight (boldly building on so solid ground)  
From *Bohem* two for glory are design'd,  
With learned *Hierome*, holy *Hus* renown'd,  
A second *Stephen*, first martyr of one kinde;  
He for that faith which in himselfe was found,  
And want in others whom no faith could binde,  
For too much goodnesse prov'd a guilty man,  
Though call'd a goose, succeeded by a swanne.

Salvations worke performing as fore-told,  
Our great Redeemer offred up his bloud;  
And with like inke their blisse doth rest enrold,  
To nourish soules with a celestiall food,  
Who (when grown strong) the truth so to unfold,  
Could but by death make their profession good:

Thus cruelty the foes of Christ doth prove,  
And suffring is their badge whom he doth love.

Their severall parts what volume could containe,  
Whom (whil'st they guiltlesse scorn'd for feare to  
fie)

*French* massacres, and *Mary's* bloody raigne,  
 As Christ for them, for Christ did make to dye;  
 And in all states which did the truth restraine,  
 The faith of numbers raging flames did try.

Yet naming some, lest silence others wrong,  
 As now in heaven, muse joyne them in my song.

And martyrs you who bravely march'd before,  
 Whil'st match'd with moderns do not wrath conceive;  
 When press'd by *Pagans* idols to adore,  
 You chus'd to dye, ere quite your Lord to leave;  
 These suffred have as much, and aym'd at more,  
 Who (though they might themselves as Christians  
 save)

Did dye ere that they would Christs will transgresse,  
 In substance, forme, or any way made lesse.

The *Levites* long a darknesse huge endur'd,  
 Till that those books which did Gods will containe,  
 When found, and read, a publicke grieve procur'd,  
 Each soule from sinne divorcing with disdaine;  
 Even so the truth (which ignorance obscur'd)  
*James* (like *Iosias*) did divulge againe:

But priests of purpose would the Gospell hide,  
 Where priests were glad to get the law for guide.

O happy you whose pennes in *nectar* steept!  
 To flye the like, doe draw immortall lines,  
 Which well deserve in marble to be kept,  
 Since light enlarg'd by them more clearely shines;  
 Whil'st all securely cloath'd with darkenesse slept,  
 Religions difference quickned good engines,

Which courting knowledge now tosse learned  
scroules,  
Not by implicite faith adventring soules.

A number, loe, I view made happy here,  
Who by their travell, sprituall gold refin'd,  
And mysteries which doubtfull were, made cleere,  
Instructing all, confirming many minde,  
Not aym'd to others till themselves were neere,  
Did leade their flockes, not driv'd, yet stay'd behinde :  
Such (as their doctrine) were reputed pure ;  
“ Words but direct, example must allure.”

Thrice happy those, who now in time beginne,  
Themselves first judging, judgement to prevent,  
Ere swallow'd quite, opposing horrid sinne  
By pale remorse, with inward anguish rent ;  
As wing'd with winde, houres ayery glasse doth rinne,  
And can no more be turn'd, repent, repent.

That fatall serjeant, death, spares no degree,  
And heavens straight hast to give their last decree.





## DOOMES DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The tenth Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*To this great court, all come from every land,  
T' attend the sentence of their joy, or paine,  
And straight the blessed and the damned band,  
Are here to part, no more to meet againe;  
But first the wicked and the divell doe stand,  
Against Christs justice grudging, to complaine:  
Till both are straight transported unto hell,  
Where they together must for ever dwell.*

Heavens monarch with great majesty doth sit,  
His count'nce flaming from a stately throne;  
This processe doth no deputy admit,  
But he himselfe is Iudge of every one;  
Due reverence forc'd with circumstances fit,  
Whil'st murmuring guiltinesse doth sadly grone,  
The bookees of conscience open doe remaine,  
And all accuse of that which they containe.

Some seeme not apt to heare by distance made,  
(Much place possess'd) when all the world are met,  
O! but his voyce (which they even heard when dead)  
May to their eares who live soone passage get;  
And some would thinke their noyse for feare who fade,  
Should all heavens circuit with confusion set:

If from his court each iudge can tumult take,  
Who order'd order may an order make.

Who can that throne imagine in his minde,  
Where starres would be but staines, and terrours  
grace?

Yet (as in gold a diamond enshrin'd)  
More glorious he who doth adorne that place;  
All darknesse is, which any where hath shin'd,  
If match'd with rayes of that majesticke face:  
And all to crowne what further can be told?  
There God in person his chiefe court doth hold.

This mighty Iudge that comes downe from above,  
No end at all in any sort can sway;  
No intercession can his judgement move,  
No advocates defend, no, not delay,  
No witnesse wants, nor circumstance to prove,  
Time so to gaine, as something were away:  
Hence none appeales, nor can revoke when done;  
A doome eternall is concluded soone.

Large is the count of life (though short) when gone,  
The parting violent, the passage short,  
The judgement bitter, terrible the throne,  
Which even from saints a teravour must extort;

Huge are the faults, weake the discharge, else none,  
The Judge is just, which rigour doth import:  
A court from whence all goe with God to dwell,  
Or with the divels for ever in the hell.

The harvests Lord straight takes his fanne in hand,  
And fines the fine, thence the refuse doth chase;  
The guilty goates are gathered in one band,  
The sheepe (as pretious) take apart their place;  
The godly all are rang'd at his right hand,  
And all the wicked wrap'd in blacke disgrace:  
Then from the wheate, the darnell he removes,  
A separation which eternall proves.

No shifting here, the processe must be short,  
Whereas there needs no proofe, since none deny,  
No torture strange, confession doth extort,  
More fit mens patience, then the truth to try,  
Which (joyn'd with conscience) witnesses report,  
Whil'st thoughts depose what hid in hearts did lye:  
Men, angels, divels, not onely them accuse,  
But God against themselves, themselves doth use.

All those who are for endlesse wrath prepar'd,  
With, and within themselves (poore wretches) bring  
Those witnesses, by which should be declar'd,  
All ends, or aymes, each thought, or acted thing,  
That (ere examin'd) damned, since despair'd,  
Their guilty soules a thousand serpents sting:  
Breasts then transparent, hearts are clearely knowne,  
And what was hid, to all the world is shoune.

That which is clear'd, and by such sure records,  
None can impugne, nor controvert in ought;  
It were a folly to contest in words,  
(Where deeds doe damne) with him who knowes each  
thought;

Then wit, nor power, no power to purge affords,  
All science else to joyne with conscience brought:  
Sinnes deeps long smooth'd (when stirr'd) do ugly  
grow,  
And toss'd by monsters of themselves o're-flow.

The hoasts of darkenesse with accustom'd gall,  
Mindes which they long have smooth'd to tosse be-  
ginne,

And (as their partners) privy unto all,  
Cite every circumstance that proves the sinne,  
Then urge, and aggravate each forme of fall,  
(Since damn'd themselves) so to draw others in:  
What refuge (ah) can guilty caitives chuse,  
Within whil'st conscience, divels without accuse?

Ere time dismiss'd, surrender up his charge,  
To cleare old reck'nings, cited at this throne,  
Of all earst fayn'd to passe the fatall barge,  
He (still a witnesse) tels each action gone;  
And like a scroule wrapt up, (which had beene large,)  
Past, present, future, all contract'd in one,  
Straight (so united) straines his dying flight,  
Else stayes accomplish'd ever all in sight.

Vaine mortalls sinnes in which they pleasure take,  
Like mountaines them to crush remembred be,

Which swallow'd sweet, but bitter when spu'd backe,  
Breed burning agues, pests of high degree ;  
So foule a forme, not *Styx* it selfe could make,  
As in mindes glasse the gazing soule doth see :

The minde a fury, and the thoughts turn'd snakes,  
To sting the soule, hels ugly monster shakes.

Those brests like earth-quakes, which rebounding  
grone,

Charg'd with a monstrous weight, press'd by despaire,  
To driry dungeons, would with haste be gone,  
Where of hels horrours, many thousands share :  
It grieves the griev'd to stand, where any one,  
Much more where numbers joyfull doe repaire :

Whil'st mock'd by divels, whose flight no more them  
blindes,

Their state no helpe, no, nor yet pitty findes.

As theeve, the object of contempt, and shame,  
Though others prove, and they their crime confesse,  
Must stand till some their sentence doe proclaim,  
That righted rigour have lawes power to presse,  
So those stain'd troupes whom sinnes black scroules  
defame,

Must stay a space to apprehend distresse ;  
Till all their processe formally be made,  
That devills them thence to execution leade.

But whilst pale squadrons shrinke (as pinch'd by  
feare)

And would themselves, even willingly destroy,

The bands design'd for blisse their courage reare  
Farre from each thought that can the soule annoy,  
And (like bright starres triumphing in their spheare)  
With shouthes burst forth the height of heavenly joy;

Not as made happie, or from trouble free,  
But ravish'd with delight their Lord to see.

Whilst pilgrimes here amidst afflictions field,  
Though sometime foil'd, those still did fight with  
sinne,

And had of faith a diamantine shield,  
Which oft was bruis'd, but never entred in ;  
Their forts they (forc'd) but for a time did yeeld,  
To death by covenant, life so to beginne ;  
Then marching hence with all that was their owne,  
Left earth to th' earth, remov'd, but not o'rethrowne.

At that last conflict confidently bold,  
Besides the earnest which they had before,  
Then satisfi'd, their surety rests enroll'd,  
Free from defects, not to be question'd more,  
And (by good angels naughty sprits contrould,  
Who seeke their shipwrack, when almost at shoare)  
They with the world all worldly troubles leave :  
Ere th' earth their bodies, heavens their soules re-  
ceave.

Thus (farre from feare of any further ill)  
Sweet quiristers enstall'd in state above,  
With troupes of angels keeping concord still,  
As then their life, so infinite their love;

Now that his worke their Maker may fulfill,  
Those come rebodied where they first did move;  
Not to be judg'd, no, but to be made cleere,  
And that in them Gods goodnesse may appeare.

And he who most affects the fruits of grace,  
Ere forc'd to punish, franke to give relieve,  
Whose clemency of justice takes the place,  
As, even for heaven, held of all vertues chiefe,  
He did afford, and doth confirme their peace,  
To wicked men the first degree of griefe;  
Who marke by them what happinesse they misse,  
And weigh their torments by upbrayding blisse.

Christ lightning love surveighes that joyfull band,  
Since them (even then while as they wretched seem'd)  
He did foresee by grace reserv'd to stand,  
And could not faile to know whom he redeem'd,  
Their honour now (when plac'd at his right hand)  
Can by no meanes be high enough esteem'd;  
He doth delight in them as his owne broode,  
Who had their being onely from his bloode.

That happie squadron is not question'd now,  
What ill they did, what good they did neglect,  
No circumstance is urg'd, when, where, nor how,  
They oft had fail'd, in what God did direct;  
He trusts, not tries, not counts, but doth allow;  
The Lord in Israell will no fault detect,  
But absolutely doth absolve them all,  
And from their bondage to a kingdome call.

You whom my Father bless'd (noe more dismai'd)  
Come, and enjoy that boundlesse kingdom now,  
Which ere the worlds foundations first were lai'd,  
By heavens decree hath beene prepar'd for you,  
With raies more bright, then are the sunnes, arrai'd,  
Before the throne you shall with reverence bow;

The height of pleasure which you should possesse,  
No tongue of man is able to expresse.

When press'd by famine you me friendly fed,  
And did with drinke my scorching thirst allay;  
You with your garments mee (when naked) clad,  
Whose kindely visits sickenesse could not stay;  
No, even in prison, they mee comfort bred,  
Thus (charity extended every way)

Your treasures (kept in heaven) for int'rest gaine,  
That you enrich'd eternally remaine.

With spirituall joy each one transported sings,  
And (lifted up) to heaven in haste would flie,  
But yet this speech so great amazement brings,  
That modestly they (as with doubt) replie;  
Unbounded Lord, when didst thou lack such things,  
That there was cause our willingnesse to try?

Who nothing had but what thou gav'st to us;  
How couldst thou need, or we afford it thus?

That which was given (as now I do reveale)  
Unto the least of those whom I held deare,  
(Saith Christ) deep grav'd with an eternall seale,  
As due by me, I do acknowledge here;

Those were the objects prompted for your zeale  
 By which your goodnessse onely could appeare ;  
 " Best magazines for wealth the poore did prove,  
 Where, when laid up, no thiefe could it remove."

Thus helpfull almes the off'ring most esteem'd,  
 Doth men on th' earth, the Lord in heaven content,  
 How many are (if time might be redeem'd)  
 Who wish they thus their revenues had spent ?  
 If this on th' earth so profitable seem'd,  
 What usurer would for others gaines be bent ?  
 But would the poore with plenty oft supply,  
 Though they themselves for want were like to die.

Those who (affecting vaine ambitions end)  
 To gaine opinion muster all in show,  
 And (prodigall) superfluously spend,  
 All what they have, or able are to owe,  
 For pleasures fraile whil'st straying fancies tend,  
 As Paradise could yet be found below :  
 Still pamp'ring flesh with all that th' earth can give,  
 No happinesse more seek but here to live.

Those if not gorgeous who do garments scorne,  
 And not in warmnesse, but for cost exceed,  
 Though as of wormes they have the entrails worne,  
 Wormes shall at last upon their entrails feed ;  
 Those dainty tastes who (as for eating borne)  
 That they may feast, strive appetite to breed :  
 And (curious gluttons) even of vilenesse vaunt,  
 Whil'st surfetting when thousands starve for want.

The worlds chiefe idoll, nurse of fretting cares,  
Dumbe trafficker, yet understood o're all,  
States chaine, lifes maintenance, load-starre of affaires,  
Which makes all nations voluntar'ly thrall,  
A subtle sorcerer, alwayes laying snares ;  
How many (money) hast thou made to fall !

The generall jewell, of all things the price,  
To vertue sparing, lavish unto vice.

The foole that is unfortunately rich,  
His goods perchance doth from the poore extort,  
Yet leaves his brother dying in a ditch,  
Whom one excesse (if spar'd) would well support ;  
And (whil'st the love of gold doth him bewitch)  
This misers misery gives others sport ;  
“ The prodigall Gods creatures doth abuse,  
And them the wretch not necessar'y use.”

Those roving thoughts which did at randome soare,  
And (though they had conveniently to live)  
Would never look behinde, but farre before,  
And (scorning goodnesse) to be great did strive ;  
For (still projecting how to purchase more)  
Thus (bent to get) they could not dreame to give.  
“ Such mindes whom envy hath fill'd up with grudge,  
Have left no roome, where charity may lodge.”

Ah ! who of those can well expresse the grieve,  
Whom once this earth did for most happy hold ?  
Of all their neighbours still esteem'd the chiefe,  
Whil'st strai'd opinion ballanc'd worth by gold ;

That which to thousands might have given relief,  
Wrong spent, or spar'd, is for their ruine told;  
Thus pleasures past, what anguish now doth even?  
We see how hardly rich men go to heaven.

That speech pronounc'd to the elected band,  
May make the wicked apprehend their part,  
Whose black accounts, ere them the Judge demand,  
Strict conscience offers, summ'd in every heart:  
Thus (freez'd with horrour) they dejected stand,  
Not hoping help by power, nor yet from art:  
And whil'st their souls are swallow'd up by feare,  
This fatall sentence thunders in each eare.

You souls accurst who have provok'd mine ire,  
(Detested crue) not worthy of my sight,  
Go, get you hence to hels tormenting fire,  
Which hath of heat, that which it lacks of light;  
Where (with his angels) Satan must retire,  
To be entomb'd in an eternall night:  
This as their due was first for them prepar'd  
But (since their mates) it must with you be shar'd.

When I was hungry, you refus'd me meat;  
When I was thirsty, would afford no drink;  
When I was naked, cloth'd me not of late;  
When I was sick, did of no kindenesse think,  
And when a stranger, held me at the gate;  
Then when in prison, quite away did shrink:  
Thus as compassion never mov'd your minde,  
You from henceforth shall no compassion finde.

Though griev'd to look upon his flaming face,  
They thus dare tempt, yet without hope to move ;  
When saw we thee (O Lord !) in any place,  
Where our support might have procur'd thy love ?  
Who had not wish'd that he himselfe might grace,  
By helping one descended from above ?

If such can here be found, damn'd may they be,  
Who would not lodge, feed, clothe, and visit thee.

With fortunes trifles confidently proud,  
And puffed up with an applauding noise,  
You for the poore (faith Christ) no share allow'd,  
Yet choak'd your owne desires with pleasures choice,  
Whil'st at your feet they (fainting) humbly bow'd,  
Though heard in heaven, you scorn'd to heare their  
voice ;

These men thus us'd who were my members pris'd  
Even me in them you likewise then despis'd.

The sentenc'd squadron sunk below despaire,  
At first orewhelm'd (as if distract'd) remaine ;  
And have their breasts all torne with stormy care,  
Both for their losse, and for th' approaching paine,  
Yet mindes perverse their course doth still declare,  
Who when condemn'd, do straight accuse, and plaine :

Not that they seek to have the truth be seene,  
No, hate, and envy do provoke their spleene.

That which thou hast decreed obey we must,  
Nor will we seek (say they) the same to breake,  
Yet since as judge most great, so be most just,  
Ere damn'd for ever, heare us once to speake ;

Ah! abject creatures fetter'd in the dust,  
In minde, and body, every way too weake:  
Though huge our sinnes, and scarce to be excus'd,  
To make us fall too many wayes were us'd.

Each seed must grow as by the labourer sowne,  
Though earthen vessels, vessels of thy hand,  
We were expos'd (to make thy justice known)  
Where sinne was strong, a weake neglected band,  
And those whom thou selected for thine owne,  
(As mercies objects) strengthned were to stand;  
Thus as at first made fit for wrath, or grace,  
How could thy creatures but direct their race?

How could we scape where dangers were so rife,  
Of thy support whom thou didst quite deprive?  
Since those whom thou appointed had'st for life,  
By thy protection did securely live;  
And thou wast still when they succumb'd in strife,  
As first to helpe, straight ready to forgive:  
And oft in them who have beene guarded thus,  
Thou pardon'd more then punish'd is in us.

What way could we, fraile fortresses, defend,  
Against hels lord with legions bent for ill,  
Who even in heaven so proudly durst contend,  
Whil'st flying armies shining fields did fill?  
And though he fail'd in compassing his end,  
Yet here below was refractory still;  
Though by this meanes unto confusion brought,  
Whil'st bold to vaunt, that once with God he fought.

Our earth-bred parents when they seem'd most sure,  
With vigorous souls, both strong, and free from staine,  
These monsters straight their ruine did procure,  
And made them lose what they themselves not gaine,  
Even Paradise where we had liv'd secure,  
Were not for others faults what we sustaine:

Thus long ere borne our processe did begin,  
When so made weake, and apt for further sinne.

That roaring tyrant who still loath'd the light,  
Did first tempt thee to have made bread of stones,  
Then would have mov'd thee from a temples height,  
By falling headlong to have crush'd thy bones;  
Last, on a mountaine (mounted out of sight)  
The worlds great kingdome offred all at once;  
He durst demand that thou should'st him adore,  
Then judge by these if his assaults were sore.

Still compassing the earth his prey to spie,  
Not onely of himselfe he aym'd at all,  
But by direction did some persons plie,  
Who were given o're to his invasion thrall;  
As when he made proud *Achabs* prophets lye,  
And train'd him forth where as ordain'd to fall;  
What mortall strength could scape to be subdu'd,  
When warranted by God, the devill pursu'd?

Thus left by thee, and by him courted still,  
Thy grace with-drawn, his favours mustred faire,  
How could poore wretches wrestling with selfe-will,  
But soone be catch'd by such a subtle snare?

We but through weaknesse, not in spite wrought ill,  
Kept from repentance onely by despaire:

Then let not rigour take up mercies place,  
Thy greatest glory is in giving grace.

All tendernes by justice quite exil'd,  
Whil'st this their grudge doth indignation move,  
That Lambe of God who still hath been so milde,  
Of *Judas* tribe doth then the Lyon prove,  
And marking them whom filthie sinnes defil'd,  
Like abject swine not looking up above:

At their repining taking just offence,  
Perchance his answer may import this sense.

O faulty fathers, execrable race,  
Though by your birth you but of death could boast,  
What forfeitures have I restor'd by grace?  
You might have gain'd more then your parents lost,  
Some (forcing heaven) with zeale did me embrace,  
Who now triumph as a victorious hoast;  
To do the like they oft did you exhort,  
Whom I (if sought) was ready to support.

For frivilous toyes (if with true joyes compar'd)  
You rebels first, then obstinate did prove,  
And drunk with vanity, by pleasures snar'd,  
Still (mocking mercy) did contemne my love ;  
Whil'st glu'd to th' earth you for no further car'd,  
But how things fraile by pleasure to improve :  
And working mischiefe more then words can even,  
Rais'd mounts of sinne to barre your selves from  
heaven.

Though long ere done, your faults were knowne to me,  
For which in vaine selfe-love excuses frames,  
I them discern'd, but never did decree ;  
No time, nor place could bound the deities beames ; ,  
In contemplation of what was to be,  
I from lifes books excluded had your names :  
And did foresee, but not fore-doome your parts,  
My mercies were more ready then your hearts.

For many wrongs which *Israel* had indur'd,  
The Lord their safety, *Pharaohs* ruine sought,  
As surgeons for their practise have procur'd  
An executed corps, when odious thought,  
His heart (pass'd hope) of purpose was obdur'd,  
That for our glory wonders might be wrought :  
Thus meanes were us'd exempling such a one,  
That *Achab* might by bloud fall from his throne,

Your wayes were cross'd by many a stumbling block.  
But you gave eare to every whispered charme,  
Whil'st waving pleasures plastered ruines rock,  
Where Satans ambush lay to do you harme ;  
Nor shall that traitor at your judgement mock,  
Who still his troupes against all good did arme :  
Come sprits impure, come and receive your due,  
You never would repent, but now must rue.

To muse what muster every monster makes,  
I scarce for feare my fancies dare engage ;  
If every one a hideous bodie takes,  
Vile like their minde, to tread this fatall stage :

What *Gorgons*, *Hidra's*, *Lynx*, *Chimera's*, snakes,  
By hissing, howling, lowing, roaring rage?

What strange aspects, what intricated sounds,  
A dreadfull horrour all in one confounds?

But all such masks (poore jugling tricks) grow stale,  
Though they (like bug-beares) frighted some before,  
They now themselves defend, none else assaile,  
And terrour take, not give; all them abhorre,  
But at this time no person can grow pale,  
Since apprehensions power can move no more;

Each doubtfull thing, that day doth fully cleare,  
And as first made, all creatures must appeare.

Infernall fiends now no man can affright,  
For all the godly whom they oft had brav'd,  
Do look upon them, comfortably bright,  
As glad to thinke that they from such were sav'd;  
And in the wicked anguish (at the height)  
Then shows can move, hath deeper thoughts engrav'd:

So that this object all with ease can beare,  
“Despaire, and confidence, both banish feare.”

Yet marking them by whom so many fell,  
Huge exclamations burst abruptly out;  
Those vagabonds who did from God rebell,  
To tempt (it seemes) still walk'd the world about,  
And (bent with guests to grace their driry hell)  
Made oft toss'd souls of their salvation doubt:

Who when for heaven they hunting were the way,  
Turn'd headlong backward, train'd by them to stray

Great naturalists, of art chiefe masters made,  
By starres, and times, they could each course disclose,  
And marking still when lifes first powers were spread,  
What influence affections did dispose,  
Or to what custome education led,  
Where every heart for pleasure did repose :

They having found each inclinations square,  
As best might fit the same did frame some snare.

When lustfull fancies had enflam'd the minde,  
Then liberall beauties charm'd the wand'ring eye ;  
When to contention one was knowne inclin'd,  
Occasions offred were franke wrath to try ;  
When avarice did make the judgement blinde,  
Straight meanes were us'd that it might never dye ;  
Thus did they nurse by (tempting objects) still,  
The vice predominant that swayd the will.

This generall course (extended unto all)  
Not onely did insensibly betray,  
Whil'st souls for pleasure voluntar'ly thrall,  
Were (by prevailing) made their enemies prey ;  
Some whom they did perswade, or else appall,  
For feare, or gaine, did to their will give way :  
Yet (heaven exchang'd for toyes which th' earth  
affords)  
Were but deluded by ambiguous words.

Those with much passion bitterly declare  
How they the devill (by him seduc'd) ador'd,  
Who storm'd by sea, and thundred in the aire,  
(As he affirm'd) of all the world sole Lord ;

That they with him should (when dissolv'd) repaire,  
Where they should be with all contentment stor'd:

Thus painting out how they had beene abus'd,  
The great accuser is by them accus'd.

But he who once durst dreame in heaven to raigne,  
Whose pride prepostrous (swolne with madnesse) raves  
Though that designe attempted was in vaine,  
And he throwne headlong to *Tartarian* caves:  
Loe, when at last, even ready to arraigne,  
He doth not seek to purge, nor pardon craves;  
Though just excuses something might acquite,  
But this bursts forth with his accustom'd spite.

Since fled from heaven to pacifie your spleene,  
Whose jealousies my fall could onely free,  
I of your wrath a minister have beene,  
To execute all what you did decree:  
Thus all your ends to take effect were seene,  
Whil'st still the hate reflected back on me,  
To whom the world imputed every ill,  
Though all my power was bounded by your will.

That excrement of th' earth, that drosse of dust,  
Who wanting courage publick force to try,  
Though not so stout, yet did prove as unjust,  
And would have beene like thee, as well as I;  
He serv'd for nothing but in thee to trust,  
Yet for all this, did oft thy name deny:  
He broke thy law, had power to do no more,  
Yet by his fault is better than before.

From abject basenesse rais'd to such a state,  
Till damn'd to die, no bounds could man containe;  
Nor was his change by that decree made great,  
Since, but by it whence drawne, turn'd backe againe;  
Yet though these worms were still (when grac'd)  
    ingrate,  
Thou by thy suffering did'st prevent their paine;  
    Whom though immortall we did mortall see,  
    That these vile mortalls might immortall be.

But I who was a fountaine once of light,  
Whose envied beauties angels did command,  
With those the partners of my wretched flight,  
Who suffer did because they lov'd their friend,  
We might have serv'd to make the heavens more  
    bright,  
In indignation whom thou mad'st descend:  
    And would'st not unto us one fault forgive,  
    Though sacrificed, to make great sinners live.

Man (pittied thus) his pardon did procure,  
That still his weaknesse might thy power admire,  
Where we whose power thou no way could'st indure,  
Are persecuted with an endlesse ire;  
Imprison us, that thou maist live secure;  
Nor will we daigne thy favour to require;  
    But since defrauded earst of hopes so high,  
    Must live in anguish since we cannot die.

But this indignity doth make me storme,  
In heaven, in th' earth, in th' aire since long so great,

That this poore creature, this detested worme,  
 Whom I have troad upon so oft of late,  
 By partiall hate both ballanc'd in one forme,  
 Where earst my slave, must now become my mate:  
 Yea, and reduc'd to a more base degree,  
 I must his iaylour, and tormenter be.

This hatfull monster to confusion thrall,  
 Was once an angell, innocently white,  
 And had continu'd so but for his fall,  
 Whil'st pride and envy did engender spite;  
 The sprituall substance tainted then with gall,  
 (Turn'd diabolicke) was extinguish'd quite:  
 So that thenceforth he nought save ill could doe,  
 When leaving God, all goodnesse left him too.

He fell of malice, mankind was deceav'd;  
 That syre of sinne to nurse it always striv'd,  
 And since by him that plague was first conceav'd,  
 Each sinne is his from whom all sinne deriv'd;  
 What due reward can be by him receav'd,  
 By whom of heaven so many were depriv'd?  
 Who guilty is of every mischiefe gone,  
 Still tempting all, yet tempted was by none.

Yet bent for mischiefe, as he first beganne,  
 Farre from remorse, thus sparkling poison still,  
 He dare contest with Christ, outrageing man,  
 Though barr'd from acting, yet intending ill,  
 And those his thoughts which rest not suffer can,  
 (Since obiects want where he might use his will)

Turn'd backe as furies shall himselfe afflict,  
Who still on some just vengeance must inflict.

Christ first doth show how he rebell'd above,  
From whence expell'd with a deserv'd disgrace,  
He straight did tempt the man whom God did love,  
As he had done, to make him loose his place;  
Then all the meanes (that hate could hatch) did prove,  
(No cause first given) to persecute his race;

Though God had told that one of them at last,  
Should punish him for all offences past.

Of all his course when casting up the scroules,  
They finde each moment did some harme conspire,  
That (even when dying) he distress'd weake soules,  
So that no end could mitigate his ire;  
But Christ the same for ever now controules,  
And damnes him straight to hells eternall fire:

Where with his angels he must alwayes stay,  
As long reserv'd in chaines for that great day.

This damned squadron sentenc'd thus to hell,  
The godly doe applaud Christs just decree,  
And his great judgment with amazement tell,  
Which by effects they ravish'd are to see;  
Their approbation doth content him well,  
As assisters whom he admits to bee.

O what contentment do their soules imbrace,  
Who now to judge the rest with him take place!

They now behold some of the wicked sort,  
Who straight the worst that hell can yeeld attend;

With whose vaine pride no creature could comport,  
 Whil'st them for happy worldlings did commend;  
 Yet were their pleasures but both deare, and short,  
 Yea often times before themselves did end:.

And by their suffrage, now they stand condemn'd,  
 Whom they as abject many times contemn'd.

Some now with glory eminently sit,  
 As Christs deare friends, though here of humble race,  
 Whom they had scorn'd for fellowes to admit,  
 Or at their table to have taken place;  
 Yea, would have thought it for their state not fit,  
 Them with a signe of least regard to grace:

Yet (marking them so highly honour'd) now  
 They would be glad still at their feet to bow.

But this distresse one vantage doth unfold,  
 Though out of time, when it can help no more,  
 They heare the truth, and all their faults are told,  
 Which had been still estrang'd from them before,  
 Whil'st awfull reverence dutious love controul'd,  
 So that what they affirm'd, their followers swore,  
 Whom now they blame, that they so base could be,  
 As bent to please, not daring to be free.

The reprobate (as obstinately ill)  
 Expostulating blasphemy doe use,  
 And with their crimes would burden others still,  
 Not to be clear'd, but that they may accuse;  
 Not onely doe they taxe Gods spotlesse will,  
 And Satans fraud, for what it did infuse:

But likewise men as meanes that they were lost,  
And of all men they blame their parents most.

Their whole endeavours every parent strains,  
By fortunes treasures to advance his heirs,  
Who many times do loose by guilty gains,  
Not (as was hop'd) true helps, but onely snares ;  
But few advis'dly do respect the pains  
Which leade to vertue, and religious cares :  
Such fondly are in breeding of their brood,  
For goods too carefull, carelesse of their good.

Yet, oft they faile even in that temporall end,  
Who seeke by riches to secure their race,  
Which by their death doth it at last attend,  
And long-sought conquests waste in little space ;  
Where indigence, and education bend,  
Some left more poore, each way for wealth do trace,  
Which oftentimes, the syres damnations price,  
But strengtheth his that they may follow vice.

Nor is this glistening course the safest way,  
By which to stand, one stablish may a state,  
Since it oft times the owner doth betray,  
To vice and envy, an inviting baite,  
So that they thus are tempted more to stray,  
Or are or'ethrowne by some mans hopefull hate :  
Thus riches swolne with pride, is crush'd by spite,  
Or doth (made soft) dissolve the owner quite.

Some foolish fathers with prepostrous love,  
(To flattring children too indulgent still)

Even by their favour pestilent doe prove,  
 Like toying apes that doe with kindnesse kill,  
 Who whil'st they them should by their judgement move,  
 Are carried head-long with the others will :

And must their grieve by any meanes appease,  
 Not striving to instruct, but how to please.

Their off-springs course, each parent should direct,  
 And as a patterne by example lead ;  
 Then when they faile in yeelding due respect,  
 As insolent by too much favour made,  
 They should rebuke, reforme, and last correct ;  
 For, better then whil'st quicke, to waile them dead :

Who would preserve, must many times annoy,  
 Where those that dote by sparing doe destroy.

Amongst the rest, some here their moane doe make,  
 Whom parents strictnesse did from good restraine,  
 That of their state would no compassion take,  
 Nor lend the meanes that might their life maintaine ;  
 But (as their coyne) did keep their count'nce backe  
 For wretchednesse, yet other grounds did faine :

By which in children such ill thoughts were bred,  
 That they to mischiefe easily were led.

What gallants thus did perish in their prime,  
 By desp'rate wayes whil'st ventring for relieve,  
 And prov'd (though little might have help'd in time)  
 A bloody murtherer, or an abject thiefe ;  
 Till at the last damn'd for some filthie crime,  
 As venging this, they forc'd their fathers grieve :

(With infamy when com'd to end their race)  
Whil'st left an heire unto his heires disgrace?

And many thus dispers'd in forraine parts,  
Have sold their souls that they their lives might  
    save,  
Who (whil'st by want) expos'd to all mens arts,  
When they by ruine onely help could have,  
Against their knowledge, and against their hearts,  
In spite of conscience, did religion leave:  
    And would (though first asham'd) at last grown  
        strong,  
    Ere scorn'd for changing, justifie a wrong.

O, what contentment shall those parents finde!  
Who for all those whom to the world they bring,  
Still mildly rigorous, and austerely kinde,  
(Excesses barr'd) do seek each needfull thing,  
And do plant early in the tender minde,  
The love of God, whose praise at last they sing.

All those with Christ thrice happy now do stand,  
Who thus did strive how to increase that band.

Great magistrates by sundry are accus'd,  
For feare, for love, for gaine, or some such end,  
Who had that power due by their charge not us'd,  
To purge the land of them who did offend;  
Who (when by pardons having them excus'd)  
Their faults (as favour'd) seem'd to recommend:

There where examples should with terroure strike,  
This did tempt others to attempt the like.

When insolency kills, or doth oppresse,  
 Those guilty are of each ensuing harme,  
 Who curbe them not who do the laws transgresse,  
 Ere indignation generous courage warme ;  
 When parties wrong'd must needs themselves redresse,  
 Whil'st lack of justice doth them justly arme :

As bound by credit vengeance to procure,  
 The braving object scorning to endure.

When great offenders Iustice not removes,  
 And chiefly them by whom to death one bleeds,  
 Since, given to broils, such persons no man loves,  
 And each occasion still more mischiefe breeds ;  
 Their safety many a time their ruine proves :  
 For malefactors (whil'st that their misdeeds)

Repentance expiats, made happy so,  
 Do (as from beds) to heaven from scaffolds go.

Thus in like sort they blame some masters now,  
 Who them with whom they had by power prevail'd,  
 Not unto God, but to themslves made bow,  
 If not to them, not caring how they fail'd ;  
 And did sometimes command, at least allow  
 Those faults whose fruits to profit them avail'd ;  
 Such soules as pretious should have been preserv'd,  
 Who were God's creatures, though that them they  
 serv'd.

But thousands here with anguish curse all those,  
 Who had in charge their safety to procure,  
 Yet did their course to fit the time compose,  
 And errours grosse most grosly did endure ;

So that their flocke, when falling never rose,  
But suff'red were to live in sinne secure :

And they to heaven could hardly others leade,  
Whose selves to court the world all means had  
made.

Since robbers are abhor'd (as beasts prophane)  
Who steale but stones which to the Church belong ;  
Pretended priests that sprituall states attaine,  
Like waspes with bees, crept holy hives among,  
Who wasting honey, poyson give againe ;  
Are (as farre worse) accus'd for doing wrong ;

Since they barre others from ministring grace,  
Yet (save in coats and rents) not use the place.

Some who (their hearers swaying where they would)  
Could force affections, comfort, and deject,  
With learned lectures eloquently told,  
(Though flourish'd faire, not fruitfull in effect)  
Are highly tax'd, that they (when thus extold)  
What taught to others, did themselves neglect :

And given to vice (brought comparatively in)  
They lost that freedome which rebukes for sinne.

And how can any man another move  
To flye those dainties that with him are rife,  
Who talke of temperance, yet vaine pleasures love,  
Call peace a blessing, whil'st they live at strife,  
Praise deeds of almes, yet avaritious prove,  
Chast but in words, not continent in life ?

Of such th' excellency is all in art,  
Whil'st vertue but their tongue, vice hath the heart.

Such (following *Cains way*) like *Core* exclaine,  
 By *Balaams* wages, to deceit inclin'd;  
 Seas raging waves, still foaming forth their shame,  
 Clouds void of water, carried with the wind,  
 Trees without fruit, spots which the faith defame,  
 As wandring starres whose course hath them design'd:  
     Of such did *Enoch* prophesy of old,  
     That which this judgement doth at last unfold.

Those stumbling blockes, rockes which with ruine  
     swell,  
 Destructions traynes, obnoxious unto all,  
 Not onely with the rest, are damn'd to hell,  
 Whose threatened torments quaking soules appall,  
 But railing at them many thousands tell,  
 How they had beene the meanes to make them fall:  
     “ This wretched comfort, the afflicted love,  
     “ That for their faults, they others may reprove.”

But though they thus to make their faults seem lesse,  
 The Lord himselfe, the devils and men doe blame,  
 All doth afford no helpe for their distresse,  
 Nor workes it pitty, but augments their shame:  
 Like anguish doth their fellow-partners presse,  
 And others doe with shouts their joyes proclaime:  
     Thus quite neglected in a desp'rate state,  
     They by contesting, but procure more hate.

As some (by sentence when condemn'd to dye)  
 By gazing troupes and friends, hemm'd round about,  
 The executioner attending by,  
 The coffin gaping, and the hatchet out,

Th' earth sometimes view, looke sometimes to the sky,  
And loth to leave them, doe pretend some doubt :  
Which they must cleare, as which concernes their crime,  
So glad to gaine some space from posting time.

The wicked thus (it seemes) could wish to stay,  
The full performance of Christs great decree,  
As loth to leave this (though most fearefull) day,  
The last of light that they shall ever see ;  
The eyes deare objects vanish must away ;  
No prospect more for them can pleasant be :  
No wonder though they seeke to shift a space,  
Their dreadfull entry to that driry place.

But such delays can yeeld their soules no ease,  
Who rack'd by conscience, inwardly doe smart ;  
Save all to suffer, not what to appease,  
No other thought can harbour in their heart ;  
That glorious face which doth the godly please,  
To them strange feares with horrour doth impart :  
So that their present paine hath so much force,  
They scarce imagine any can be worse.

Those who were swift to sinne, to goodnesse slow,  
And onely striv'd in folly to exceed,  
O ! when they finde that which they justly owe,  
The endlesse paines which ended joyes doe breed !  
They, as they alwaies liv'd like beasts below,  
Would gladly now that they were beasts indeed :

To scape the hell whose horours then are seene,  
Who wish their being never to have beene.

When looking backe how traines of treach'rous houres  
(As mines) at unawares had blowne up all,  
And blasted oft (ere ripe) fraile pleasures flowres,  
Whose time hath beene so short, whose joy so small;  
They wouder now how they could spend their pow'rs,  
In gayning toyes to such a tyrant thrall,  
Which hath them made that happinesse to misse,  
Where still eternity abounds in blisse.

All longing mindes for what they much require,  
The time appointed, when they doe attend,  
Doe wish the space betweene, should straight expire,  
And so the like to have some other end;  
By giving way to mans infirme desire,  
His course contract'd few moments thus would spend:  
And thus to gaine some flying fortunes soone,  
His life by what he wish'd would be undone.

The loving youth whose brest with thoughts doth  
burne,  
Would lose whole yeares to have one nights delight;  
The merchant waiting for his shippes returne,  
Not onely dayes, but winds as slow doth cite;  
The greedy usurer, so to serve his turne,  
(Save termes for payment) all dayes else would  
quite:  
Since these for pleasure lavish are of life,  
What would they doe, whose miseries are rife?

But whil'st too late, the wicked count their dayes,  
Which (ere they wakened) vanish like a dreame,  
(So to remove the meanes of all delayes)  
Their sentence given, an angell doth proclaime,  
The which with feare each count'nce quite dismayes,  
And they in darknesse haste to hide their shame :

From this sad sentence, backe to the Stygian state,  
What horrid clamour sounds the last retreat.

If for affaires which mutuall good impart,  
A little way till some few houres be runne,  
Kinde wives and husbands, doe but chance to part,  
A friend from friend, a mother from her sonne,  
So sensibly with tender thoughts all smart,  
That love is glad to have some moments wonne :  
“ Priz'd by privations, beings are held deare,  
“ And presence pretious absence makes appeare.”

O blacke divorce, even worse then thoughts can faine !  
Griefe past expressing, losse above all bounds,  
They now must part who never meete againe,  
And straight to goe where horrour most abounds,  
From sight of pleasure ravish'd unto paine,  
No wonder though they howle forth dolorous sounds :  
Who must this cheerefull light with darkenesse  
change,  
Saints joyes first seene, to make their state more  
strange.

'Twixts parents, brethren, sisters, kindred, friends,  
And all those bands which mortals held most deare

The naturall love (worne out of date) quite ends,  
 Eternally whil'st separated here;  
 That strict regard which tender passion bends,  
 None of the godly now can make draw neere  
     To any one of those whom damn'd they see,  
     Though ty'd by nature in the first degree.

The beds deare partners here, each fortunes mate,  
 Who once (hearts joy) sunke in the bosome slept;  
 Some dandled children, doted on of late,  
 Whom with such care too tender parents kept;  
 Companions earst who swayd the mindes conceit,  
 All now are left, and they no teare have wept:  
     Who praise Gods judgement which this parting  
         wrought:  
     His love hath swallow'd up each other thought.

But by this meanes the reprobate are mov'd,  
 To apprehend their misery the more,  
 Whil'st forc'd to leave them whom so much they  
     lov'd,  
 Who having seen their happinesse before,  
 And having heard their losse by them approv'd,  
 Who once had wish'd them well, but then abhor:  
     This grieves their soule, till they for anguish groane,  
     And though to hell, are earnest to be gone.

Whil'st stormy conscience holds invective booke,  
 That the inward sight can onely reade of ire,  
 O! how doe heavy eyes with lingring lookes,  
 From worlds last prospects languishing retire?

A windy cloud of sighes, each mouth forth smoakes,  
As burning, even ere entring the fire:

They are not blinde, yet better so to be,  
Since heaven, nor earth, they never more shall see.

The raging fiends all girt with foaming snakes,  
Doe haste them downe together with their charge,  
Whereas no porter any hindrance makes,  
They passe hels deeps, attending on no barge;  
This thronging troupe at dreadfull earth-quakes quakes,  
Whil'st gaping gulphes doe make an entry large:

All looking backe as loth to leave the light,  
Are at an instant swallow'd out of sight.





## DOOMES DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The eleventh Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Of dolefull hell the horrid seat is sought,  
Whereas the damned howling still remaine:  
And in the world as wickedly they wrought,  
Must suffer what Christ's justice doth ordaine ;  
The sensuall creatures senses here are brought,  
By what once pleas'd, now to be rack'd with paine:  
And with the devils whereas they are to stay,  
The wicked are tormented every way.*

Whil'st wandring now where I can finde no light,  
Of guests below the damned state to mark,  
No raving *Ethnick* can direct me right,  
Whose selfe is captive in the dungeons darke ;  
Yet, all hels horrours can me not affright,  
Though serpents hisse, and *Cerberus* do barke ;  
But lest I stagger, and be still in doubt,  
I must go seek some guide to leade me out.

Deare Saviour thou who thence my soule to quite,  
Exposed wast a prey to paine, and scorne,  
Whil'st beaten, mock'd, and spitted at in spite,  
Made vinegar to drink, and crown'd with thorne;  
Then sweating bloud, encrimson'd beauties white,  
Till all hels horrours constantly were borne;  
Thou, onely thou, canst this discovery make,  
Who forc'd her forts, and turn'd in triumph backe.

O Sonne of God, be thou my guide, and cleare  
The cloudy cloisters of *Tartarian* deeps,  
That (drawn from darknesse) plainly may appeare,  
From what strange torments thine thy suffring keepes,  
Who (marking this afarre) may not come neare,  
Where teeth shall gnash, where th' eye for ever weeps  
But trust in thee, and flie sinnes tempting snare,  
Not to secure, nor falling in despaire.

That place for paine so fearfull to the minde,  
That dreames of it have desperation wrought,  
Hath beene by some (to search such deeps inclin'd)  
No locall ground, but a privation thought:  
From God secluded, yet no where confin'd,  
As damned souls were to some freedome brought:  
No paine impos'd, but to be barr'd Gods sight,  
Hell so made darke, as sunnes remove breeds night.

Not onely wretches banish'd from Gods face,  
In endlesse anguish languishing remaine,  
Whil'st apprehending in that dreadfull place,  
How saints above with God in glory raigne;

But they must have with horrour, grieve, disgrace,  
 As want of pleasure, so a sense of paine :  
     Want would but grieve where feeling will torment,  
     The minde with wormes, with wounds the body rent.

The sentenc'd squadron must retyre alone,  
 In dungeons darke eternally to smart,  
 Where they still bounded heavily must grone,  
 Whil'st not one moment can repose impart ;  
 Christ said to them, when damn'd : Go, get you gone,  
 To dwell with devils in their appointed part ;  
     And sacred writs most clearly do declare,  
     That from the godly they divided are.

But curiousnesse no satisfaction gets,  
 When searching out the mysteries of hell ;  
 At least no where it with assurance sets,  
 But ghosts to paine from pleasure doth expell ;  
 And with the rest who fall in fancies nets,  
 No wonder though I doubt their state to tell :  
     For that to others which these lines would show,  
     I labour that my selfe may never know.

It may be plac't amidst the fierie spheare,  
 Whence joyn'd with lightning dreadfull thunders flie ,  
 Whil'st frowning heavens by day nights colours reare  
 Till scarce some flashes can point out the skie ;  
 So that as hell inflicting harme and feare,  
 By thunder-bolts, and haile, troupes tortur'd lye :  
     Thus in effect, affinity they hold  
     By light, and darknesse, horrour, heat, and cold.

That cloudy clymate (hatching stormes when faire)  
May still foule sprits where first they fell restraine;  
And wretched soules to have with them their share,  
Of substance light, (though stayn'd) may mount  
againe;

Since Sathan hath beene held lord of the ayre,  
He last may smart where he so long doth raigne:  
And though suppos'd a parable to be,  
Why might not *Abraham* there the glutton see?

If God thus hang that monstrous masse of night,  
In which to pine the tortur'd bands are throwne,  
The hoasts of heaven importing virtuall light,  
May pierce hels clouds, till all their guests be knowne,  
With mutuall prospects, interchanging sight,  
By others states that both may judge their owne:

“What is oppos'd, compar'd, brings truth to light:  
“When set with shadowes, stars doe shine more  
bright.”

O how the godly triumph would with joy!  
Whil'st compassing that damned band about,  
To see the fiends their furies all employ,  
Till ghosts with dreadfull cryes confus'dly shout;  
They with no sigh, their pittied plaints convoy,  
Though earst knowne friends, all kindenesse then worn  
out;

But straight shall praise (transported from the place)  
In them Gods justice, in themselves his grace.

A place below the chiefe of Northerne starres,  
To fit the hell a situation yeelds,

Which passengers from passing further barres,  
By desolate and melancholy fields,  
And navigation absolutely marres,  
Whil'st there from harme no kinde of shelter shields :

Not that the ocean doth too stormy prove,  
No, but because that it can no way move.

The liquid kingdome all becoming dry,  
Farre distant shores (as if cimented) meet,  
The waves all dead entomb'd in crystall lye,  
Not having power to drowne, no, not to weet,  
Whil'st barren beauty doth delude the eye,  
And slippery firmenesse doth betray the feet,  
Which both on flouds, and solid grounds they set,  
And yet can neither earth, nor water get.

Amidst that large inhabitable zone,  
Where raging winter doth admit no bounds,  
Perchance (for terrour) the Tartarian throne,  
With strengthlesse beames the flying sunne surrounds,  
And (as if thousands multipli'd a grone)  
There sulph'rous *Vulcans* roare continuall sounds :  
Whil'st ghosts do never sleep, yet alwaies dreame,  
Rack'd by remorse with grieve, past sense of shame.

But that great God on whom this all depends,  
And (as he pleaseth) quickly fades, or springs,  
Even with a thought can cōmpasse all his ends,  
Not daigning to take helpe of temporall things,  
And yet to worke what ever he intends,  
Each creature straight a contribution brings :

He in new moulds can cast the world againe,  
Make beauty ugly, what gave joy, give paine.

Earst *Adams Eden*, pleasures speciall ground,  
Worlds quint-essence, the garden of the Lord,  
The pretious stone of this enameld round,  
Which God did guard as with his treasures stor'd,  
It now turn'd common earth (by flouds since drown'd,)  
Of what it was no token doth afford:

That dainty vale which curious *Lot* did chuse,  
Did soone grow loathsome, all the worlds refuse.

Those parts below which most delight the eye,  
As pleasant, fertile, crown'd with flowres, or streames,  
Where nature doth with many colours dye  
Her curious robes, all bright with glistring beames,  
Some there at last may greater torments try,  
Then Sathan can devise, or mankinde dreames:

And it would stand with justice in these times,  
That all should suffer where they wrought their  
crimes.

But th' earth o'reburden'd, must to sinne give place,  
If so commanded by the worlds great Iudge,  
Loe, how we all who fondly love her face,  
Must at the last within her bosome lodge!  
But them she swallow'd quicke, though *Abrahams*  
race,  
Who tempting God against his will, did grudge:  
All sinnes engross'd in one, what monstrous weight  
May soone sinke thousands to the centre straight

Who knowes but th' earth which still men wastes, or  
feeds,  
Hath vast concavities where darknesse blinds,  
And that from it the secret cause proceeds  
Of dreadfull earth-quakes, and of restlesse winds,  
Which, schismes in schooles, no satisfaction breeds?  
The deepes deepe mystery none clearly finds:  
Whilst bent to study who doth thousands reach,  
Seas compast him who could their course not reach.

The fertile earth for that infernall seate,  
May furnish stuffe to feede the flames apace,  
For, as without, sunnes active beames do beat,  
Till plenties horne doth garnish every place;  
So it would seeme, within, some vigorous heate  
Of mettals strong doth breed the rockie race:  
Th' earth must have fire, of which, to serve our  
turne,  
Both superficiall parts, and entrails burne.

Vaine Pagans did in every fancy fixe,  
That stygian darkenesse diverse floods did bound,  
And all their gods did sweare by dreadfull Styx,  
That straight their oath in *Leth*e might be drown'd;  
These waters with so many things did mixe,  
Ere they could reach the centre of the ground,  
That stain'd and poison'd whilst estrang'd from  
th' aier,  
They filthy were (no doubt) when once come there.

Since (by conjectures with much travell sought)  
This fearefull place none can precisely know,

Then by what meanes from darknesse can be brought,  
Those mysteries which some dare seeke to show?  
The roome indeed may justly large be thought,  
Where all the wicked should be lodg'd below:

Though to their clients devils do much reveale,  
Yet they for frightening them hells state conceale.

They (as great pleasures) painting out their paines,  
By foolish fables please vaine vulgars much,  
With gorgeous gardens, and elysian plaines,  
Which (like themselves) cannot abide the touch;  
Then will they seeme (this reputation gaines)  
*Fawnes, Silvans, Satyres, Fairies, Nymphes,* and such:  
That fooles may hope to be (whilst spoil'd of sence)  
Gods demi-gods, and heroes, when gone hence.

What then confusion doth more mischiefe bring,  
As oft hath beene made knowne in every age?  
And it in hell would seeme a needfull thing,  
To torture them who there beare Satans badge,  
From which in darknesse, grosse effects must spring,  
Where desp'rat troupes (past hope of helpe) doe rage;  
Yet even in it some order shall be found,  
Though *Chaos* darkning, *Babel* to confound.

The world may thinke, amidst that damned crue,  
Though (as elsewhere) distinguish'd in degree,  
Each one doth reape that which to him is due;  
Their paines may differ, yet their grieve agree;  
When law below a party doth pursue,  
As crimes require, the iudges do decree:

Since God on earth so many plagues doth send,  
How huge be these which hels blacke hostes  
attend?

This crystall spheare, the lanterne of the sight,  
A generall spie that every thing doth marke,  
I doubt, if drawing, or dispersing light,  
Of all mans body the most heavenly sparke,  
The life of beauty, natures glories height,  
Which straight (when clos'd) makes all the world seme  
dark,  
It of chiefe pleasures doth the centre prove,  
Both from the earth below, and heaven aboue.

Those sunnes of sences, mirroors of the minde,  
The windows of the heart till light doth faile,  
How bodies may be glorifi'd we find,  
Since their perfection doth so much prevaile;  
These dainty lights which have so sweetely shin'd,  
Though cleere like diamonds, like crystall fraile,  
While as abus'd by them that were unjust,  
Did turne to starres of pride, and flames of lust.

By them the wretch to avarice was swai'd,  
Externall objects tempting the desire;  
By them the heart to envy was betrai'd,  
And made to hate what it could not acquire;  
Their sight urg'd vengeance whilst it did upbraid  
Such brests as boil'd with a vindictive ire,  
By them (as dores) much mischiefe entred in,  
The baits, the bauds, the guid's, the gates of sinne.

These eyes that did so oft to vice invite,  
(Whil'st still attracting, or directing wrong)  
Now barr'd from all which did them once delight,  
Where fearfull monsters for confusion throng;  
Them from some paine no moment can acquite,  
For objects strange infortunately strong :  
    Prodigious sights since still they must indure,  
    Like owles (nights driry birds) in caves obscure.

In place of beauty (which did earst bewitch)  
The foaming fiends came charg'd with crawling snakes ;  
For stately roomes a dungeon (dropping pitch)  
Doth contribute to the *Tartarian* lakes ;  
And for companions (groaning in a ditch)  
A number burns, and yet for cold still quakes.  
    Eyes thus have no relieve, not when they weep,  
    But (though in darknesse) they still see, not sleep.

This living lab'rinth entertaining sounds,  
By severall turnes, till made for hearing fit,  
(Left otherwise (if rude) words might give wounds)  
Which (thus prepar'd) they by degrees admit ;  
These bring the stiffe on which the judgement  
    grounds,  
As ready porters that support the wit ;  
    And oft with pleasure smooth afflicting care,  
    Whil'st dainty voices quintessence the aire.

These oft (like strumpets dissolutely strong)  
Are prostituted, suffring what is foule ;  
Then mediating 'twixt a tempting tongue  
And fraile desires, all goodnesse oft controul ;

They first corrupted do seduce to wrong,  
 And poure (like pleasure) poyson in the soule :  
     By them assaulting sinne doth breach the heart,  
     As of the body still the weakest part.

This is the myne which doth blow up the minde,  
 Gaint sense, or reasons charge, a guardlesse way,  
 To lust, to fraud, or faults of any kinde,  
 Which all the strength by treaties doth betray ;  
 As Sathan ſoone in paradise did finde,  
 In *Evahs* eare who firſt in ambuſh lay ;  
     This patent entry can hold nothing out,  
     But braves brave minds with grounds for feare, or  
         doubt.

This ſpirituall taster, understandings eye,  
 (Growne needlesſe now amongst these hopeleſſe  
     moaners,  
 Since all well known, none then can further try)  
 In place of musicke that did charme it once,  
 Heares teeth to gnash, and howling creatures cry,  
 Redoubling sobs, and melancholy groanes :  
     For dreadfull ſounds who can imagine more ?  
     There fiends and men (ſtill rack'd) together roare.

That dainty ſense which comfort doth the braines,  
 And all the vitall ſprits more pregnant make,  
 Which (when the aire a groſſe corruption staines)  
 Doth by ſweet odours drive the danger backe,  
 It with the Lord ſo highly pris'd remaines,  
 That he himſelfe in it doth pleasure take :

And he was said a sacrifice to smell,  
In which sweet incense chiefly did excell.

Those (though extorting natures usuall store)  
That were perfum'd with artificiall things,  
In place of what affected was before,  
A filthy stench perpetually there stings ;  
This sinke of sinne which theirs so oft made more,  
The dregs of all the world together brings :  
Whose sent though loathsome now endure they  
must,  
Who (weakning courage thus) gave strength to lust.

Those to the taste who did their judgement give,  
And (more then nature) fancy striv'd to feed,  
What creatures daily dy'd that they might live,  
Who would for pompe, or gluttony exceed,  
And curious were all courses to contrive,  
How sawces strange an appetite might breed :  
While as the poore did starve (they thus at feasts)  
And could not get what they did give to beasts ?

Though food for maintenance none shall need below,  
Yet gluttons mindes by longing are turmoil'd ;  
And many meats may mustred be in show,  
All fry'd in flames, or in *Cocytus* boil'd,  
Which straight (when neare to touch) devils may o're-  
throw ;  
Or they may be by monstrous harpies spoil'd ;  
Or (as from *Tantalus* the apple slips)  
Such tempting objects may delude their lips.

These drunkards that have drown'd their wits in wine,  
 (Till quite benumn'd, they long ere dying dye)  
 Whilst tortur'd now continually to pine,  
 As in a feaver (loe) they burning lye :  
 If roaring flames a puddle could designe,  
 They for a drop to quench their thirst would cry :  
 That this to mark it might our judgement leade,  
 The like entreaty one to *Abraham* made.

These dainty fingers entertain'd by pride,  
 Whose sense (though grosse) was pleas'd in sundry  
 sorts,  
 Which could no touch save what was soft abide,  
 Oft us'd for avarice, or wanton sports,  
 Those now in vaine would strive themselves to hide,  
 Which (whil'st stretch'd forth as cruell paine trans-  
 ports)  
 Where fearfull darknesse doth no light admit,  
 May unawares some fiend, or serpent hit.

Some who below had domineer'd of late,  
 In wealth abounding, by abundance cloy'd,  
 Whil'st (pleasures purchas'd at too high a rate)  
 As want did others, surfeits them annoy'd ;  
 They (wanting stomacke) did not feed, but eate,  
 Till faint, and dull, what had, they not enjoy'd ;  
 Those naked now in misery remaine,  
 And nothing rests, save never resting paine.

The lazie man whose memory time foils,  
 As wanting sinews, who could scarcely move,

Whom faintnesse, and not pride, did keep from toils,  
Save abject ease who nothing else did love;  
Now when his foot at every step still broils,  
If but to change, of force must restlesse prove:

And lest he languish with too dull a paine,  
By bodkins hot tormented may remaine.

These hauty mindes whose swelling thoughts were  
such,

That still in state they glорied to be seene;  
So richly cloath'd, that it had griev'd them much,  
If on their garments any spot had beene;  
So dainty then that they disdain'd to touch,  
Farre lesse to lye, or sit, on parts uncleane:  
And whil'st presuming on their wealth, or race,  
Were always striving how to take their place.

Those on themselves who did so fondly dote,  
And their vile carkasse curious were to grace,  
Though (like the flowres which frailty do denote)  
But must'ring beauty for a little space;  
They never care how much the minde they blot,  
So they of nature (during lifes short race)  
May help defects by arts defective aid,  
The soule to sinne by vanity betrai'd.

They natures need could not by sleep supply,  
Save in faire roomes which pleasure did procure;  
Each vulgar object straight did wound their eye,  
Whose tender sight no grosse thing could endure;  
They well attended softly sought to lye,  
Though so more sumptuous, and the lesse secure:

Not thinking how when dead they straight should  
have  
Wormes for companions, and for bed a grave.

Loe, now retir'd amid'st *Tartarian* caves,  
With driry shadows in eternall night,  
They lodge more low then some that were their slaves,  
As sinking farre, since falling from a height;  
And every fiend them (as their equall) braves,  
With mocks rememb'ring of their wonted might:  
They, they through flames with scourging whips  
them drive,  
The which to flie in boiling deeps they dive.

Smooth beauties grounds which did so much delight,  
From pleasant plains with furrows gathered in,  
By fire, or filth, are now disfigur'd quite,  
Till they become as ugly as their sinne;  
And (persecuted with continuall spite)  
Hot pitch and brimstone drop upon their skinne:  
But such a losse as this, paine quickly bounds,  
The feeling, not the fancy, them confounds.

The heavens great Judge, in all things who is just,  
Each paine imposed severally designes;  
The proud (trod down) lye wallowing in the dust;  
The glutton starves; by thirst the drunkard pines;  
The lecherous burne, but not as earst with lust;  
The wretch in vaine to covet still inclines;  
Who did Gods day to violate contest,  
No Iubile nor Sabbath yeelds them rest.

O how each soule most highly doth abhorre  
The fault which them to this confusion sends!  
Which (though they would) they now can use no  
more,

Yet, onely one, even at this time not ends;  
Those who were given to blasphemy before,  
They still curse God, their parents, and their friends;  
This sinne which malice, and not weaknesse breeds,  
In height, in place, and time, all else exceeds.

That vice in hell the reprobate may use,  
Which from the minde all kinde of goodnesse blots;  
Each other fault some colour may excuse,  
Whil'st baited fancy, on some pleasure dotes;  
But blasphemy the furies do infuse,  
In mindes perverse, which as a badge it notes,  
And of all things should greatest feare impart,  
Since it bewrayes the vilenesse of the heart.

They faine that one continually doth feele  
His smarting entrails by a vulture torne;  
A stone (still toss'd) another faint makes reele,  
And braving food a famish'd mouth doth scorne;  
Ambitions type is rack'd upon a wheele,  
Still barr'd from rest, since backe, or forward borne;  
In vaine these sisters tosse the *Stygian* deep,  
Who must bestow on that which cannot keep.

But yet these torments which the world did faine,  
In sinners minds a just remorse to breed,  
From working mischiefe that they might refraine,  
Whil'st they strive how for horrour to exceed,

As onely forg'd, is but a painted paine,  
 If match'd with these that must be felt indeed:  
     Which so extreamly breed the souls distresse,  
     That even the suffer can it not expresse.

What height of words were able to dilate  
 The severall torments that are us'd below?  
 Each sense must suffer what it most doth hate,  
 The *Stygian* forge whil'st foaming furies blow;  
 Short pleasures purchas'd at a hideous rate,  
 They still (yet not discharg'd) pay what they owe:  
     "All sorts of sinnes since none can well recount,  
     "No doubt hells paines in number must surmount."

These mysteries which darknesse doth enfold,  
 What mortall colours can expresse them right?  
 Or who can know what ground is fit to hold,  
 Where contraries do with confusion fright?  
 Some laid on flames not see, yet quake for cold;  
 Thus fire doth burne, but cannot cleare with light:  
     To comfort it no quality retaines,  
     But multiplies in all that may give paines.

Though seeming strange, imagination frames  
 A possibility how this may prove;  
 No busie breath then irritating flames,  
 Doth make them waste the meanes by which they  
     move:  
 Whil'st want of aire fires lightning fury tames,  
 That it no way can vent it selfe above:  
     Though all the brightnesse be entomb'd in smoak,  
     It lacks but beauty, may both burne, and choak.

Some member then perchance extreamely smarts,  
A captive compass'd with encroaching fire,  
(What here doth fright, may then confound all hearts,  
Chiefe element for executing ire :)

And yet cold snakes (enfolding other parts)  
May make the blood all languishing retire :

    What stormie clymate can afford this seat,  
    Where both they freeze for cold, and rage for heat.

The secret nature of this fire to finde,  
Of some who curious were the thoughts did crosse ;  
If it were spirituall, how to be confinde  
In hell for torture of terrestriall drosse ;  
Then if materiall, and to waste inclin'd,  
Could souls be reach'd by such a substance grosse ?

    For all impressions working paine or feare,  
    Must have an object fit their blows to beare.

The fiends from fire (some thinke) must needs scape  
    free,  
Whose subtle substance none can touch with hands,  
Yet, they (as lords) distinguish'd in degree,  
Can (tossing th' aire) disturbe both seas, and lands ;  
They bodies have the which may taken be,  
And have a being capable of bands :

    The devill was bound a thousand yeares time past,  
    And shall for ever live in chains at last.

The sprits of th' aire may beare a burden light,  
Whose course impulsive sometimes makes it known ;  
The aire enflam'd (when *Phæbus* takes the height)  
Is apt to burne, and flames by it are blowne ;

Or, since of late, so to delude the sight,  
They borrow'd shapes (if wanting of their owne)  
All may be forc'd of bodies to admit,  
As loads, or jayls, for suff'ring onely fit.

As souls (whil'st here) have beene to bodies bound,  
And when next joyn'd shall never part againe;  
By fires condensed flames in hels vast round,  
Ill sprits at last imbodyed may remaine,  
Which both may strictly presse, and deeply wound,  
A weight, a prison, so redoubling paine:  
They if thus match'd, have but a passive part,  
Who burn'd, not warm'd, do onely live to smart.

How farre doth this transcend the reach of wit,  
That bodies then continually shall burne,  
Yet not diminish, whil'st on flames they sit,  
But though quite swallow'd, not to dust do turne;  
That racks their course no moment intermit,  
Yet can a wretch not dye, but lives to mourne?  
Death still doth wound, but hath no power to kill,  
They want his good, and onely have his ill.

I have beheld a cheating fellow stand,  
To sell some oyle that he reserv'd in store,  
And in the presence of a thronging band,  
By vertue of some drug was us'd before,  
In melted lead straight boldly rush his hand,  
Then fall downe groveling, as to move no more:  
Yet quickly rose by cosening art kept sound,  
As if strange vertue in his oyle were found.

If man (weake man) by meanes of question'd art,  
May fortifie against the force of heat,  
That he may suffer thus, and yet not smart ;  
May not the Lord (omnipotently great)  
A quality (when as he list) impart,  
To all the guests of *Pluto's* ugly seat :

That (freez'd in fire) they burne, yet not decay,  
Do pine, not dye, as monsters every way ?

What us'd to waste, not having power to warme,  
Of three that were amid'st a fornace plac'd,  
No member, fire, no, not one haire did harme,  
By raging flames, though every where embrac'd :  
The Lord their force did so in secret charme,  
That they (as set in gold) his servants grac'd ;  
And in such sort when pleas'd himselfe to serve,  
By ruines engines he can thus preserve.

That force of fire did not effectuall prove,  
*Elias* body did with pompe display,  
A winglesse weight whil'st it through th' aire did  
move ;  
Th' earth divers times her burden did betray,  
By swallowing that which she did beare above ;  
And *Peters* feet on flouds found solid way :  
Each element we see when God directs,  
To nature contrary can breed effects.

Fires torturing power in the *Tartarian* cave,  
Doth need for help no irritating blast,  
And wanting food, no excrement can have ;  
For fed by nothing, it doth nothing waste ;

An ominous torch in *Pluto's* gaping grave,  
Not more, nor lesse, it still alike doth last;  
    Flames torrent doth but drowne, not burne the hell,  
    And, at a height, can neither sinke, nor swell.

One fire for all shall here Gods power expresse,  
Which doth from divers diversly extort;  
So heats the sunne, though all alike it presse,  
As bodies are dispos'd, or can comport;  
And, things combustible, burne more, or lesse,  
As dry, or humid, in a sundry sort:  
    Thus severall paines each damned soule endures,  
    As (aptly tempering) guiltinesse procures.

And, that their suff'rings may augment the more,  
When fully capable of being pin'd,  
The Lord each sense, and member doth restore,  
(Enabling so the lame, the deafe, the blinde)  
To every one that wanted them before,  
That they of paine the greatest height may finde:  
    At least to shew their griefe each tortur'd soule  
    Must men have eyes to weepe, a tongue to howle.

That faculty inhabiting the braine,  
Though once a comfort, now becomes a crosse,  
The onely meanes that can bring time againe,  
Though serving but to cast accounts of losse;  
The nurse of knowledge, universall chaine,  
Which in small bounds all kind of things can tosse;  
    It was a mirror to direct the mind,  
    But then, damn'd soules to suffer more doth bind.

Those sinnes that once so pleasant did appeare,  
The dandled idols of a doting heart,  
Then all the ugly fiends that stand them neare,  
More hatefull now doe make the wretches smart,  
Who curse themselves that could such guests hold  
deare;

Though no remorse, what grieve doth this impart?

First looking backe, then on their present state,  
When they must thinke what they had bin of late.

They find those pleasures that did them betray,  
As dreames and shadowes, readie to descend,  
Even, in imbracing, vanishing away,  
A fancie first, an extasie in end.

Whose vanity the issue did bewray,  
Hopes left farre short of what they did attend;  
And all enticements that to this alur'd,  
A loathing still or weariness procur'd.

They now remember every time and place,  
That by their meanes a mischiefe was devis'd,  
And how they needs would madly runne their race,  
All admonitions scornefully despis'd;  
They proudly quensh'd the sparkes of kindling grace,  
And hated them that any good advis'd,  
Then laugh'd at them as most ridiculous fooles,  
That sought to learne when having left the schooles.

Of counsels past that any parent gave,  
A schoole master, a preacher, or a friend;  
Each circumstance now fresh in mind they have,  
And how that then it highlie did offend,

When meanes were us'd that they their soules might  
    save,  
Who did to ruine obstinately tend :  
    They loath'd instruction, and rebukes did hate,  
    As which (thus tax'd) their value did abate.

Some words that entred at a carelesse eare,  
And in the mind could no impression make,  
That they in judgment true record might beare,  
Then in the soule a secret seate did take,  
Which now (discovered) cruelly they teare,  
When (out of time still) making it looke back :

    “ Neglected warnings must remembred be,  
    “ At last to binde, since first they could not free.

Whilst restlesse wormes doe gnaw the minde within,  
Externall torments racking other parts,  
Some fiend beside that had provok'd their sinne,  
(What treacherous guest to harbour in mens hearts?)  
To aggravate their anguish doth beginne,  
And though with them in like estate he smarts ;  
    Yet wonted malice making silence breake,  
    He thus upbrayding them may chance to speake.

What travells huge have I for you indur'd,  
By bending all my meanes of power, and skill,  
That satisfaction might be so procur'd,  
For every wish of yours (though changing still)  
In pleasures deepes ye lay by me secur'd,  
Who both directed, and obey'd your will ;  
    And as ye earst would not abandon mee,  
    In spite of paine I shall your partner bee.

All what ye crav'd was compast by my care,  
Who onely labour'd to content your mind;  
There wanted not a creature that was fayre,  
When curious thoughts to wantonnesse inclin'd;  
While kindling wrath for vengeance did prepare,  
A fitt occasion was by me design'd;  
To make you rich how many have beene spoil'd,  
That you might idle be whilst still I toil'd?

And your contentment was to me so deare,  
That when some striv'd your courses to restraine,  
I would not let you their perswasions heare,  
But made the preacher spend his power in vaine,  
And still (obsequiously attending neare)  
What was suggested ready to maintaine;  
Your purposes to such perfection brought,  
That of all men you were most happie thought.

Since ye for joy have oft almost been mad,  
Of which some taste, ye cannot but reserve,  
What wonder now though ye againe be sad,  
Who justly suffer what ye did deserve?  
But I who never any pleasure had,  
And as a drudge for you did onely serve:  
Why am I punish'd by superiour powers?  
The torment which I feele should all be yours.

Degener'd soules (though once by God belov'd)  
That would descend to such a base degree,  
I you to please, have thus too carefull prov'd,  
And from an angell daign'd your slave to be,

Yet, most ingrate, ye (with my grieve not mov'd)  
 Doe moane your selves, and never pitty me :  
     Iust indignation hath so strongly seiz'd,  
     I must revenge, but cannot be appeas'd.

These monsters straight to plague all meanes doe ply,  
 Whil'st ratling chaines make all hels dungeons ring ;  
 The crawling globes of clustering serpents flye,  
 And at an instant, both doe lash, and sting ;  
 In vessels then from deeps that never dry,  
 The scalding sulphure they with fury fling :

Who can imagine how the wretches mourne,  
 By flouds and flames, that both must boyle and  
 burne ?

A wooden body, membred all with hands,  
 (When digging seas) of this an embleme shewes,  
 Of groaning captives whil'st a band in bands,  
 To suffer sure, no hope of guerdon knowes,  
 Whil'st them above, their proud commander stands,  
 With threatning words, fierce looks, and cruell blowes :

They lesse then servants, worse then beasts, are  
 slaves :

“ The gallyes fall is lower then the graves.”

All kinde of paines that mortalls can comprise,  
 The least below exceedingly exceed ;  
 The bed that rack'd all whom it did surprise ;  
 The stalles whereas each horse mans flesh did feed ;  
 The bull and all that tyrants did devise,  
 Which yet in mindes (when nam' must horroure breed,

They all (if joyn'd) could not such paine import,  
As in the hels one moment can extort.

But yet all paines which corporall plagues impose  
On senses fraile, dispatching life in post,  
Are as in time, by measure short of those,  
Which must at last defray sinnen fatall cost,  
Whil'st ravenous thoughts (excluded from repose)  
Doe oft revolve what happinesse they lost:

The minde would wish a lethargy i[n] vain,  
That it eclips'd might never cleare againe.

They now remember then, when forc'd to part,  
(The sentence given, and execution crav'd)  
From Christs bright face, which with a heavy  
heart,  
They first did see, as by the object brav'd;  
What height of glory he did straight impart,  
To happy bands that by his bloud were sav'd:  
When this the wicked have with envy seene,  
It makes them marke what they might once have  
beene.

The parts earst knowne, they many times compare,  
With these below, where they in anguish lye ;  
Their recreations taken in the ayre,  
Whil'st heaven for prospect ravish did the eye ;  
Their walkes on fields adorn'd with beauties rare,  
Whose crystall flouds did emulate the skie,  
And all the creatures both by sea and land,  
Which they for use, or pleasure might command.

Since here fraile things, where man from glory fell,  
 And must to toyles his servile strength employ,  
 For all perfections which doe thus excell,  
 A weeke did make, a moment doth destroy;  
 This little cottage, where poore slaves doe dwell,  
 This fatal prison, farre from reall joy;  
 If it (base earth) in beauty doth abound,  
 All pav'd with greene, with gold and azure crown'd.

How gorgeous then must that faire building prove,  
 Of endlesse glory which doth lodge the King;  
 By whom all creatures that have life doe move,  
 From whom all goodnesse, and true worth doth spring;  
 To whom enstall'd in crystall seats above,  
 A quire of angels *hallelujah* sing?

Then they imagine (which doth grieve them more)  
 What hoasts of saints their Soveraign doe adore.

And what their judgement cannot apprehend,  
 Like birds of darknesse, feeble in the light,  
 Their ancient lord on whom they did depend,  
 Who oft by lyes had drawn them from the right,  
 He now tels truth, but with as bad an end,  
 To doe them mischiefe bending all his might:  
 “No greater falsehood malice can conceive,  
 “Then truth to tell, of purpose to deceive.”

He then at large doth labour to dilate,  
 What was observ'd in heaven before his fall,  
 While he (a creature mighty in the state)  
 Mark'd by his betters, was to envy thrall,

And shewes the glory there to be more great,  
Then can be thought, farre lesse express'd at all:

And for their losse, them with more grieve to charge,  
If possibly he could, he would enlarge.

Thus doe they weigh their losse with fancies strong,  
Which was at first so easie to prevent;  
Then tell to Satan how (suggesting wrong)  
He for their ruine had been alwaies bent,  
And like a traitor had abus'd them long,  
Till now in end made knowne by the event:

And yet with them amidst one furnace throwne,  
He mockes their paine, though mourning for his owne.

Loe, in this world, men of the stronger sort,  
To scape from death, or some disgrace they feare,  
Can frustrate justice that would truth extort,  
And, when press'd downe, more high their courage  
reare,  
Yea, constantly with tortures can comport,  
Not daigning once a word, a sigh, a teare:

“With divers engines, though sterne paine assailes,  
“A generous patience joyn'd with hope, prevales.”

But all the fires which still are burning there,  
Where every one a severall torment pines,  
Doe no way thaw the frosts of cold despaire,  
Whose raging course no season then confines,  
No limits are allotted unto care,  
To give them ease, no kinde of comfort shines:

And though they finde a weight of huge distresse,  
Hope dares not promise that it shall be lesse.

What height of horrour must this justly breed,  
To meditate upon the last decree?  
How that the wicked, whom vaine pleasures feed,  
(By death disclaym'd) must still tormented be?  
That which they suffer, doth all bounds exceed,  
In time, in measure, and in each degree,  
So that they oft most earnestly desire,  
That like to beasts, their being might expire.

Some fondly dream'd a superstitious lye,  
And for hels paines, a period did attend,  
Though Christs owne words the contrary imply,  
Goe, get you gone to fires that never end;  
Their shame still lasts, their worme doth never dye,  
Their torments smoake for ever doth ascend:  
And all of this, that sacred writs report,  
The paine perpetuall clearely doth import.

Though as the wicked wickedly have wrought,  
Each one of them a due reward shall have,  
And when before the Lord in judgement brought,  
Shall get againe the measure that they gave;  
Yet is their doome by some too rigorous thought,  
Who on Gods justice would aspersions leave:  
And thinke, at this they justly may repine,  
For temporall faults eternally to pine.

Those that did come to work, in Christs vine-yard,  
All, as in time, in merit differ might,  
Yet did at last enjoy the like reward,  
All having more, none lesse, then was his right;

So those in hell whom Sathan gets to guard,  
How ever come, are still entomb'd in night:

As *Dracons* lawes for every fault gave death,  
Each sinner doth deserve eternall wrath.

But justice still to goodnesse would direct,  
And sparingly sterne rigour doth extend,  
To cut them off, that others might infect,  
That ones example many may amend;  
Not bent to ruine, onely to correct,  
All punish'd are, conforme as they offend:

And none give doomes more cruell then the crimes,  
Save fearefull tyrants at suspected times.

If that great King who all the world doth judge,  
Damne every one who from the light did stray,  
In endlesse shadowes dririly to lodge,  
Salt flouds of grieve inunding every way;  
It seemes to some that they have cause to grudge,  
Who trifling things so dearely doe defray,

And for short joyes which but a time did staine,  
Still suffer must intollerable paine.

This from Gods judgement derogating nought,  
The greater reverence doth from men require;  
He markes both what they will'd, and what they  
wrought,  
From wickednesse that never would retire,  
Till drawn by death, yea still more time they sought,  
And if they could have compass'd their desire,  
Their filthy aymes affecting things uuncleane,  
As boundlesse then, had likewise endlesse beene.

The hand may kill, and yet from bloud be free,  
 Whil'st casualty, not cruelty doth arme,  
 And many times the heart may guilty be,  
 Though being hindred from inflicting harme ;  
 The Lord of it that every thought doth see,  
 When vanity, or violence doth charme,  
 He verdict gives according to their will,  
 Though never acting, if affecting ill.

He knew how much they mischiefe did intend,  
 That vices current death did onely stay,  
 Which otherwise had never had an end,  
 As oft their wishes, vainly did bewray ;  
 They who to sinne did all their strength extend,  
 Should suffer now what possibly they may :

Since him they wrong'd by all the meanes they might,  
 God punish may with all his power of right.

Loe, treason makes them whom it doth convict,  
 To loose all that they have, yea, urging more,  
 Doth on their off-spring punishments inflict,  
 Whose tainted blood, time never can restore :  
 This sentence then cannot be counted strict,  
 In torments still, which makes the wicked roare :  
 It onely plagues themselves, but none of theirs,  
 Who to themselves in misery are heires.

These fearefull tyrants (jealous of their state)  
 Who would by rigour fright the world from change ;  
 They who did use (the Christians to abate)  
 In persecutions executions strange ;

The inquisition raging now of late,  
Whom with the worst we may (as cruell) range;  
The torments that they did all three contrive,  
To one in hell, can no way neare arrive.

Not onely are both soule and body pin'd,  
By sympathie which mutuall paine imparts,  
But each one suffers in a severall kinde, -  
Spirits from within, and from without the hearts ;  
Though much the body, more to racke the minde,  
New engines are devis'd by which it smarts,  
Whose spirituall tortures, soules asunder draw,  
Worse than the worme that inwardly doth gnaw.

If these againe were to beginne their race,  
And by their carriage, freedome could procure,  
What course so strange that they would not embrace ?  
No charming pleasure could them then allure ;  
Even sicknesse, torment, poverty, disgrace,  
They whil'st alive, would willingly endure ;  
Yea, though their life a thousand yeares should last,  
So that their griefe might end when it were past.

And if they would doe this to scape from paine,  
Though otherwise the Lord should them neglect,  
What would they doe that happinesse to gaine,  
Which is design'd for them that are elect ?  
That they for ever might in heaven remaine,  
As those whom God most dearely doth affect ;  
*Jobs* suffrings all for this would small appeare,  
Though multipli'd so long as they were here.

You who as yet doe draw this common ayre,  
 And have the meanes salvation to acquire,  
 Now whil'st the season doth continue faire,  
 Provide against the storme of swelling ire ;  
 To compasse this extend industrious care,  
 Before the hasting tearme of grace expire :

That treasure which we should so much esteeme,  
 All now may have, none can when lost redeeme.

Loose not your thoughts in fancies fields to stray,  
 Lest charming pleasures doe the judgement blinde,  
 Which reasons fort to vanity betray,  
 And (weakening virtue) mollifie the minde ;  
 Then onely leave (when vanishing away)  
 Remorse, or shame, or wearinesse behinde :

As drunke, or mad, or dreaming at the best,  
 Fooles thus may rave, but never soundly rest.

Remember that the bounds where we remaine,  
 Was given to man when as from God he fell,  
 Not for delight, but in a high disdaine,  
 Where damn'd to dye, that he a wretch might dwell,  
 Here first to plague him with continuall paine,  
 When barr'd from *Eden*, this was *Adams* hell,  
 As hell at last shall be to all his race,  
 Who proudly sinne, and doe not seek for grace.

And let none thinke (reducing heavens decree)  
 That they can make this mansion of annoyes,  
 (As if a Paradise) from trouble free,  
 A ground for rest, a lodging fit for joyes ;

Though numbers (smooth'd with shewes) deluded be,  
In place of reall good, affecting toyes:

This is the lists where all a proofe must give,  
Who suffring here, more blest when hence shall live.

Loe, thousands oft where dangers are most rife,  
With honour, fortune, or what else held deare,  
To all deaths engines, dare expose their life,  
Whil'st losse and travell, pleasure doe appeare,  
And all the end expected by this strife,  
Is but to gaine some towne, or fortresse neare,  
Which in their fury, with confusion foil'd,  
Is raz'd, ere gayn'd, and soone thereafter spoil'd.

And should not we our whole endeavours bend,  
To force that city which triumphs above?  
Which doth invite, and not it selfe defend,  
With sacred armes, if we couragious prove;  
No furniture is needfull for this end,  
But patience, hope, faith, charity and love:  
And all who doe this holy city gaine,  
Shall there for ever (crown'd with glory) raigne.

My muse abandoning the Stygian bounds,  
Which nought but grieve and horrour can afford,  
Would gladly mount above the crystall rounds,  
To celebrate the glory of the Lord,  
Who by his bounteous pow'r with angels sounds,  
My humble accents sweetly may accord,  
And me at length amidst that quire may bring,  
Where I desire eternally to sing.



## DOOMES DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IUDGEMENT.

*The twelfth Houre.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The height of joy the cleared soules attends ;  
The earth and sea suppos'd are new to be ;  
The new Jerusalem from heaven descends,  
Where still to dwell God doth with men agree ;  
The heavenly blisse, all human sense transcends,  
Which saints attaine when thus from trouble free ;  
The joyes of heaven for blessed soules prepar'd,  
Are pointed at, but cannot be declar'd.*

Th' eares have not heard, nor th' eyes have never seen  
The joyes of heaven, more great then can be thought ;  
To touch my lippes, that stain'd so oft have been,  
Lord, from thine altar, let a coale be brought ;  
Make me cast off what ever is uncleane,  
That sacred grounds with reverence may be sought :  
Thy inner temple let thy servant see,  
Where of things holy, the most holy be.

What glorious change doth dazzle thus mine eye?  
In place of th' earth where miseries are rife,  
The torturing racke that did mans patience try,  
With wasting travels, and dividing strife,  
Who (by these labours) did but dearely buy  
Terrestriall things fit for a temporall life:

I see an earth that greater pleasure yeelds,  
Then Gentiles dream'd in their elysian fields.

Time (as for sport) now quickly deckes and spoiles,  
This passive ground which alwaies worke requires,  
To punish man (as sentenc'd first) with toile,  
The meanes by which his maint'nance he acquires,  
Whil'st sometime barren, sometime fertile soiles  
Give joy, or grieve, with agues of desires:

Still fighting with the same, till yeeld he must,  
A fetred captive humbled in the dust.

We daily see the earth (doe what we can)  
How it the care's of wretched worldlings scornes,  
(Bloud-colour'd furrowes frowning upon man)  
Her vapours poison, and she prickes with thornes;  
But now farre from that state which first began,  
It (which the Lord as His delight adorne;)  
Is (alwaies faire) much chang'd from what before,  
A virgin now, not violable more.

Then *Edens* garden growne more glorious farre,  
Her fruits she freely in abundance brings,  
No more the lists where blustering stormes make warre  
With killing winters, and with quickning springs;

A constant course still kept, no kinde of jarre  
Shall then disturbe the generall peace of things:

Milde *Zephires* gentle breath more sweetly smels,  
Then Indian odours, or what most excels.

No threatning cloud, all charg'd with haile-stones  
lowres;

Then silke dy'd greene the grasse more pleasant  
growes,

When bath'd with liquid pearles, not blansh'd with  
showrs,

No raging floud her tender face o'reflowes,

Whose bosome all embroidered is with flowres,

Not natures worke, nor arts that man bestowes:

The curious knots and plots most prais'd below,  
To figure this, can no resemblance show.

There whites perfection, embleme of things pure,  
The lightning lilies, beauties colours reare,  
And blushing roses modestly allure,  
As which of shamefastnesse the badge doe beare;  
Of violets the purple doth endure,  
Though pale, they seem to hide their heads for feare:  
As if extracted out of all the three,  
The gilly-flower a quint-essence may be.

These with all else that here most rare have beene,  
In smell or shew, the sent or sight to feed,  
Have gorgeous garments of eternall greene,  
And eminently emulously breed,  
With many sorts that we have never seene,  
Which for excellencies these farre exceed:

They (mix'd in workes) mosaically grow,  
And yet each part doth every kinde bestow.

Though here no hearb shall need for health, nor food,  
Where neither hunger can, nor sicknesse be,  
Yet there shall want no creatures that are good,  
Since with Gods glory this doth best agree ;  
His wisedome by his workes is understood,  
Whose daily wonders all the world may see :

That earth no doubt we shall most perfect view,  
Since (this quite raz'd) he makes the same all new.

O ! what excellency endeeres all things ?  
For store, not use, for pleasure, not for gaine,  
Th' earth dainty fruits still in abundance brings,  
Which never fade, nor doe fall downe in vaine,  
And even as one is pluck'd, another springs ;  
No leafe is lost, no, nor no way doth staine :

The orangers, not singular then be,  
Where fruit and flourish garnish every tree.

In walkes distinguish'd, trees some grounds may grace,  
With divers baits inviting smell and taste,  
Then (as indented) differing sorts a space,  
In groves grown thicker, would a shadow cast,  
And them betwixt the playnes in every place,  
Are dainty gardens which doe alwaies last  
In more perfection, then all these attain'd,  
Which art or nature made, or fancy fayn'd.

Meandring rivers smoothly smiling passe,  
And whil'st they (lover-like) kisse courted lands;

Would emulate the emerauld-like grasse,  
All pav'd with pearle, empall'd with golden sands;  
To make a mirrour of their moving glasse,  
For usuall creatures, angels come in bands:

The noyse is musicke, when their course ought  
chockes,  
As mounts of diamonds, of rubies rockes.

All countries purchase now with strangers spoiles,  
Even what is daily us'd to cloath, or feed,  
And that with many mercenary toile  
Though but superfluous, not the things we need,  
But as each place had quintessenc'd all soiles,  
It what can be desir'd, doth freely breed:

The honey there from every flower may flow,  
And on each reed taste-pleasing sugars grow.

The mountaines that so long have hid their store,  
Lest avarice their bowels might have torne,  
May turne without, what was within before,  
Free from deforming rockes, and pestring thorne;  
Whil'st silver fin'd from the confining ore,  
And veynes of perfect gold, their breasts adorne,  
All cloath'd with metalls thus, they shining bright,  
And deck'd with jewels, may seeme flames of light.

O what brave prospect would these hils impart,  
If this new earth were to perfection brought,  
Not dress'd by nature, nor by creeping art,  
But by the Lord miraculously wrought,  
With rarities enrich'd in every part,  
Above the reach of the most curious thought?

The ayre is all but smels of pretious things,  
And with melodious sounds, sweet musicke brings.

It may be all that *Eden* could afford,  
Ere sinnes contagious seed it first did staine,  
Shall be with encrease to this earth restor'd,  
In more excellency then wit can fayne ;  
And, O, who knowes but it may please the Lord  
To cast the same in other moulds againe,  
And creatures make such qualities receive,  
As we till glorifi'd, cannot conceive ?

As they encreas'd, constrained to disperse,  
When people parted farre in sundry bands,  
The deeps then onely did afford commerce,  
(By sparing feet, all travelling with hands,)  
That distant states together might converse,  
Firme ground for ships, a liquid bridge 'twixt lands :  
Thus her vast desert, meanes for traffique yeelds,  
And with least labour, hath most fertile fields.

But now things to export, or to import,  
There needs no sea, facilitating gaine,  
All may their bodies where they please transport,  
Not fearing danger, nor not feeling paine ;  
Yet may some depth, though in another sort,  
To decke the earth, an ornament remaine :  
Or as a glasse where soules themselves may see,  
Whil'st beauties wonders there reflected be.

By contemplation (farre from mortalls led)  
I thinke I see a sea, a moving ground,

(Not from the clouds by secret conducts fed)  
In azure fields, as emeraulds had been drown'd,  
Or melted saphirs on an amber bed,  
Which rockes of pearle, and corall banks doe bound:  
It seems this heaven, or else like stiffe and forme,  
Is layd below, all starres, and free from storme.

How weakely doth my muse this taske pursue,  
With strengthlesse lines such lofty things to sound?  
I scarce can comprehend that which I view,  
Much lesse can tell, what beauties shall abound,  
When as the Lord doth this worne earth renue,  
Heavens treasures then embellishing the ground:  
My ravish'd judgement quite confounded rests,  
Which on each side, variety invests.

But then what soule will daigne to looke so low,  
As to take pleasure in so meane a sight,  
When they of heaven the heavenly beauties know,  
And shine aloft like starres, yea farre more bright,  
When they that kingdome then securely owe,  
By promise first, last by possessions right:  
From which no doubt so great contentment springs,  
That they esteeme not of inferiour things.

The stately building, admirably round,  
Above the compasse of encroaching houres,  
With strength and beauty that doth still abound,  
To lodge the happie host of heavenly powers,  
The worlds great maker curiously did found,  
On fields of pearle with diamantine towers;

Which (though most pretious) do no wonder breed,  
The forme so farre the matter doth exceed.

The sight-confining-crystall-covered skies,  
That mirrour cleare through which in every part  
The heaven (as jealous) lookes with many eyes,  
To marke mens actions, and to weigh each heart,  
That spheare of light whose stately course none tries  
To imitate, or æmulate by art,  
That which to us so gorgeous is in show,  
The buildings botome is, the part most low.

The bounds of heaven, the forme, or matter here,  
Where God enthron'd with majestie doth sit,  
Who durst but aime by mortall types to cleere  
(As fondly trusting to deluding wit;) Might make his madnesse, nothing else appeare,  
And should a crime more monstrous thus commit,  
Then thence one (stealing fire) was fain'd to do,  
And should for punishment farre passe him too.

Who can (though dayly seene) describe the sky,  
By which (poore curtaine) better is enclos'd,  
(With mustred beauties courting still the eye)  
Though eminent to every age expos'd?  
Of sunne, moone, starres, who doth the substance try,  
Or how their bodies are for light compos'd?  
The very soules by which we reason thus,  
Are for their essence strangers unto vs.

Then of heavens mysteries if we should judge,  
The work would prove (our Makers wrath to tempt)

Ridiculous folly, arrogancy huge,  
Presumption still encount'ring with contempt;  
And if that we (base wormes whom clay doth lodge)  
By scaling clouds, heavens stately towers attempt;  
To paint their glory, in the least degree,  
The sunne it selfe would scarce a shadow be.

The Lords chiefe house is built of living stone,  
But certainlye celestiall roomes excell,  
Which Christ himselfe prepares for every one,  
Where they at last eternally may dwell;  
With majestie there stands his stately throne;  
The bounds about doe all with glory swell:  
Let this content, no words such worth can eaven,  
He who made all the world, made this his heaven.

What sacred vision calls us from the skie,  
A mystery with reverence to attend?  
From starry towers the silver streamers flie,  
Whilst th' azure rounds their ports with pompe extend:  
A glorious towne with glistring walls I spie!  
Which falls not downe, but softly doth descend,  
And straight sweet sounds melodiouslie tell;  
This is Gods tent, he comes with men to dwell.

The gorgeous citty (garnish'd like a bride)  
Where Christ for spouse expected is to passe,  
With walles of jasper compass'd on each side,  
Hath streets all pav'd with gold, more bright then  
glassee;  
Twelve pretious stones for walkes her waies divide,  
Where still there is ingrav'd in lasting brasse,

Of happy twelve the celebrated names ;  
“ An honour due defraying former shames.”

Lifes water pure forth from the throne doth flow,  
With mutuall joy where saints and angels meete ;  
On every side of it lifes tree doth grow,  
Where stremes of nectar beautifie the streete,  
With colours like the sacramentall bow,  
To looke on pleasant, and in tasting sweete ;  
Then from all feare her citizens to free,  
We still his people, He our God will be.

Of that brave city where the saints doe dwell,  
Which ravish'd *John* by earthly types designes,  
Who would the beauty, and perfection tell,  
(As he then saw) had need of angels lines ;  
But this is certaine, that it must excell,  
Where glory still in the meridian shines ;  
No shadow there can ever cloud the light,  
Where every thing is of it selfe still bright.

Each stone amidst the street doth shine afarre,  
And like to lightning, light about bestows ;  
As in the firmament a radiant starre,  
Each just mans beauty now for brightnesse grows ;  
Then he whose presence darknesse quite must barre,  
The life of light, the fountaine whence it flows ;  
Is (that great day which at a height still stayes)  
The Sunne of glory, and the just his rayes.

There none shall need like mortals with complaints,  
(Worlds common care) for want of roome to grudge,

But he in granting grace who never faints,  
 Doth them reward of whom he had beene judge ;  
 And (clear'd from sinne) all justly then call'd saints,  
 Doth daigne himselfe (as harbenger) to lodge,  
 Since gone before (where we shall him embrace)  
 Of purpose to prepare the promis'd place.

The swelling earth where hils such heights do reare,  
 To be our jayle, which heaven a space decrees,  
 Man, cattell, corne, and what these need doth beare,  
 Whose whole none yet (though still in travell) sees ;  
 It compass'd is by a farre distant spheare,  
 And that by others, growing by degrees ;  
 Of which in bounds the highest must abound,  
 A large circumference, an endlesse round.

Heavens store of roomes by Christ is clearly shown,  
 Yet would not this extended be so farre,  
 To make each place peculiarly ones owne,  
 Where one may be, and thence may others barre ;  
 This smels too much of what we here have known,  
 Which most of minds the harmony doth marre ;  
 These words of mine, and thine, chiefe grounds of  
 strife,  
 The fountains are of all the toils of life.

Soules glorifi'd may where they please repaire,  
 Then made secure, that nought can them annoy,  
 For, no restraint their freedome doth impaire,  
 Who as his host the Lord of hosts convoy ;  
 As fishes in the seas, fowls in the ayre,  
 None claimes a share, but all do all enjoy :

With partiall eyes not making choice of parts,  
Save onely God, no object draws their hearts.

Though here strange longings bred by strong desires,  
With restlesse passions racke the doubtfull minde,  
That it (still flaming with some fancies fires)  
Is by free choice affectionately pin'd ;  
Now fully pleas'd with all that it requires,  
Each soule in heaven perfections height doth finde :  
Where neither want,\* nor wearinesse molests,  
All had ere wish'd, no expectation rests.

Calm'd are the tumbling waves of stormy cares,  
(Whil'st frustrated of what they do attend)  
Which tosse poore soules on rocks of black despaires,  
That shunning shallow shelfes, with straits contend ;  
No thirst of knowledge flattering ease impaires,  
A groundlesse deep, a circle without end :  
Since they of good things have continuall store,  
And (knowing all) do need to learne no more.

I wonder much how any man can doubt,  
That this our knowledge should continue still,  
As if we were (all memory worne out)  
Depriv'd of power, or else deprav'd in will ;  
Shall we not know who compasse us about ?  
No beings are quite raz'd save onely ill ;  
The very earth that stain'd so oft hath beene,  
Is not abolish'd, but made new, and cleane.

No doubt these spirituall parts must still remaine,  
Not rais'd but rectifi'd, in value more,

Else faith (too credulous) doth beleeve in vaine,  
 That all shall rise in substance as before ;  
 If these dissolve, and that we get againe,  
 New gifts for them from the eternalls store ;

Then should the meanes by which at last we move,  
 (No resurrection) a creation prove.

These faculties that of themselves were good,  
 In soules from heaven as their chiefe wealth infus'd,  
 Had man (as first created) constant stood,  
 Were excellent when innocently us'd,  
 But since that sinne did sway vaine mortals brood,  
 To serve their lusts, these treasures are abus'd ;

Yet when renu'd, and to perfection brought,  
 By them then earst farre more may now be wrought.

Mans father first ere blinded by his fall,  
 (Free from informers) whil'st he liv'd alone,  
 Knew *Evah* clearly whom he straight did call  
 Flesh of my flesh, and of my bone the bone ;  
 And *Peter* knew (though to fraile dust still thrall)  
 Two that were buried many ages gone ;  
 Let tabernacles, Lord, here builded be  
 For *Moses*, for *Elias*, and for thee.

This pretious jewell (by wits toils refin'd)  
 Which joynes with judgement to determine strife,  
 The end of travell, treasure of the minde,  
 The spoils of Paradise, the price of life,  
 Whose light to get (as ignorant) when blinde,  
 Our simple father, and his curious wife

Did suffer death, yet grudg'd not at their crosse,  
As if that knowledge recompenc'd their losse.

This heavenly wealth one with much toil attaines,  
By reading, acting, and observing still,  
And then (though slowly wax'd) it quickly waines,  
Which long ere perfect doth begin to spill;  
Rage first doth burne, last, rheumes do drowne the  
brains,

Youth knowledge scornes, it doting age doth kill:  
None can engrosse, nor yet exhaust this store,  
But all have by degrees, some lesse, some more.

Loe, that which made so slow a progresse here,  
By childhood, folly, or by errour staid,  
Now (wholly perfect) doth at first appeare,  
Not in fraile lodgings by grosse organs sway'd;  
The happie souls from all corruption cleare,  
Do shine like starres, with righteousnesse array'd;  
And bodies glorifi'd do enter in,  
Not bow'd by sicknesse, nor abus'd by sinne.

If on the face one now may reade the minde,  
In characters which grieve, or joy imparts,  
The same reflected (then) we clearly finde,  
By sympathie the secrets of all hearts;  
If *Moses* face upon the mountaine shin'd,  
Much more when glorifi'd these other parts,  
Then there must prove, where nothing can be  
foule,  
All eye the body, and the eye all soule.

Then pleasures height is onely in the Lord,  
 Who ill extirpates, what is good extends;  
 Yet how could this but just delight afford?  
 (Though publick zeale presse downe all private ends)  
 To see at last with like contentment stor'd,  
 Them whom we lov'd, wife, children, servants, friends:  
 Communicated joyes (as sownen) do grow,  
 Whil'st increase comes by that which we bestow.

All must rejoice to see the godly's good,  
 Though for the wicked no man shall be griev'd;  
 At least this is (if rightly understood)  
 A pleasant errour, and may be beleev'd;  
 When seeing them with whom long toss'd we stood,  
 Till by the Lord (who heard our cryes) reliev'd  
 Shall we not joyne in him with mutuall joy,  
 Whil'st it then comforts, which did earst annoy?

A senselesse pourtrait curious to acquire,  
 We seek the shadow of a vanish'd show,  
 If thought like them (rapt with celestiall fire)  
 Whose deeds, or words, were singular below;  
 Yea, even of *Ethnicks*, if they did aspire,  
 By morall vertues fames applause to owe:  
 And every monument do much esteeme,  
 Which did from death such memories redeeme.

Who would not purchase, though with charge, and  
 strife  
 A lively peece that would resemble right,  
 Gods earth-begotten sonne, his selfe-borne wife,  
 When both were happie, and at beauties height?

Farre more of his owne Sonne, the Lord of life,  
Man deifi'd, God mortall made, whose sight  
The fathers wish'd, ere forc'd from hence to flie,  
And which made *Simeon* straight grow glad to dye.

Who then can thinke with what exceeding joy,  
We shall our Saviours selfe, our soveraigne see,  
Who suffered death, that he might death destroy,  
And us poore captives from that tyrant free?  
Whil'st all these saints in person him convoy,  
Whose pictures wish'd, would now so pretious be :  
O ! what a holy host together throngs,  
To magnifie the Lord with heavenly songs ?

We at that time not onely shall behold,  
Milde *Moses* there, just *Samuel*, and the best  
That for the cause of God have beene so bold,  
Whil'st sacred fury breath'd out of their breast,  
But even with them that are so much extold,  
We shall be partners of eternall rest,  
And spying with what zeale they act their parts,  
The greater ardour may enflame our hearts.

As earst on th' earth he did divinely use,  
That man thrice sacred, prophet, poet, king,  
Whil'st heavenly furie doth high thoughts infuse,  
Then to his harp an holy hymne may sing ;  
Thrice happie thou that thus employd'st thy muse,  
Whose pen, it seemes, was from an angels wing,  
Since thy harmonious sounds still mount, and move  
With melodie to charme the spheares above.

This is the way to have eternall lines,  
 That all the hosts of heaven may them approve,  
 Whose lofty flight no fatall date confines,  
 Whil'st fraughted onely with a sprituall love,  
 This is a subject which all else declines,  
 And in request for quiristers above,  
 Which must these authors all immortall make,  
 That for Gods glory thus a course do take.

The prophets, and the patriarchs rejoyce,  
 To see the things fulfill'd which they fore-told,  
 And all that were the Lords peculiar choice,  
 To whom he did his mysteries unfold,  
 There many millions multiply a voice,  
 And above measure do a measure hold;  
 These whom the Lambe of God as his doth sealè,  
 Are kindled all with love, and burne with zeale.

The noble martyrs (champions of the faith)  
 Who straight when challeng'd, scorn'd both force, and  
 art,  
 (Encount'ring bravely with a tyrants wrath)  
 Whose chearfull countenance smilingly did smart;  
 Then as inviting, not avoyding death,  
 (Their drosse first burn'd) well purifi'd did part;  
 Not out of haste to have their torments done,  
 But that in heaven they so might settle soone.

They now do reap the fruits of former toils,  
 All crown'd with starres, like *Phæbus* in the face,  
 In white, perchance adorn'd with princes spoyls,  
 Whom they (whil'st raging) did o'recome in peace;

Of all their bodies drawn from sundry soils,  
The wounds for pompe do give the greatest grace,  
Which shine, as rubies set in crystall rings,  
And make them to be like the King of kings.

Triumphing victors entring heaven with state,  
A golden trumpet may their praise proclaime,  
And some great angell all their deeds dilate,  
Which glory doth reward, not envi'd fame;  
Then when enstall'd, where eminent in seat,  
The voice of thousands celebrates their name :  
With eager eares attending their discourse,  
Though knowing all, from them to heare their  
course.

If there admitted, as whil'st here we live,  
With mutuall pleasure to exchange our mindes,  
Oh what contentment would that conference give,  
For sweet variety of sundrie kindes!  
Nor need we feare that some would fraud contrive :  
Base hate, nor flattery, there no object findes.  
And if they would (as none can do in ought)  
The breast transparent would bewray each thought.

There one from *Adam, Edens* state might heare,  
How large it was, and in what region plac't,  
What pleasures did most singular appeare,  
What hearbs, what fruits, or flowers the garden grac'd;  
How *Evah* first was knowne, why straight held deare,  
And if he there that new-borne bride imbrac'd :  
What these two trees were like in forme, or hew,  
Where life, and knowledge, vegetable grew.

Who would not gladly know (before he err'd)  
His first designes, what thoughts he entertain'd,  
Each circumstance how he with God conferr'd,  
How will (by him not rein'd) above him raign'd,  
If there to stay, or where to be preferr'd,  
Then in what forme the serpent Satan fain'd;

What taste the apples had, what change, both finde,  
By sight, and knowledge, when grown weake, and  
blinde.

He tels how short a time their blisse did last,  
And seem'd thereafter but a vanish'd dreame;  
How angels them from paradise did cast,  
Where first their souls were seiz'd by feare, and shame;  
Then through what lands these banish'd pilgrims past,  
And (forc'd to labour) what rude tools they frame:

What race they had, what progresse mankinde  
made,  
And all their crosses till that both were dead.

When *Adam* ends; then *Noah* calls to minde  
The history of all before the flood,  
And how the arke could hold of every kinde,  
One of each sexe, to propagate their brood,  
How it was well contriv'd, for wave, and winde,  
To void their excrements, and keep their food:

And whil'st the seas did wash the earth from sinne,  
How that small remnant spent their time within.

He can report the world's new growth againe,  
Which at the first no living penne renownes;

How every person did a house attaine,  
The house a village, villages grew townes;  
Then provinces all peopled did remaine,  
And straight ambition mounted up to crownes;  
That in his time (though all was once his owne)  
The flood was quite forgot, and he not knowne.

We there may learne how that the Lord of old,  
By dreames and visions did declare his will;  
How all who crav'd, had straight his counsell told,  
By *Vrim*, *Thummim*, and by *Ephod* still;  
And well they might to prosecute be bold,  
What prophets first secur'd by sacred skill,  
Whom then (though great) the world with scorne  
did view,  
For till first dead, men never get their due.

This by *Helias* there may be resolv'd,  
How he and *Enoch* were from hence estrang'd;  
If wing'd with flames, or in some cloud involved,  
(No usuall guests) along'st the ayre they rang'd;  
If they their bodies kept, or were dissolv'd,  
Or in what forme to scape, corruption chang'd:  
Christ's ushers thus, their passage serves to prove,  
How we with glory once may mount above.

Who try'd each state, both best, and worst, a space,  
The spite of Satan, mercies of the Lord,  
In body wounded, spoil'd of goods, and race,  
By heaven abandon'd, by the world abhor'd,  
By wife, and friends accus'd, as falne from grace,  
Yet what was lost had (multipli'd) restor'd:

With many other doubts he this can cleare,  
How he (a *Gentile*) then to God was deare.

If one would know the deeps of naturall things,  
How farre that wisedome could her power extend;  
What usuall issue every cause forth brings,  
The meanes most apt to compasse any end;  
The wisest then of men, or yet of kings,  
Whose spatiuous judgement all could comprehend,  
Great *Solomon* such mysteries can teach,  
As all philosophers could never reach.

Of these ten tribes that were the *Gentiles* prey,  
We then may learne the course how good, or ill,  
If they with them incorporated stay,  
Or if that there the Lord their race did kill,  
Or else from thence did leade them all away,  
By seas, and deserts, working wonders still:  
As yet reserv'd their ancient lands to gaine,  
If he by them would show his power againe.

As from the ancients that best understood,  
We there may learne the grounds whence knowledge  
springs,  
So they may know from us (a greater good)  
What their beginnings to perfection brings;  
Who (babe-like first) were nurs'd with tender food,  
By types, and figures, masking sprituall things,  
Whil'st temporall blessings entertain'd their faith,  
Who scarcely knew true grace, were fear'd for  
wrath.

The ancient fathers of her infant state,  
For constancy by persecution crown'd,  
The churches progresse chearfully relate,  
In spite of tyrants which no power could bound ;  
Which wax'd in trouble, bath'd by bloud, grew great,  
Till all the world behov'd to heare her sound ;  
And where on earth long militant before,  
She now triumphs in heaven for evermore.

The greatest comfort that on earth we finde,  
Is to converse with them whose gifts we love,  
So variously to recreate the minde,  
And that this meanes our judgment may improve,  
Loe here are all by sacred pennes design'd,  
Whose parts not onely men, but God did move :  
Some of each science can all doubts resolve,  
Which wits in errours maze did oft involve.

But what great folly to imagine this ?  
Since here each man can every thing discerne,  
When all perfection full accomplish'd is,  
And nothing rests more requisite to learne ;  
The Lord such qualities, as onely his,  
Doth freely give to them whom they concerne :  
None needs to borrow, as penurious now,  
The Lord to all doth liberally allow.

He earst would have the priests of each degree,  
That at his altar were to serve approv'd,  
From all deformities by nature free,  
With bodies sound, as fit to be beloved ;

Perchance because all else by custome be,  
(As obvious to scorne) too quickly mov'd;  
Where his should have what others would allure,  
A count'rance calme, affections that are pure.

And shall not these appointed to have place,  
(Triumphing still) in the eternall towne,  
The new *Jerusalem*, the seate of grace,  
Whom Christ with glory doth as conq'rous crowne,  
Shall they not have true beauty in the face,  
Which never blush shall burne, nor teare shall drowne?  
There every member perfect made at length,  
Shall have proportion, comelinesse and strength.

These eyes that here were lock'd up from the light,  
And scarce had beene acquainted with the day,  
Then (lightning glory) shall appeare more bright:  
Nor is the mornings torch, which rayes array;  
They that were deafe shall heare each accent right;  
Some who were dumbe, shall then Gods praise dis-  
play:  
Who all the bodie doth to strength restore,  
That with defects had tainted beene before.

They whom sterne death when infants did surprise,  
And even ere borne abortives did pursue,  
What such might be though none can now surmise,  
Till demonstration prove conjectures true,  
Shall at the last in the same stature rise,  
The which to them potentially was due:  
(Their litle dust then all extended soone,)  
A moment doth what yeares should earst have done.

Exhausted age (times prey) that hath runne post,  
Whose eyes as if ashamed (when fail'd) sinke in,  
Which onely serves of what hath beene to boast,  
With shaking joynts, and with a withered skin,  
Shall then revive, recovering what was lost;  
All is restor'd that forfeited for sinne;

And Phenix-like new beauties all display,

"They must be perfect that in heaven can stay."

Babes from the cradle carried to the ground,  
Who did not live to get, nor give offence;  
The ag'd by weakenesse that to bed were bound,  
Of lifes three kinds scarce keeping that of sense;  
Both rysing now may of these yeares be found,  
Which Christ might count when as he parted hence:

Or else they shall all in that state be seene,

For health and beauty, which their best hath beene.

Our bodies shall not then as now grow grosse,  
(Exulting humors tending to excesse)

Nor can extenuate, since free from crosse,  
Which might distemper, alter, or make lesse;  
They have no excrements, corruptions drosse,  
Which doth our vilenesse palpable expresse:

For in that citie nothing shall be seene,

That either is infirme, or yet uncleane.

What wonder must the shining substance move,  
Of sprituall bodies, when divinely borne?  
Iudge by some parts what all the rest may prove,  
This onely uselesse fleece from creatures shorne,

(More bright then are *Berinthia's* haires above)  
As beanies the sunne shall every head adorne;  
Then pretious stones for ornament most meeet,  
More glorious are the nailes of hands and feete.

The face, heavens frontispice, the braines chiefe  
spheares,  
Where intellectuall powers their course doe sway;  
The eyes are starres, externall orbes the eares,  
Lips, mornings blushing flames, cheeks, lightning day;  
Legs, not their burden, them their burden beares,  
The armes, like angels wings, through th' ayre doe  
stray,  
Man skie-like bright, but still from tempest free,  
(Earst little world) a little heaven may be.

As *Adam* once (whilst naked) free from sinne,  
Was not asham'd to walke before the Lord,  
So shall the saints (when glory doth begin)  
Be to the same integrity restor'd;  
No barenesse, robes, but brightnesse deckes the  
skinne,  
Which no way else could be so much decor'd:  
For, nakednesse when shining every where,  
Is purenesse, and not impudency there.

The rayments held most rich for silke or gold,  
Would but deform, and no way could adorne,  
Nor shall we need a guard against the cold,  
Of things too oft superfluously borne;  
As simple, sluggish, poore, none can unfold  
What scandall can procure, contempt, or scorne:

No weaknesse is that any covering needs,  
But all are shown, both bodies, thoughts, and deeds.

The bodies beauties that are thus expos'd,  
Though both the sexes haunt together must,  
(Nought can take fire, where fire is not enclos'd)  
Shall neither snare, nor tempt the minde with lust:  
Since generations period is impos'd,  
We leave such thoughts when rising with the dust:  
    All carnall fancies quite extinguish'd rest,  
    And sprituall love doth ravish every brest.

As naked angels innocently live,  
With pure affections, quite estrang'd from ill,  
And covet nothing, but doe onely give  
To God attendance, and obey his will;  
So shall we then with mutuall ardour strive,  
(All concupiscence past) whom zeale doth fill  
    To love the Lord, and still his praise to sing,  
    Not capable of any other thing.

Though beauty thus a blessing doth remain,  
And (made immortall) not by time surpris'd,  
Yet this even here is but the least we gaine,  
A quality, no vertue, meanely priz'd,  
We shall more strength and nimblenesse attaine,  
Then ever hath been found, or yet devis'd,  
    Not vex'd to conquer, from invasion free,  
    We cannot wish but that which straight shall be.

The greatest cause of weariness below,  
By building Babels of confounding doubt,

(To search out truth still making us too slow)  
Is this grosse burden that we beare about;  
So that whilst bent what is remote to know,  
From this strict jayle, still strugling to be out:  
    What labour hath the interrupted minde,  
    Though sleep arrest, which scarce can be confin'd?

But when the Lord doth these defects supply,  
By which the bodies pow'rs are thus impair'd,  
As planets keep their course above the sky,  
They move, as bright and swift, and when compar'd,  
To angels every where like them they flye,  
By secret vertue, sprituallly prepar'd:

    No weakenesse then the bodies can controule,  
    And they in motion second may the soule.

Infirmitie abandon'd all with sinnes,  
The body as it would past faults defray,  
To serve the soule, obsequiously beginnes,  
Which us most gorgeously doth then array,  
To fowles as feathers, to the fishes finnes,  
Affording meanes to further still their way:  
    The bodies then (as soules direct) doe move,  
    And have no stop below, nor yet above.

No painefull sicknesse, nor consuming sore,  
Which now with new alarmes us oft invest,  
Shall vexe the soule with anguish any more,  
As charging this fraile fort to yeeld her guest,  
Nor shall she then, with passions (as before)  
Of her deare partner interrupt the rest;

With mutuall pleasures multipli'd in force,  
This second marriage nothing can divorce.

Through heaven and earth (though travelling o're all)  
In these two volumes, Gods great workes to see,  
No danger is that can their course appall,  
Nor can they faint who still in triumph be,  
And may themselves in stately seats enstall,  
As kings, or priests, or greater in degree:  
Whilst they (all light) see all about them light,  
Immortall minions in their makers sight.

Oh! happy soules, who fil'd with heavenly things,  
There for your mates continually shall have  
The holy prophets, patriarchs, and kings,  
Apostles, martyrs, all whom Christ did save;  
This to my minde so great contentment brings,  
Words cannot utter what my thoughts conceive:  
But what more good can be surmiz'd then this?  
The Lord their King, and heaven their kingdome is.

Nor were it much such happinesse to finde,  
But quickly might make all our pleasures vaine,  
If to decay at any time design'd,  
We possibly were capable of paine,  
The feare of that would still torment the minde,  
Which true contentment thus could not attaine:  
“ For the more pretious that a treasure proves,  
“ The greater care the jealous owner moves.”

All that could perish, to confusion past,  
Extinguish'd time no period can pretend,

No expectation now accounts shall cast,  
Whose progresse doth on natures course depend:  
All then expir'd, or perfected, at last,  
We have no ends, nor nothing then can end:

But all things there from bounds and measure free,  
Eternall are, and infinite must be.

We neither then can doe, nor suffer ill,  
Nor need wee feare (as earst before) to fall,  
The man who first had paradise at will,  
Made all who followed by his forfeit thrall;  
The man who first tooke heaven (there raigning still)  
Our great Redeemer hath secur'd us all:

So that obeying what he doth command,  
Though angels fell, wee shall be sure to stand.

The tyrants here that most disturbe our rest,  
Are viprous passions, parricides unkinde,  
Though breeding them, who burst out through the  
breast,  
A wretched parent by her off-spring pin'd,  
Whilst sometime longings sweetly doe molest,  
And sometime feares doe shrewdly vexe the minde,  
Which alwaies like a sea some storme must tosse,  
Whilst wishing what we want, or fear'd for losse.

But now a never interrupted blisse,  
With constant joy doth full contentment give,  
While as the minde not bended, nor remisse,  
Can neither wish, nor feare, nor doubt, nor strive,  
It having all, what had can never misse,  
And (satisfi'd) with confidence doth live:

For (still in peace) we nought save God can love,  
And him we have eternally above.

Whilst thus made free from all that can annoy,  
To thinke what pleasures soules shall then attaine,  
Though all the world their wits in one employ,  
Their course would prove ridiculously vaine,  
That which was sow'd in teares, is reap'd with joy,  
Who here seem'd base, shall then with glory raigne:  
This, ravish'd *Paul*, could by no meanes expresse,  
Who got a glance of what we shall possesse.

Yet shall not all be in like manner grac'd,  
But may for glory differ in degree,  
Some, shining brighter, or else higher plac'd,  
Then all the rest more eminent may be,  
And may by Christ more kindly be embrac'd,  
Whose love (not merited) must needs rest free.

By *Johns* example, this on earth was prov'd,  
Who on his bosome slept as best belov'd.

The Lord even here doth in this course delight,  
All sorts distinguish'd both in church and state,  
The angels that, above, their charge acquite,  
As is their ranke and turne, in order wait:  
The elders (plac'd in chayres) were cloath'd in white,  
The holy towne, by tribes, names every gate:  
And these are said of all to shine most bright,  
Who by their meanes brought others to the light.

Of all that are in heavens great booke enrol'd,  
The meanest man, though many goe before,

More pleas'd then wretches can be made by gold,  
Shall envy none; nor can he covet more:  
Small vessels as the big abound in store,  
When having all that they are fit to hold,

And every soule that once the heavens receive,  
Hath as much pleasure as it can conceive.

Here with their gifts, none fully pleas'd doth prove,  
But seeke that nature may be help'd by art,  
Yet, with themselves all are so much in love,  
That though in others they may praise some part,  
I know not what selfe-flatt'ring thoughts doe move,  
There is not one that would exchange his heart:

“ Our owne intentions still we perfect finde ;

“ Their fortunes many, none would change their  
minde.”

Then, this farre rather may beliefe procure,  
That those in heaven (how ever in degree,  
Free from defects) still joyfull, and secure,  
Can nothing wish, enjoying all they see,  
And so for ever certaine to endure,  
Then what they are, no other way would be :

They true contentment absolutely gaine,  
Which wanting here, is cause of all our paine.

This waste triangle, this most huge small thing,  
Lifes quaking center, still first quicke, last kill'd,  
Which all the world within it selfe can bring,  
Yet like an empty gulfe cannot be fil'd,  
From whence deep flouds of raging thoughts do spring,  
By which the peace of mans short space is spill'd :

The ground of courage, all the bodies strength,  
It still is pin'd, till spent by paine at length.

Or else this sparke, though under cloud; yet cleare,  
(As rayes the sunne) which doth the deity show,  
And to the same still striving to draw neare,  
From whence we are, would gladly make us know,  
In heaven a native, and a stranger here,  
As in antipathie with things below;  
Till once arriv'd, where it doth alwaies tend;  
“Cares lingring progresse cannot have an end.”

But when the Lord, his (farre from what before,  
Whilst they on th' earth (as worms) were earst  
despis'd)  
From forfeiture entirely shall restore,  
Amongst the blessed bands to be compris'd,  
Then they themselves could wish, they shall have  
more,  
Or yet then could by mankinde be devis'd:  
Imaginations reach this farre exceeds,  
And with contentment an amazement breeds.

There pleasures height no words can serve to tell,  
Since for their measure infinitely great,  
Whose qualities (as quint-essenc'd) excell,  
For time, eternall, which no bounds can date,  
The place is heaven, where they with God doe dwell,  
And are advanc'd to a most glorious state:  
Like man and angels earst, to sinne not thrall,  
And certifi'd that they shall never fall.

These mysteries no mortals wit can try,  
Nor could corruption with their light comport;  
Which, though like *Paul* admitted them to spy,  
None could conceive, farre lesse could them report:  
The ancients all were straight afraid to dye,  
When having seene the Lord in any sort:

And of such things who capable would prove,  
Must first be glorified, as guests above.

This is the joy that every soule doth fill,  
That they the Lord continually shall see,  
With humble reverence waiting on his will,  
To minister, as marshal'd in degree;  
And, there contemplating his glory still,  
All zeale and love, as cloath'd with flames, shall be:  
And him who did them thus so highly raise,  
Celestiall quiristers, not pray, but praise.

Where we were earst a prey to cold and heat,  
Mechanickly engag'd to abject toyles,  
Whose bread behov'd to have a sawce of sweat,  
Who for apparell rob'd each creatures spoyles,  
Whilst compassing the Lambs majesticke feat,  
That every breast with sacred ardour boyles:  
As needlesse then this week for worke removes,  
And all for God an endlesse Sabbath proves.

We shall Gods people be, and he our Lord,  
Who comes with us continually to stay,  
(Death, grieve, nor paine, no more) with goodnesse  
stor'd,  
He from our eyes shall wipe all teares away,

And of life's water freely shall afford  
To them who thirst, that they no more decay :  
Whom (all accomplish'd) we may justly call  
The first, the last, the three, the one, the all.

Thou that didst guide me through such divers grounds,  
Imparting strength to reach my wished port,  
Here make me rest amid'st this heavenly bounds,  
With saints and angels freely to resort,  
That (these my notes accorded with their sounds)  
I by experience clearely may report  
The state of heaven, to magnifie thy name,  
And there thy praise eternally proclaim.

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